SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV OCTOBER, 1918 NO. 4

SKETCHES OF QUEBEC

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

U. S. N. R. F.

If you love a certain country, for its natural beauty, or for the friends you have made there, or for the happy days you have passed within its borders, you are troubled and distressed when that country comes under criticism, suspicion, and reproach.

It is just as it would be if a woman who had been very kind to you and had done you a great deal of good were accused of some unworthiness. You would refuse to believe it. You would insist on understanding before you pronounced judgment. Memories would ask to be heard.

That is what I feel in regard to French Canada, the province of Quebec, where I have had so many joyful times, and found so many true comrades among the *voyageurs*, the *habitants*, and the *coureurs de bois*.

People are saying now that Quebec is not loyal, not brave, not patriotic in this war for freedom and humanity.

Even if the accusation were true, of course it would not spoil the big woods, the rushing rivers, the sparkling lakes, the friendly mountains of French Canada. But all the same, it hurts me to hear such a charge against my friends of the forest.

Do you mean to tell me that François and Ferdinand and Louis and Jean and Luart and Iside are not true men? I am not ready to credit that. I want to hear what they have to say for themselves. And in listening for that testimony certain little remembrances come to me—not an argument—only a few sketches on the wall. Here they are. Take them for what they are worth.

I

LA GRANDE DÉCHARGE

September, 1894

In one of the long stillwaters of the mighty stream that rushes from *Lac Saint Jean* to make the Saguenay—below the *Ile Maligne* and above the cataract of Chicoutimi—two birch-bark canoes are floating quietly, descending with rhythmic strokes of the paddle, through the luminous northern twilight.

The chief guide, Jean Morel, is a *coureur de bois* of the old type—broad-shouldered, red-bearded, a fearless canoeman, a good hunter and fisherman—simple of speech and deep of heart: a good man to trust in the rapids.

"Tell me, Jean," I ask in the comfortable leisure of our voyage which conduces to pipe-smoking and conversation, "tell me, are you a Frenchman or an Englishman?"

"Not the one, nor the other," answers Jean in his old-fashioned *patois*. "M'sieu' knows I am French-Canadian."

A remarkable answer, when you come to think of it; for it claims a nationality which has never existed, and is not likely to exist, except in a dream.

"Well, then," I say, following my impulse of psychological curiosity, of which Jean is sublimely ignorant, "suppose a war should come between France and England. On which side would you fight?"

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Jean knocks the dottle out of his pipe, refills and relights. Then, between the even strokes of his paddle, he makes this extraordinary reply:

"*M'sieu', I suppose my body would march under the flag of England. But my heart would march under the flag of France.*"

Good old Jean Morel! You had no premonition of this glorious war in which the Tricolor and the Union Jack would advance together against the ravening black eagle of Germany, and the Stars and Stripes would join them.

How should you know anything about it? Your log cabin was your capitol. Your little family was your council of state. Even the rest of us, proud of our university culture, were too blind, in those late Victorian days, to see the looming menace of Prussian paganism and the conquer-lust of the Hohenzollerns, which has plunged the whole world in war.

II

OXFORD

February, 1917

THE "Schools" building, though modern, is one of the stateliest on the Main Street. Here, in old peaceful times, the university examinations used to be held. Now it is transformed into a hospital for the wounded men from the fighting front of freedom.

Sir William Osler, Canadian, and world-renowned physician, is my guide, an old friend in Baltimore, now Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford.

"Come," he says, "I want you to see an example of the Carrel treatment of wounds."

The patient is sitting up in bed—a fine young fellow about twenty years old. A shrapnel-shell, somewhere in France, passed over his head and burst just behind him. His bare back is a mass of scars. The healing fluid is being pumped in through the shattered elbow of his right arm, not yet out of danger.

"Does it hurt," I ask.

"Not much," he answers, trying to smile, "at least not too much, M'sieu'."

The accent of French Canada is unmistakable. I talk to him in his own dialect.

"What part of Quebec do you come from?"

"From *Trois Rivières*, M'sieu', or rather from a country back of that, the Saint Maurice River."

"I know it well—often hunted there. But what made you go to the war?"

"I heard that England fought to save France from the damned Germans. That was enough, M'sieu', to make me march. Besides, I always liked to fight."

"What did you do before you became a soldier?"

"I was a lumberjack."

(What he really said was, "*J'allais en chantier*," "I went in the shanty." If he had spoken in classic French he would have said, "*J'étais bûcheron.*" How it brought back the smell of the big spruce forest to hear that word *chantier*, in Oxford!)

"Well, then, I suppose you will return to the wood-cutting again, when this war is over."

"But no, M'sieu', how can I, with this good-for-nothing arm? I shall never be capable of swinging the axe again."

"But you could be the cook, perfectly. And you know the cook gets the best pay in the whole shanty."

His face lights up a little.

"Truly," he replies; "I never thought of that, but it is true. I have seen a bit of cooking at the front and learned some things. I might take up that end of the job. *But anyway, I'm glad I went to the war.*"

So we say good-by—"*bonne chance!*"

Since that day the good physician who guided me through the hospital has borne without a murmur the greatest of all sacrifices—the loss of his only son, a brave and lovely boy, killed in action against the thievish, brutal German hordes.

III

SAINTE MARGUÉRITE

August, 1917

THE wild little river *Sainte Marguérite* runs joyously among the mountains and the green woods, back of the Saguenay, singing the same old song of liberty and obedience to law, as if the world had never been vexed and tortured by the madness of war-lords.

A worn-out man who has a brief furlough from active service is lucky if he

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can spend it among the big trees and beside a flowing stream. The trees are ministers of peace. The stream is full of courage and adventure as it rushes toward the big sea.

We are coming back to camp from the morning's fishing, with a brace of good salmon in the canoe.

"Tell me, Iside," I ask of the wiry little bowman, the best hunter and fisher on the river, "why is it that you are not at the war?"

"But, M'sieu', I am too old. A father of family—almost a grandfather—the war is not for men of that age. Besides, it does not concern us here in Quebec."

"Why not? It concerns the whole world. Who told you that it does not concern you?"

"The priest at our village of *Sacré Cœur*, M'sieu'. He says that it is only right and needful for a good Christian to fight in defense of his home and his church. Let those Germans attack us here, *chez nous autres*, and you shall see how the men of *Sacré Cœur* will stand up and fight."

It was an amazing revelation of a state of mind, absolutely simple, perfectly sincere, and strictly imprisoned by the limitations of its only recognized teacher.

"But suppose, Iside, that England and France should be beaten down by Germany, over there. What would happen to French Canada? Do you think you could stand alone then, to defend your home and your church? Are you big enough, you French-Canadians?"

"M'sieu', I have never thought of that. Perhaps we have more than a million people—many of them children, for you understand we French-Canadians have large families—but of course the children could not fight. Still, we should not like to have them subject to a German Emperor. We would fight against that, if the war came to us here on our own soil."

"But don't you see that the only way to keep it from coming to you on your own soil is to fight against it over there? Hasn't the English Government given you all your liberties, for home and church?"

"Yes, M'sieu', especially since Sir Wilfred Laurier. Ah, that is a great man! A true French-Canadian!"

"Well, then, you know that he is against Germany. You know he believes the freedom of Canada depends on the defeat of Germany, over there, on the other side of the sea. You would not like a German Canada, would you?"

"Not at all, M'sieu', that would be intolerable. But I have never thought of that."

"Well, think of it now, will you? And tell your priest to think of it, too. He is a Christian. The things we are fighting for belong to Christianity—justice, liberty, humanity. Tell him that, and tell him also some of the things which the Germans did to the Christian people in Belgium and Northern France. I will narrate them to you later."

"M'sieu'," says Iside, dipping his paddle deeper as we round the sharp corner of a rock, "I shall remember all that you tell me, and I shall tell it again to our priest. You know we have few newspapers here. Most of us could not read them, anyway. I am not well convinced that we yet comprehend, here in French Canada, the meaning of this war. But we shall endeavor to comprehend it better. And when we comprehend, we shall be ready to do our duty—you can trust yourself to the men of *Sacré Cœur* for that. We love peace—we all about here (*nous autres d'içite*)—*but we can fight like the devil when we know it is for a good cause—liberty, for example.* Meanwhile would M'sieu' like to stop at the pool '*La Pinette*' on the way down and try a couple of casts? There was a big salmon rising there yesterday."

That very evening a runner comes up the river, through the woods, to tell Iside and Luart, who are Selectmen of the community of *Sacré Cœur*, that they must come down to the village for an important meeting at ten o'clock the next morning.

So they set off, quite as a matter of course, for their thirty-five mile tramp through the forest in the dark. They are good citizens, as well as good woodsmen, you understand. On the second day they are back again at their work in the canoe.

"Well, Iside," I ask, "how was it with the meeting yesterday? All correct?"

"All correct, M'sieu'. It was an affair of a new schoolhouse. We are going to build it. All goes well. We are beginning to comprehend. Quebec is a large corner of the world. But it is only

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a corner, after all, we can see that. And those damned Germans who do such terrible things in France, we do not love them at all, no matter what the priest may say about Christian charity. They are Protestants, M'sieu', is it not?"

"Well," I answer, hiding a smile with a large puff of smoke, "some of them call themselves Protestants and some call themselves Catholics. But it seems to me they are all infidels, heathen—judging by what they do. That is the real proof."

"*C'est b'en vrai, M'sieu'*," says Iside. "It is the conduct that shows the Christian."

IV

BELOW CAPE DIAMOND

March, 1918

THE famous citadel of Quebec stands on top of the steep hill that dominates the junction of the Saint Charles River with the Saint Lawrence. That is Cape Diamond—a natural stronghold. Indians and French, and British, and Americans have fought for that coigne of vantage. For a century and a half the Union Jack has floated there, and under its fair protection the Province of Quebec, keeping its quaint old language and peasant customs, has become an important part of the British Empire.

The Upper Town, on the high shoulders of Cape Diamond, with its government-buildings, convents, hospitals, showy new shops, and ancient gardens, its archiepiscopal palace, trim theological seminary, huge castle-like hotel, and placid ramparts overlooking the *Isle d'Orléans* with rows of antiquated, harmless, cannon around which the children play—the Upper Town belongs distinctly to the citadel. The garrison is in evidence here. A regimental band plays in the kiosk on Dufferin Terrace on summer evenings. There is a good mixture of khaki in the coloring of the street crowd, and many wounded soldiers are seen, invalided home from the front. They are all very proud of the glorious record that Canada has made in the battle for freedom. Most of them, it seems to me, are from English-speaking families. But by no means all. There are many of unmistakable French-Canadian stock; and they tell me proudly of the notable bravery of a certain regiment which was formed early from volunteers of their own people—hunters, woodsmen, farmers, guides. The war does not seem very far away, up here in the region of the citadel.

The Lower Town, with its narrow streets, little shops, gray stone warehouses, dingy tenements, and old-fashioned markets, is quite a different place. It belongs to the slow rivers on whose banks it drowses and dreams. The once prosperous lumber-yards are half empty now. The shipping along the wharves has been dwindling for many years. The northern winter puts a quietus on the waterside. Troops, munitions, supplies, must go down by rail to an ice-free port. The white river-boats are all laid up. But a way is kept open across the river to Levis, and the sturdy, snub-nosed little ferryboats, *Nord* and *Sud*, buffet back and forth almost without interruption. There is a plenty of nothing to do, now, in the Lower Town; pipe-smoking and heated discussion of parish politics are incessant; an inconsiderate quantity of bad liquor is imbibed, *pour faire passer le temps*.

Suddenly—if anything can be said to happen suddenly in Quebec—bad news comes from the Lower Town. A riot has broken out, an insurrection of the French-Canadians against the new military service act, an armed resistance to the draft. Windows have been smashed, shops looted. A mob, not very large perhaps, but extremely noisy, has marched up the steep curve of Mountain Hill Street, into the Upper Town. Shots have been exchanged. People have been killed. The revolution in Quebec against the war has begun.

That is the disquieting rumor which comes to us, carefully spread and magnified by those agencies which have an interest in preventing, or at least obstructing the righteous punishment of the German criminals in this war. Can it possibly be true? Have the French-Canadians gone crazy, as the Irish did in 1916, under the lunatic incantations of the Sinn-Feiners? Are they also people without a country, playing blindly into the hands of the Prussian gang who have set out to subjugate the world?

No! This riot in the old city is not an

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expression of the spirit of French Canada at all. It is only a shrewdly stupid trick in local politics, planned and staged by small-minded and loud-voiced politicians who are trying to keep their hold upon the province. The so-called revolutionists are either imported loafers and trouble-makers, or else they are drawn from that class of "hooligans" who have always made a noise around the Quebec hotels at night. They shout much: they swear abominably: but they have no real fight in them. They can be hired and used—up to a certain point—but beyond that they are worthless. It is a waste of money to employ them. The trouble below Cape Diamond froths up and goes down as quickly as the effervescence on a bottle of ginger beer. Before you can find out what it is all about, it is all over. It has not even touched the real French-Canadians, the men of the forests and the farms. They are loyal by nature, and slow by temperament. You have got to give them time, and light.

What is happening in Quebec now? Just what ought to happen. The draft is going forward smoothly and steadily, without resistance. Sons of the best French-Canadian families are volunteering for the war. Recruits from Laval University are coming in, stirred perhaps by the knowledge that forty thousand Catholic priests in France have entered the army which fights against the Prussian paganism.

The petty politicians who have sought to serve their own ends by putting forward the mad notion of secession and an independent "Republic of Quebec" have gone to cover under a storm of ridicule and indignation. M. Bourassa's iridescent dream of French-Canadian nationalism has disappeared like a soap-bubble. M. Francœur's motion in the Quebec legislature, carrying a vague hint that the province might withdraw from the Dominion if the other provinces were not particularly nice to it, was snowed under by an overwhelming vote. The patriotic and eloquent speech of the provincial Premier, M. Gouin, was received with every sign of approval. The political cinema has shown its latest film, and the title is evidently "Loyalty of Quebec."

Meantime a Catholic missioner has been in the province. The visit of Archbishop Mathieu of Saskatchewan was probably made on the invitation, certainly with the consent, of the hierarchy of Quebec. That intelligent and fearless preacher brought with him a clear and ringing gospel, a call to all Christian folk to stand up together and "resist even unto blood, striving against sin"—the sin of the German war-lords who have plunged the world in agony to enforce their heresy that Might makes Right.

Such a message, at this time, must be of inestimable value to the humble and devout people of Quebec, attached as they are to their church, and looking patiently to her for guidance. The parish priests, devoted to their lonely tasks in obscure hamlets, may get a new and broader inspiration from it. They may have a vision of the ashes of Louvain University, the ruin of Rheims Cathedral, wrought by ruthless German hands. Then the Church in Quebec will measure up to the Church in Belgium and in France. Then the village curé will say to his young men: "Go! Fight! It is for the glory of God and the good of the world. It is for the Christian religion and the life of free Canada."

"Well, then," says the gentle reader, of a sociological turn of mind, who has followed me thus far, "what have you got to say about the big political problem of Quebec? Is a French-speaking province a safe factor in the Dominion of Canada, in the British Empire? Why was Quebec so late in coming into this world war against Germany?"

Dear man, I have nothing whatever to say about what you call the big political problem of Quebec. I told you that at the beginning. That is a question for Canada and Great Britain to settle. The British colonial policy has always been one of the greatest liberality and fairness, except perhaps in that last quarter of the eighteenth century, when the madness of a German king and his ministers in England forced the United States to break away from her, and form the republic which has now become her most powerful friend.

The perpetuation of a double language within a state, an *enclave*, undoubtedly carries with it an element of danger or

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disunion. Yet if any alien tongue is to be admitted, what could be better than the French—the language of culture, which has spoken the large words, *liberté*, *égalité*, *fraternité?* The native dialect of French Canada is a quaint and delightful thing—an eighteenth-century vocabulary with pepper and salt from the speech of the woodsmen and hunters. I should be sorry if it had to fade out. But evidently that is a question for Canada to decide. She has been a bilingual country for a long time. I see no reason why the experiment should not be carried on.

Quebec has been rather slow in waking up to the meaning of this war for world-freedom. But she has been very little slower than some of the United States, after all.

The Church? Well, the influence of the Church always has depended and always must depend upon the quality of her ministers. In France, in Belgium, they have not fallen short of their high duty. The Archbishop of Saskatchewan, who came to Quebec, preached a clear gospel of self-sacrifice for a righteous cause.

But the plain people of Quebec—the *voyageurs*, the *habitants*, my old friends in the back districts—that is what I am thinking about. I am sure they are all right. They are very simple, old-fashioned, childish, if you like; but there is no pacifist or pro-German virus among them. If their parochial politicians will let them alone, if their priests will speak to them as prophets of the God of Righteousness, they will show their mettle. They will prove their right to be counted among the free peoples of the world who are fighting for peace against the insane German tyranny.

That is what I expect to find if I ever get back to my canoemen on the *Sainte Marguérite* again.

SYLVANORA, July 10, 1918.

AUTUMN

By John J. Chapman

BEHOLD, the harvest is at hand;
And thick on the encircling hills
The sheaves like an encampment stand,
Making a martial fairy-land
That half the landscape fills.
The plains in colors brightly blent
Are burnished by the standing grain
That runs across a continent.
In sheets of gold or silver stain
Or red as copper from the mine,
The oats, the barley, and the buckwheat shine.

Autumn has pitched his royal tent,
And set his banner in the field;
Here blazes every ornament
That beamed in an heraldic shield.
He spreads his carpets from the store
Of stuffs the richest burghers wore,
When velvet-robed, and studded o'er
With gems, they faced their Emperor.

A wind is in the laughing grain
That bends to dodge his rough caress,
Knowing the rogue will come again

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To frolic with its loveliness.
Now in the highways drifts a stream
Of carts, of cattle, and of men;
While scythes in every meadow gleam,
And Adam sweats again.

In the young orchard forms are seen
With throats thrown open to the breeze,
To reap the rye that lies between;
And sickles hang on apple-trees,
Half hidden in the glossy leaves,
And pails beside the reapers lie;
While sturdy yokels toss the sheaves,
And hats are cocked and elbows ply,
And blackbirds rise to cloud the sky
In swarms that chatter as they fly.

From field to field each shady lane
Is strown and traced with wisps of hay,
Where gates lie open to the wain
That creaks upon its toiling way.
And little children, dumb with pride,
Upon the rocking mountain ride,
While anxious parents warn;
And farm-boys guide the lazy team
Till it shall stand beneath the beam
That spans the gaping barn.

The harvest to its cavern sinks,
While shafts of sunlight probe the chinks
And fumes of incense rise;
Then, as the farmers turn the latch,
Good-natured Autumn smiles to watch
The triumph in their eyes.
His gifts, from many a groaning load,
Are heaved and packed, and wheeled and stowed;
By gnomes that hoard the prize.
The grist of a celestial mill,
Which man has harnessed to his will,
In one bright torrent falls to fill
The greedy granaries.

Beneath that annual rain of gold
Kingdoms arise, expand, decay;
Philosophers their mind unfold
And poets sing, and pass away.
Forever turns the winnowing fan:
It runs with an eternal force,
As run the planets in their course
Behind the life of man.
Little we heed that silent power,
Save as the gusty chaff is whirled,
When Autumn triumphs for an hour,
And spills his riches on the world.

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BATTLE-FRONT PICTURES

A SERIES OF PAINTINGS BY F. C. YOHN REVEALING, AS NO PHOTOGRAPHS CAN, ACTUAL DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN MODERN WARFARE

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS

The gun crew of an American battery in action during a gas attack *(Frontispiece)*

BRITISH CAVALRY CUTTING OUT A GERMAN GUN IN A FRENCH VILLAGE

CLEANING UP THE VILLAGE

American troops driving the Huns out in hand-to-hand fighting

ALLIED AIRPLANES BOMBING GERMAN TRANSPORT WAGONS

RED CROSS NURSES CARRYING A WOUNDED MAN FROM A BOMBED HOSPITAL

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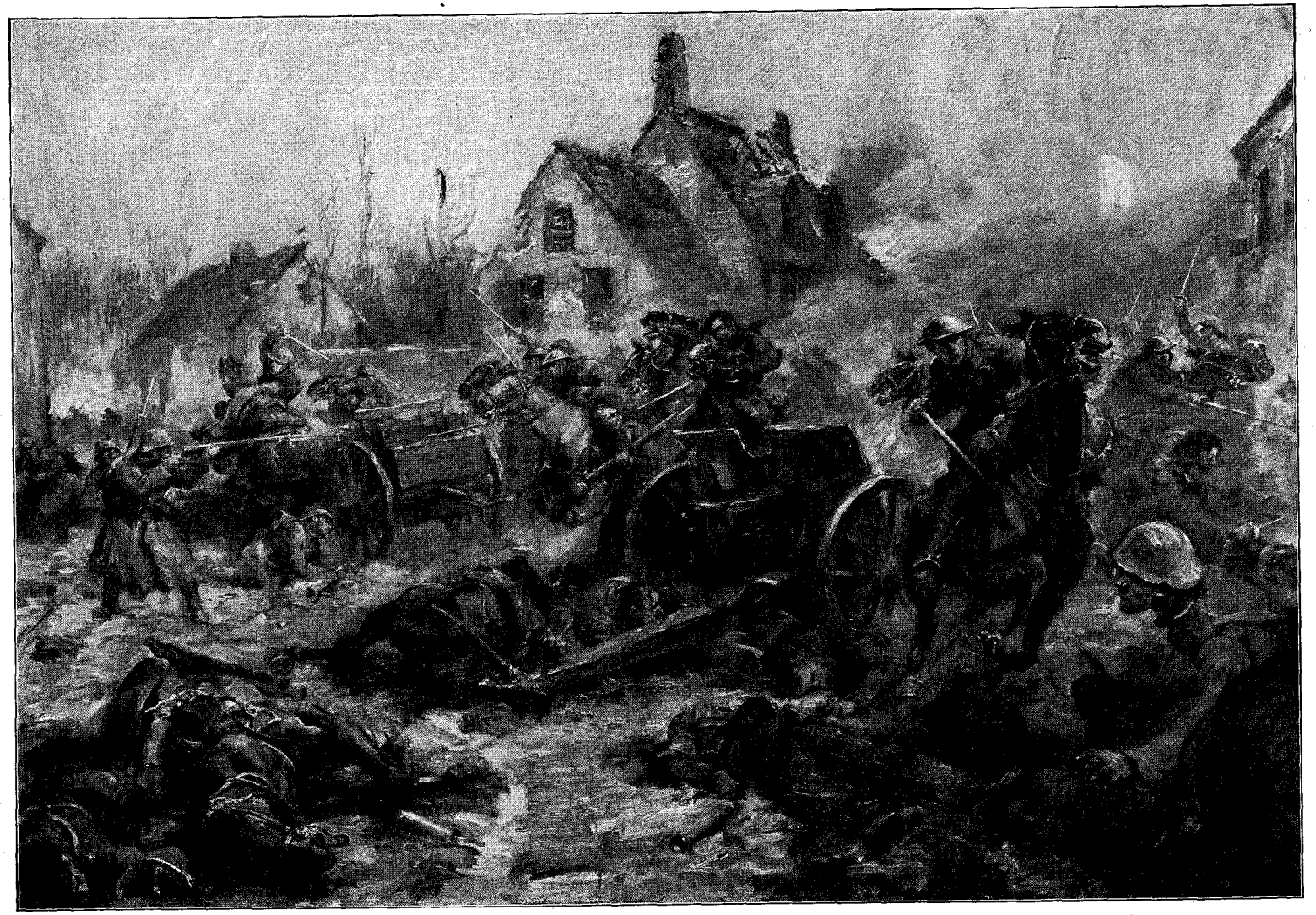

BRITISH CAVALRY CUTTING OUT A GERMAN GUN IN A FRENCH VILLAGE.

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CLEANING UP

Americans driving the Germans out of a French farmyard. The enemy holds these farmhouses and buildings

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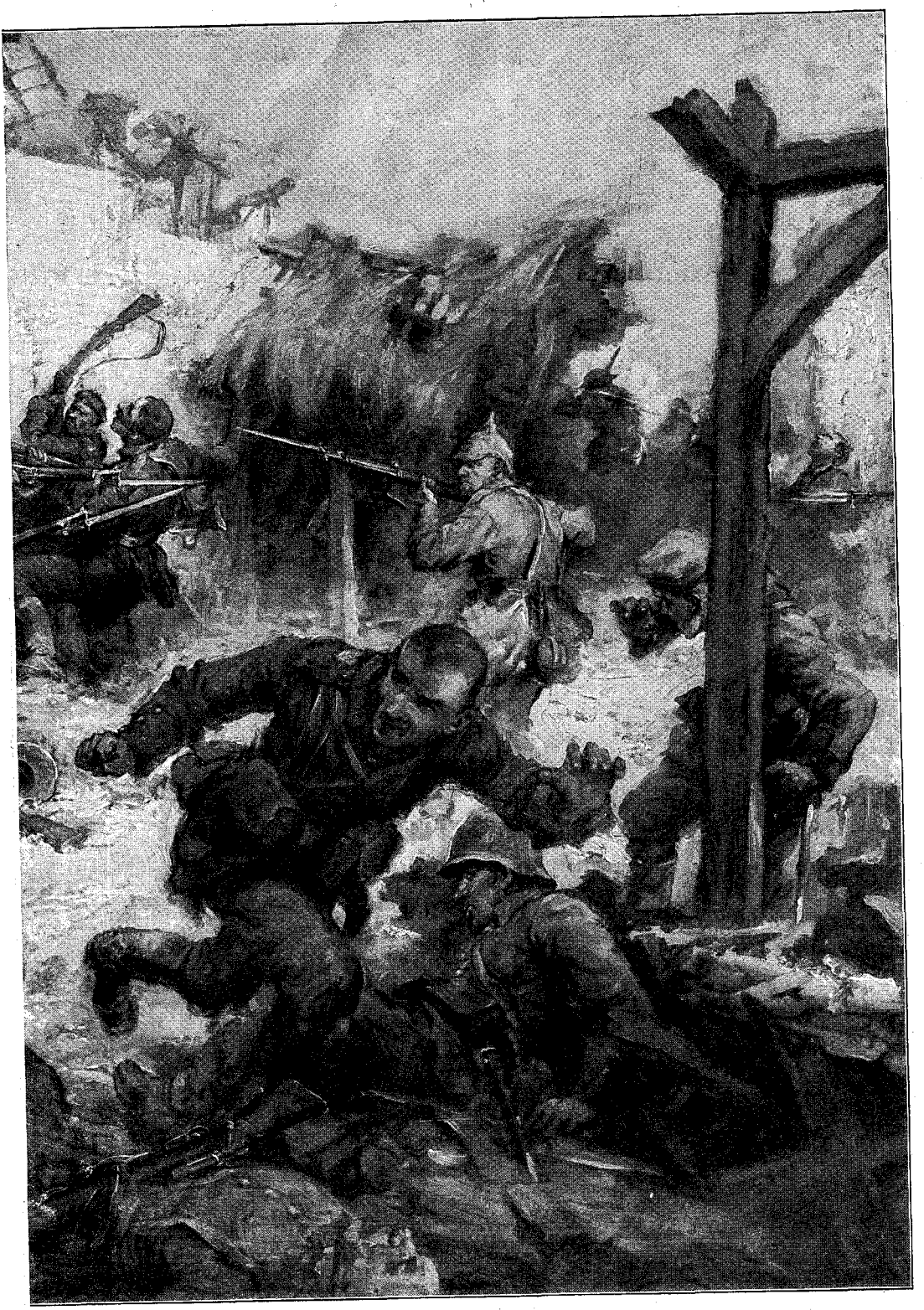

THE VILLAGE.

until the last moment that he may harass the Allied troops. The fighting is hand-to-hand and company work.

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ALLIED AIRPLANES BOMBING

The work of the airplanes in attacking, at low altitudes, the ammunition and transport wagons

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GERMAN TRANSPORT WAGONS.

of the enemy has been very successful in cutting off huge quantities of supplies for the front lines.

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RED CROSS WORKERS.

The heroism of the Red Cross nurses has been unsurpassed. During the bombing of hospitals they have refused to leave their posts, but have remained to carry the wounded out of the wreckage to places of safety.

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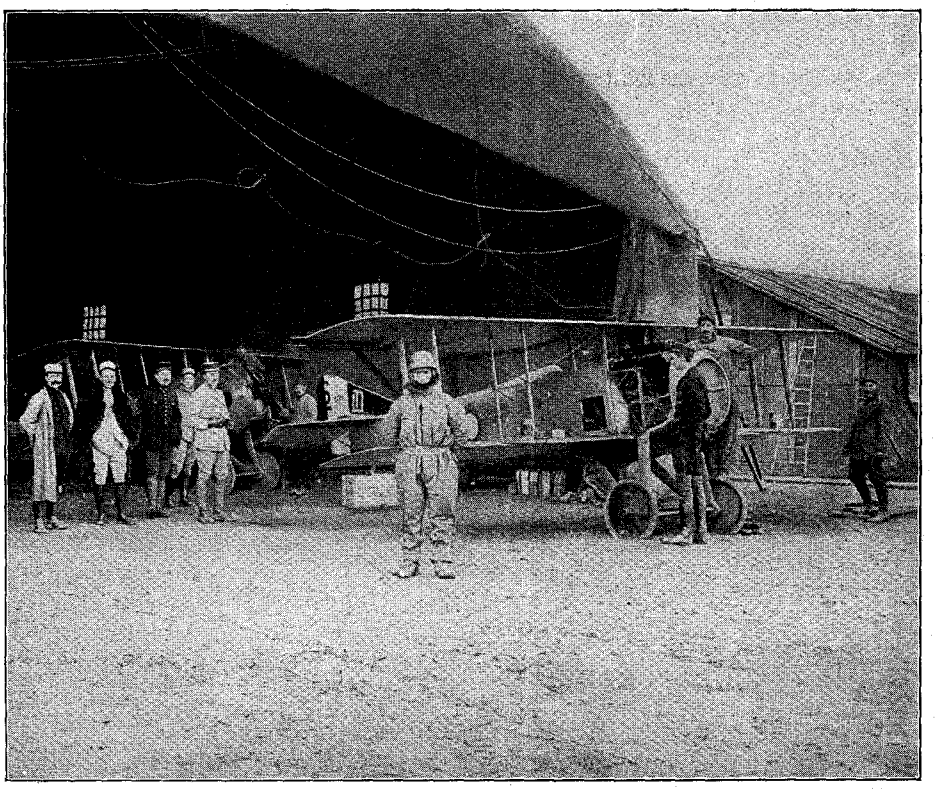

BATTLE PHOTOGRAPHY

By William Beebe

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FRENCH AND BELGIAN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

A FRENCH *avion de chasse* darted swiftly past, close on the trail of a Boche Albatross. The planes twisted and turned, vrille following vrille in quick succession, and now and then long luminous wires of fire and smoke shot out, brilliant even in the sunshine, followed by the slower vibrations of the sound-waves —the sharp rat-tat-tat-tat of the mitrailleuse. Less apparent to the eye but infinitely more sinister than the luminous tracer-bullets were the quartets of invisible leaden missiles which spat forth between each of the gleaming silver wires.

And now we watched a lumbering old bus climbing in slow, effortful spirals from her aerodrome and at last, like an overfed vulture, steering heavily off toward the Boche lines. Two tiny fighting-machines unravelled themselves from wisps of drifting cloud high overhead and circled casually in the direction of the big plane beneath. Instinctively one thought of a pair of dainty warblers keeping guard over the first flight of their great changeling cowbird, to which their unsuspecting parent instincts had been sacrificed. On and on went the low-swinging plane, now climbing, now descending, as if on some gigantic aerial roller-coaster track. Occasional puffs of blue-white smoke, wide of the mark, showed the advantage of this constant shifting of altitude. When almost vanished in the distance we saw her descend a thousand feet, braving the shrapnel, which now were mere noiseless

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specks flecking the sky about her. Twice she circled, then, at the approach of a small squadron of Boche fighters, seemed to spread her wings still wider and with all the power of her revolving blades streaked for home. No aged hen, threatened by some yapping cur, ever more completely cast dignity aside and fled toward barnyard safety than this unlovely biplane, signalling frantically for help to her attendant guardian angels, and barging with all speed toward her canvas hangar. After watching the approach and manœuvring of the dainty fighting-planes, dancing on the invisible air, answering every touch of their joy-sticks, one could scarce but laugh at the aged hen, whose progress had been so slow and fearful, and after a moment's hesitation over enemy lines, had cowardly turned tail and fled. Yet she was not an atavism, nor an error on the part of the aviation commandant, but a most valuable cog in that great aerial machine which forever filled the heavens with trails, with whirlpools of impalpable wakes, with utilization of a myriad forms of invisible vibrations, manifested in heat, in light, and photography; as evanescent as the music of an orchestra, but as effective as projectiles from heavy artillery.

The old lumbering bus held in her heart a sensitive bit of glass which, fertilized by an instant of sunlight, would soon develop into a weapon more potent than a score of the mocking, dancing *avions de chasse* which so superciliously deigned to lend her their protection.

For days these little dragon-flies had sped here and there over a certain section of the Boche lines and had watched a mysterious swarming. They dared not slacken speed, for the least delay drew a burst of shrapnel, and they could but guess what was going on.

So, in despair, the old bus was trundled out, with a big ugly affair like a baby's coffin or a misshapen dwarf cannon clamped to her hip. At the bottom was a great staring eye, a huge bulging lens of glass, eight inches across. A second box, heavy with a weight more precious than any of powder and shot, was inserted into this impossible instrument, and the great aeroplane-camera was loaded for its deadly work.

Rocking and jolting, the big plane taxied across the muddy field, slowly lifted, and when three thousand feet up turned toward Bocheland. Trusting to the little guardian planes, bumping against the cloud ceiling a mile higher, the operator focussed all his attention on the big glass finder with its crossed hair-lines. In front of him was a map with a big red blotch on the spot he was to watch for. The familiar spider-web of rear-trench and road-lines became recognizable and slipped behind; the *première ligne Française* was passed, and after two short directions to the pilot there crept into the glass field a whitish patch at the edge of the forest. Slowly, like the weird shadow of an eclipse, came the strange mussed-up area, and then the observer pulled hard on a handle. There was a click, a sound of something falling into a metal groove. The handle was pushed back—the photograph was taken and another plate ready in position. A flurry of cloud swept past and dimmed the lens with drops of moisture, and before it cleared a quartet of black-crossed aviatiks came into view full tilt. Without a moment's delay the big plane scuttled into a low-drifting cloud-bank and for a half-mile beetled by compass alone toward home. Now and then she poked her nose out above the clouds to give the acrobatic guardian angels a hint of her whereabouts, and when the clear sunshine began to dry the isinglass guards, a whole bevy of Spads came dancing on their way to welcome her, hopeful of a scrap with the pursuing Boche. A quick, bumpy landing and the little box was passed overboard to an orderly. He delivered it in turn to a yellow-fingered photographer, and the most secret details of the Boche mystery were unfolded one by one before his eyes.

Many weeks before, a body of German peasants and Belgian prisoners had been brought up with great secrecy, and set to work building a road-bed across ploughed fields, miles back of the front-line trenches. The road led to the edge of a dense wood and here concrete-workers and mechanics prepared for the support and erection of a big gun. For weeks the labor went on with the usual accompaniment of accidents and quarrels. Once an

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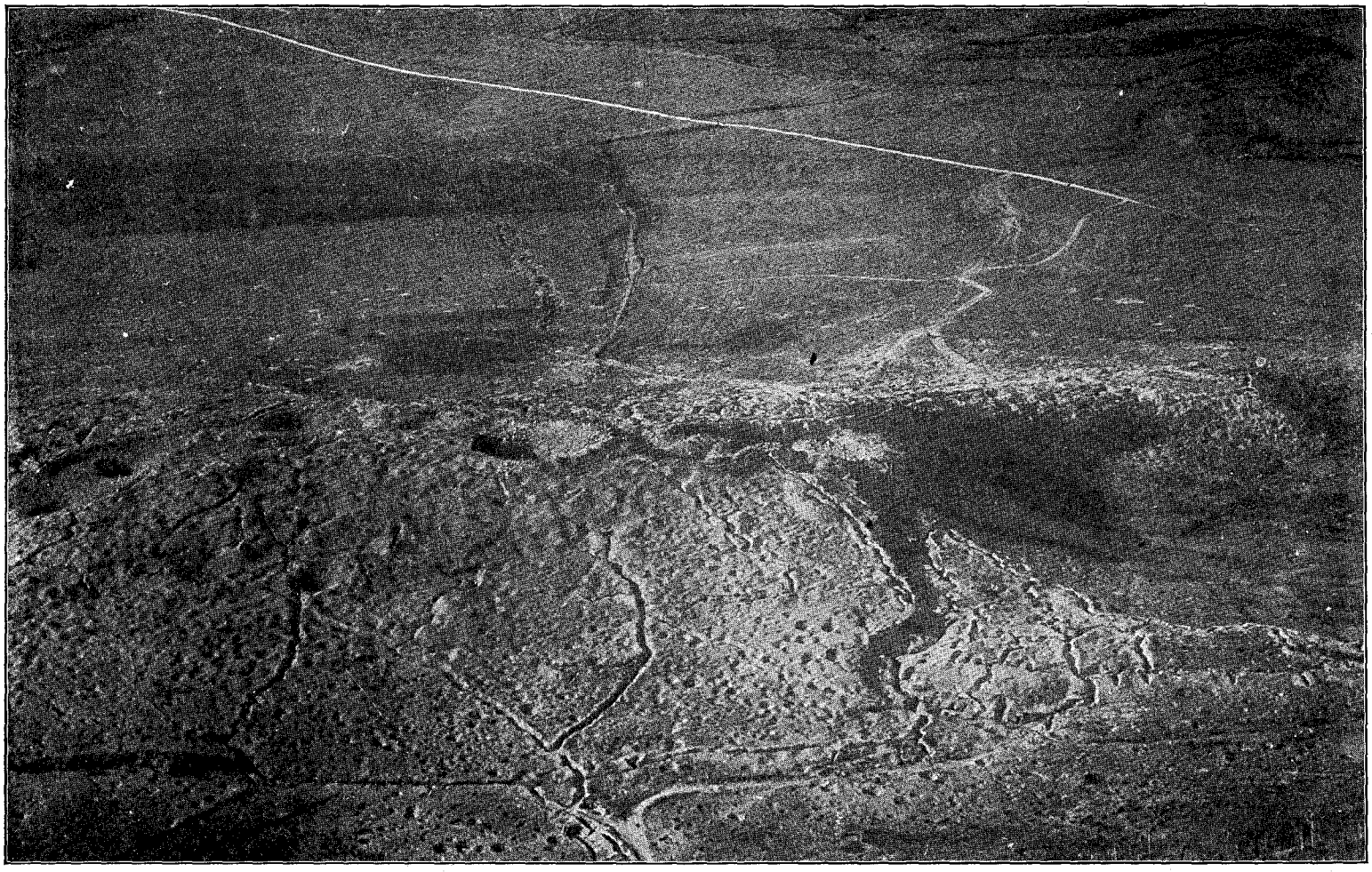

A land of death.

The winds howl about these craters of No Man's Land, and the shadows of clouds pass over them swiftly—otherwise they might be on the moon itself. From the sulphur-sodden earth there sprouts no plant nor even moss. The only hint of life is the trembling from the roar of distant guns—working havoc elsewhere.

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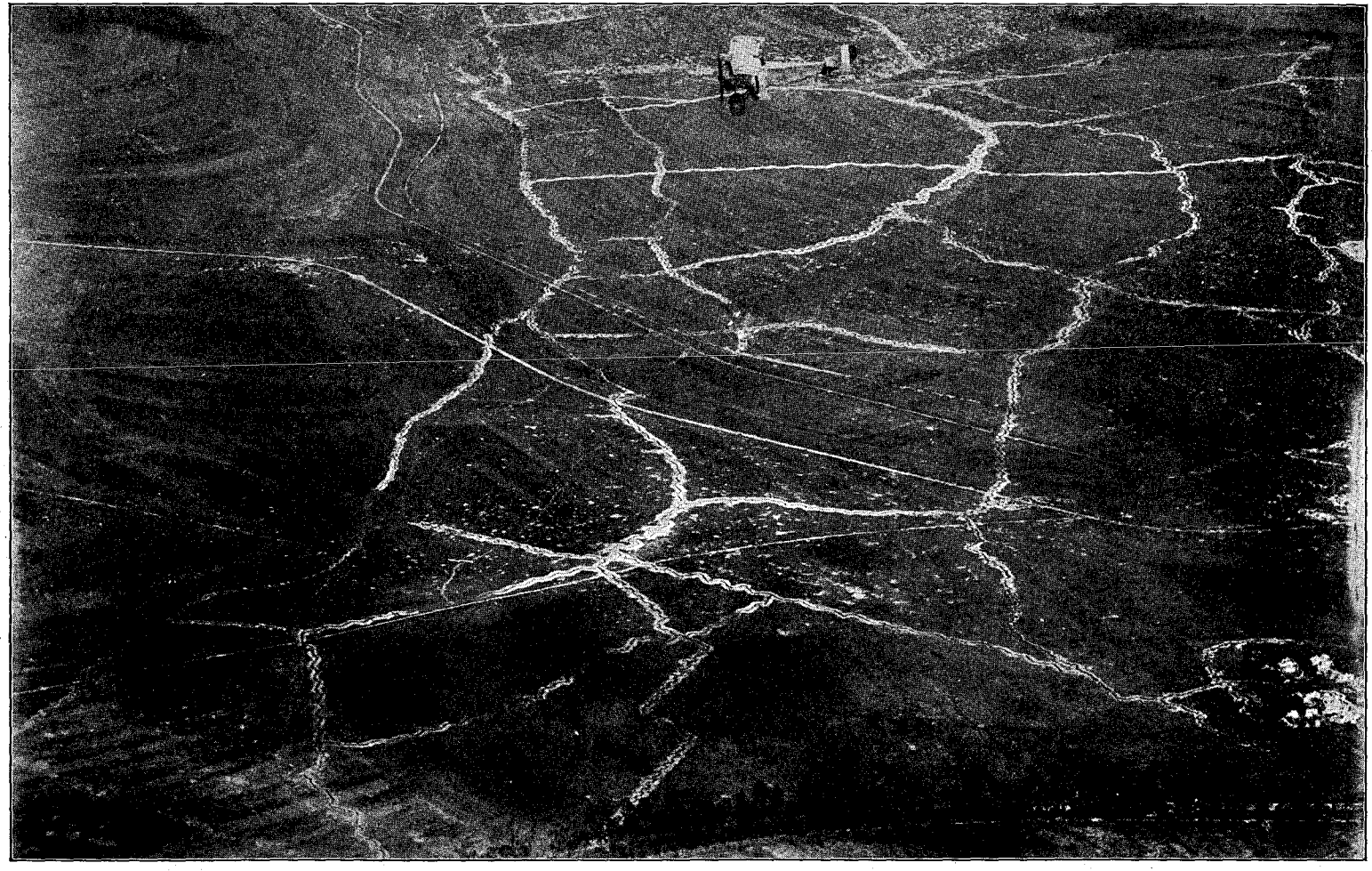

The cobweb of battle trenches.

To the eye of the aviator every trench stands out like a jagged seam stitched across the dark surface soil. Here the front-line trench is seen with the nexus of communicating trenches, and, far ahead, an advanced listening-post. A Nieuport plane hums past, headed for the Boche lines, watching the trenches, roads, and fields, comparing maps with the living panorama for any suspicious change.

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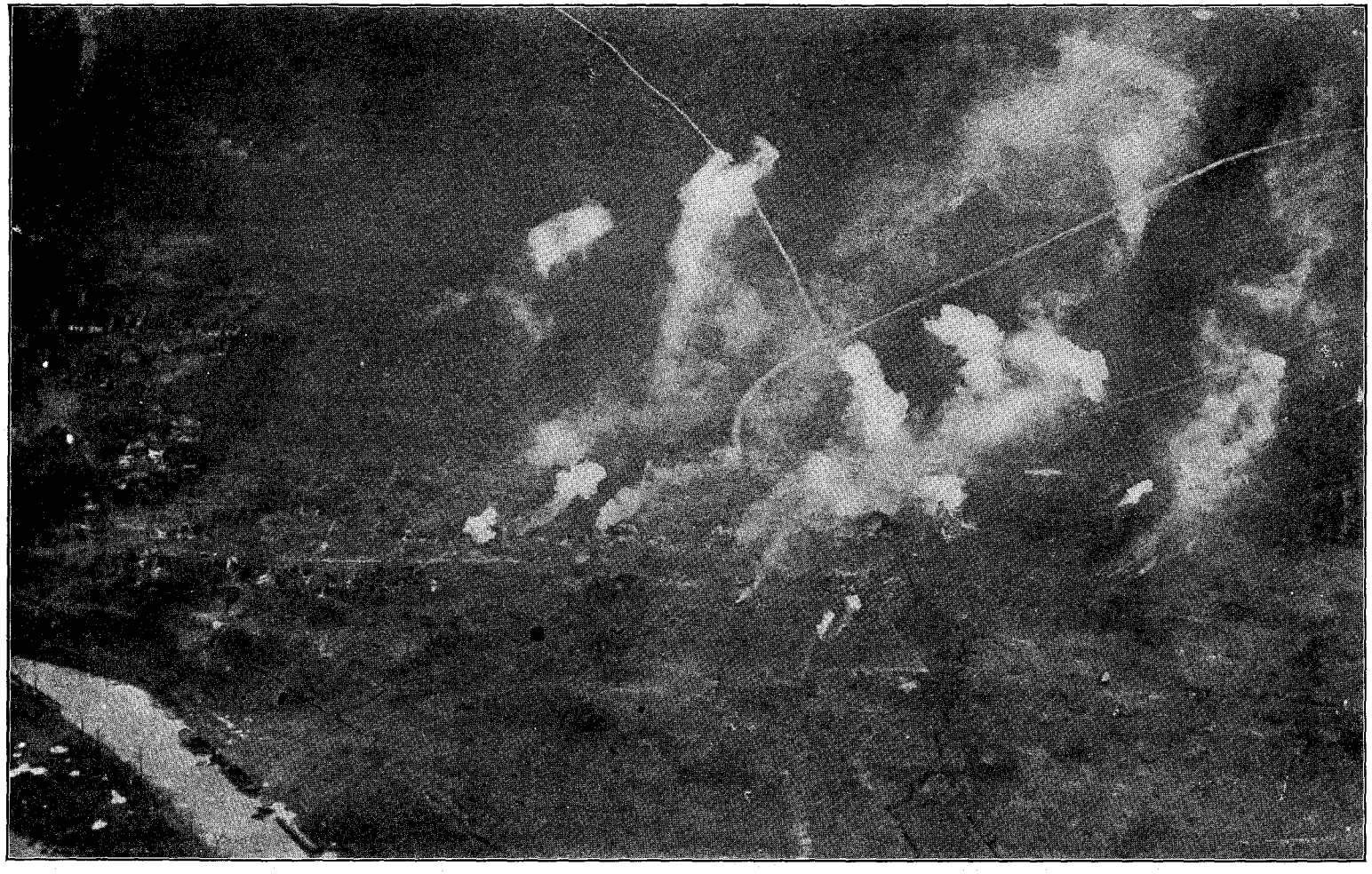

The cobweb under fire.

The same region under artillery-fire; smoke and gas fumes rising, thinning, fraying out into semblance of the pure clouds floating through the air just above the photographer's plane.

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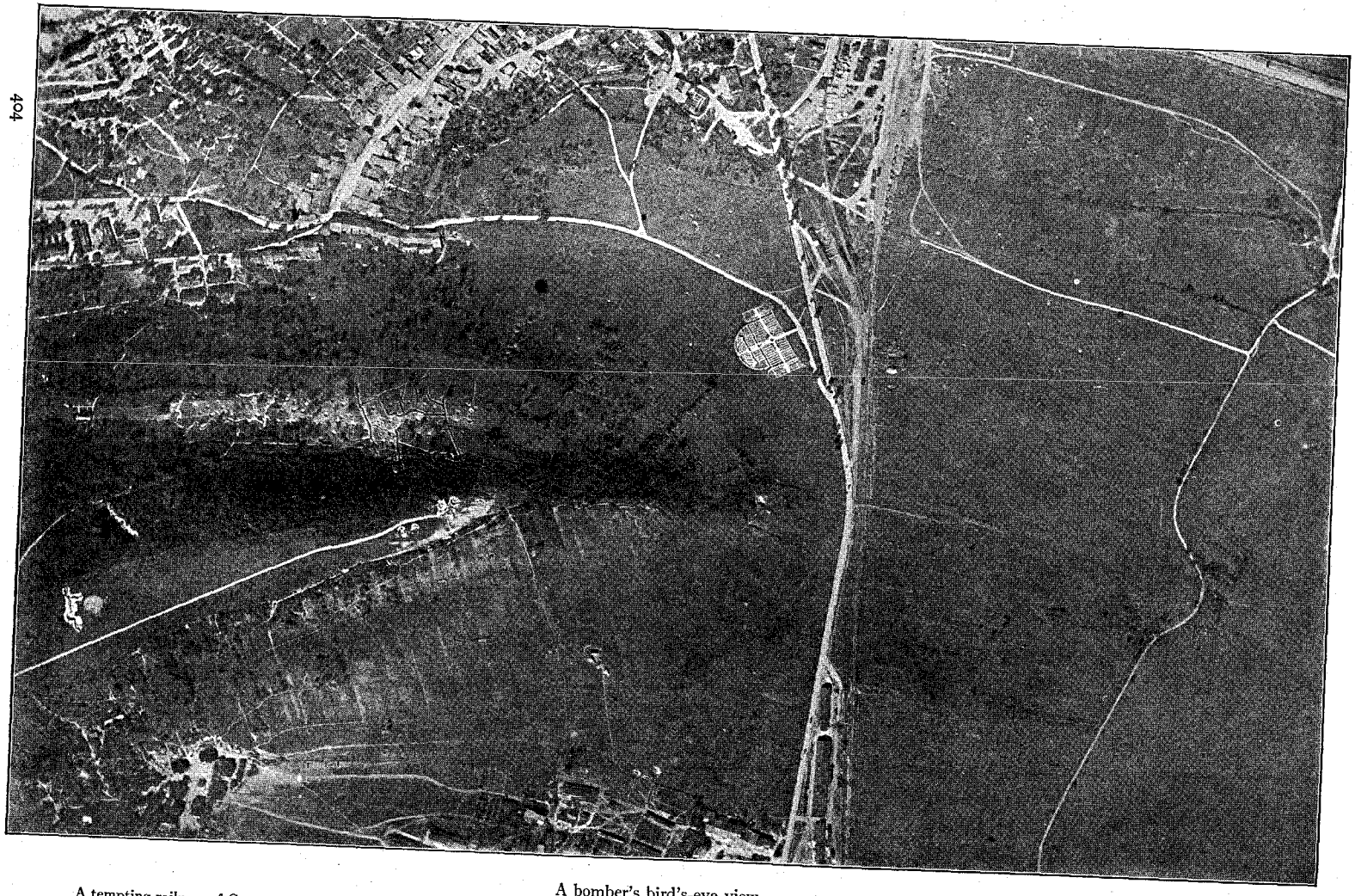

A bomber's bird's-eye view.

A tempting railway of German supply-trains, with stacks of provisions and two ammunition-dumps. The big gun at the end of the white road has been most accurately shelled, while scattered about are old, rain-washed shell-holes.

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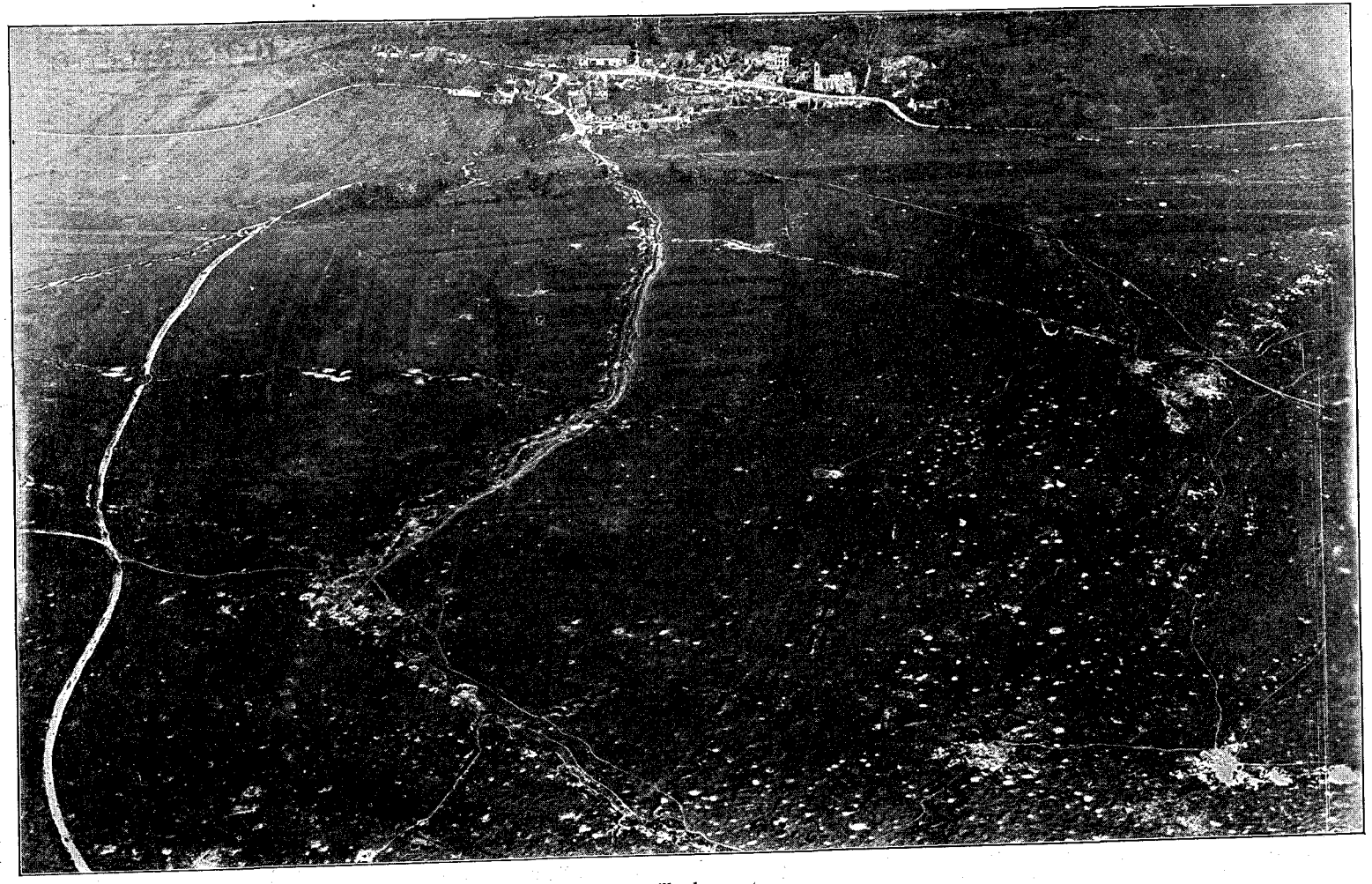

La ville des morts.

The deserted village was at this moment temporarily in the hands of the Germans. The trenches have been almost blotted out. The fields are quagmires of slime-filled shell-holes, rotting uniforms, rusted guns, and half-buried bones; for an average of more than three Germans fell to the square yard of the region in the foreground.

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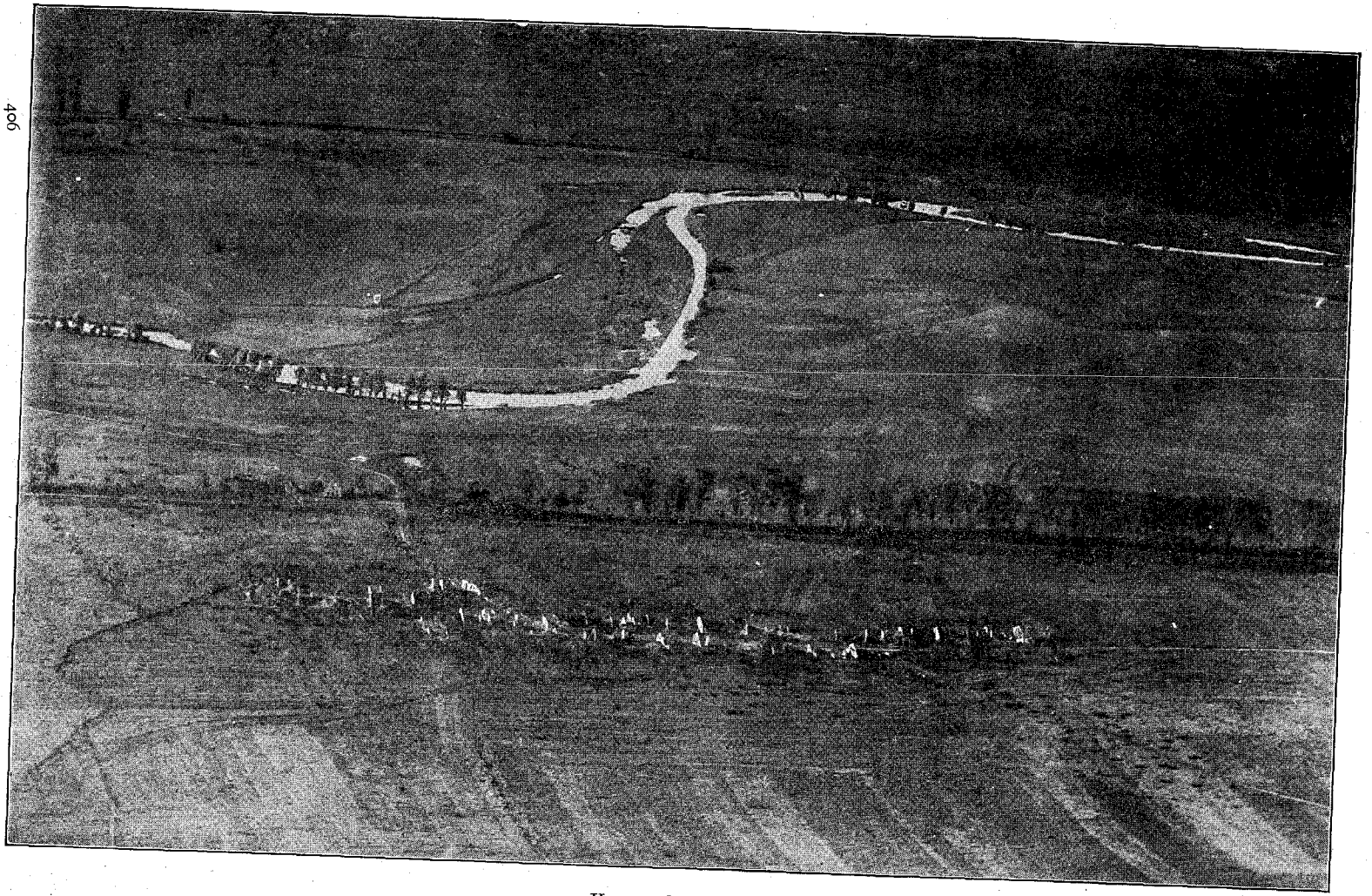

Here stood a village.

A year before a sleepy, picturesque village straggled along this quiet country road, with fertile fields and church and songs of laborers. At present the ruins, from the aeroplane, have the appearance of gravestones. Two weeks after this even these were blasted away, and to-day not a single stone remains upright. The mud of the fields covers everything: the mirage of the village is complete.

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La cité inviolée.

Shattered after the year of battle and shelling, Verdun yet taunts the Germans that, except as prisoners—*on ne passe pas*.

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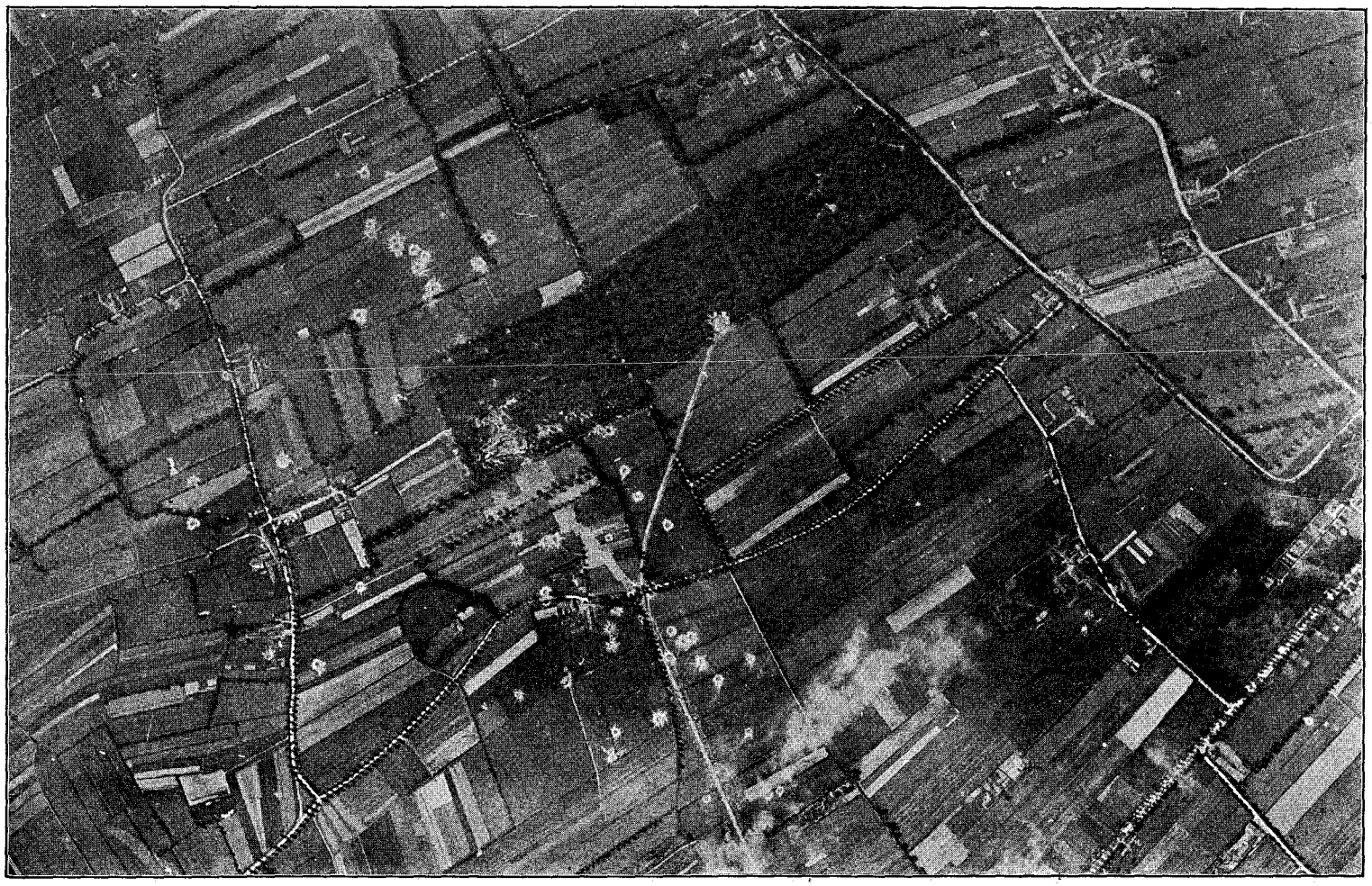

The new German gun.

The first long-range gun position at the lower left corner of the Belgian forest had been spotted and fired upon, three-score fresh shell-holes being visible. The new gun site is in the central lower edge of the same wood, beyond the present shell-range. This was photographed and destroyed two days later.

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insubordinate Belgian was led away and shot in a neighboring field. Two Germans were injured by a falling tree, otherwise the work progressed without incident. A circle of anti-aircraft guns barked now and then at a plane passing high overhead, while a cordon of stolid Boche peasant soldiers squatted to their smoke-pots and on demand obscured the locality with dense clouds, drawing forth guttural curses from the half-choked workers. Finally the gun was in place and the first priming shot fired at eleven o'clock at night. Many miles away was a coastal port filled with swarms of British reserves and supply-trains, and night after night the great gun sent her missiles high into the air, over hills and farms and villages to the crowded houses and rows upon rows of busy thoroughfares.

At this point occurred the first visit of the old lumbering bus, and when the hand-lens had revealed the mounting and even the gun itself, swift orders were sent to observing-planes, and under the guidance of winking flashes the French artillerymen gave a twist to a screw here, and a turn to that lever, until their shells, falling far beyond their vision, crept closer and closer to the great steel tube. Finally the range was gained and it remained only to narrow down to the one vital segment. One shell-hole after another was plotted by the German observers, and to their dismay they saw the nearer and nearer approach of the deadly craters. Then a guttural order from headquarters stirred the whole vicinity into activity, and all night long, by the light of shielded flares, scores of men labored. A new road was built, a branch which, when completed, made the right limb of a Y, and at the tip, just within the forest's edge, a new platform was erected. This was beyond the deadly alignment of shell-holes which day by day had crept nearer. At last all was ready and the big gun was transferred to its new support. And that very day, two great shells registered direct hits and the old position was blown into shattered bits of concrete. The sharp eyes of a pilot, rushing high overhead in his dancing *avion de chasse*, detected a new white streak with a blob at the end which the surrounding dark trees served only to emphasize. Again the hen preened herself and shook the dust from her propellers, and again her great camera winked its eye down through a half-mile of icy air and registered every detail on the gelatine retina which never forgets or distorts. And this was the picture as I saw it, and for two nights the big gun continued to belch forth great shells. Then in an underground dugout an artillery officer took maps and photographs and dividers. Three measurements and an equal number of calculations, a few twists to screws with thumb and forefinger, and all the labor of the Boche went for nothing. A half-hour of feeling about, with eight shells, and an observer saw the gun turn slowly over and fall on its nose before the dense smoke and flying débris of the ninth hid the emplacement. The Boche left it lying there—jagged old metal—the seaport knew it had nothing more to fear, the old bus huddled in its circus-tent, and photograph number umpty hundred and fifty-eight was filed away, a mere record of past history.

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U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 9

BY GEORGE McLEAN HARPER

Author of "In a Paris Hospital," etc.

UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 9 faces toward the front, and the mind of every one within its walls, whether doctor, nurse, or patient, is turned steadily in that direction. Those who have been in action or on the scene of action yearn to go back, while those who have not yet been allowed to start have their hearts set on the great adventure, and count themselves of little worth till they have undertaken it. The talk of the place is about battles and transportation, about French and British methods of training, about the devilish deeds of the enemy, and how to stop him. One might suppose that he, the Boche, was only a few kilometres away, over the tops of the pine-trees that mark the horizon, and it seems not unreasonable to listen, on still nights, for the throb of the guns. Actually, however, between No. 9 and the front lie not only several hundred kilometres of French soil, but a thousand leagues of sea and eleven good American miles; for No. 9 is at Lakewood, New Jersey, where even the sound of the surf is not heard in calm weather. But it is a part, and a very important and interesting part, of the United States military system, being one of the first of our new war-hospitals in point of time and in other respects. The wards are filling with men who have come back from the other side, and the corridors are aflutter with nurses preparing to sail.

I had the pleasure of finding an old acquaintance in the first overseas patient with whom I talked at Lakewood, for he was one of the famous 16th U. S. Infantry, who marched through Paris on the Fourth of July, 1917, upon which occasion I shouted myself hoarse in their honor. He is an old campaigner and a tall fellow of his hands. The sad, patient eyes and the creased face of a seasoned private in the regular army confirmed my guess that he was forty-five years old, though there was not a gray hair in his head. He is a neuropathic case, but sunshine chased the clouds from his brow when he spoke of that great day in Paris.

"Did you see them throw flowers at us?" he asked. "We could hardly keep the ranks, with the people crowding so close. They fed us well while we were in Paris, all at the expense of the French Government. We had landed at Saint-Nazaire, and afterward we went to Gondrecourt."

"Yes, and I can tell you what the people in the crowd kept saying over and over again," I remarked. "They said: 'Why, these are real soldiers, not militia! You can tell it by their marching.'"

His mournful eyes brightened at this, and he said: "Yes, we heard they were expecting a crowd of feeble clerks, but we came from the Texas border."

Thereupon a grizzled warrior in the next bed, who had been groaning with rheumatic pains, put his head out from under the coverlet and joined in the conversation. Getting acclimated in France had been too much for him, although he also was a hardened regular, for he was old, and he gave it as his opinion that a soldier should be neither less than twenty-five nor much above that age. Between them they described the little affair of October 22, 1917, when an American detachment first relieved the French in a certain front-line ditch and were immediately raided by the enemy. It was well for them and for the honor of our country that they were not raw troops.

"Just after the French officers followed their men and left us in the trench, along came another officer in a French uniform and told us to get out of that. He said the orders were to retire all along that front. We thought he was all right of course, but they found somehow he was a Boche spy, and we just turned him over to the French. The Germans captured

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some of our men that time. I guess you read about it. We suspected one fellow they took. We think perhaps he intended to get caught. Speaking of rheumatism, there's another of us old fellows here I'd like you to meet. He will be glad to talk French, for he *is* French."

So my big friend led me to the bedside of a "real Frenchman," whom he relentlessly woke from profound slumber to have the pleasure of speaking his native language. When this man had got his bearings and come through a series of twinges and gaspings caused by pain in his legs, he proved to be a most interesting person. He had come to America as a *chef* before the war, leaving his family in Brittany. When France was invaded he promptly enlisted in the Canadian army, although he had performed his military service as a Frenchman years before. A bullet broke his jaw and scattered his teeth to sow hostility to the eternal Boche; but having recovered in part by the time the United States declared war, he returned to this country and enlisted in our army as a cook.

"I want to go back into active service," he groaned, "and I don't see how I'm to do it if they keep me in bed. The way to get well [twinges and facial contortions] is to stir about and do something, not to lie under covers. I'm perfectly all right [more cramps and grimaces] except when the pain in my legs catches me. I could save the United States hundreds of thousands of dollars, in soup-bones, I tell you, in soup-bones. When we were at Saint-Nazaire I ran an officers' mess on the British system, using the meat-bones for soup and saving bread that would have been thrown away, saving it for pudding. But I couldn't teach the mess-sergeants or top-sergeants. They would just laugh at me or swear. It isn't right to serve every man a separate ration. That means waste, for if he can't eat all they give him he has just got to throw away what he leaves. And half the time they can't eat it all. The food should be handed round and each man should help himself as the dish passes, every squad like a family. I've been in the French army, the British, and the American, and the mess arrangements are not alike in any two of them. At Saint-Nazaire I could have bought supplies of vegetables and fruit directly from the peasants, not there in the port nor in the towns, where the army supplies *were* bought, but I should have gone out to the farms, miles back in the country, where the stuff was so abundant it was being fed to pigs and cattle."

There was anguish in his voice. The conscientious parsimony of a French caterer and the probity of a Breton were contending with rheumatism and red tape. Happy the officers' mess to which he is assigned when the doctors let him return to service. If all cooks and quartermasters possessed so fine a sense of honor and responsibility and had so clear an idea of how to economize, the saving would be no doubt enormous.

"Two days I had at my own home, to see my family, in the Morbihan—hardly enough to say 'Bon jour! Bon soir!' But, oh, how good it is to walk along a country road in France! So much to see! The varied crops, the pretty little farms, the neat houses, with their gardens, the wayside places of refreshment, where you can have a bite and a sup and a chat! Whereas here, if I walk out from Lakewood, what is there to see? Just trees, trees, trees." He hissed out the words *des arbres* with bitter disgust. "They are so dreary, your American roads—the fields all alike, the houses all alike, the people all alike; no place to stop, nobody to talk to. But French roads are a book with pictures on every page." And Monsieur Vatel rolled his melancholy brown eyes in a half-nostalgic, half-rheumatic spasm. No amount of roving, not all the temptations of city life in millionaires' houses, had sufficed to wean the honest and simple-hearted Breton from the love of his own countryside and the honor of his profession. He would talk freely about the moors and fields of Brittany and the economics of company mess, but it was hard to get a word from him about fighting.

This was not the case with P., a private in the 11th U. S. Engineers, who had fought at Cambrai, where he smashed the head of a Hun with a pick-handle. Yet he looked no more ferocious than the stout, fatherly men whom you see every day perched in engine-cabs and thank in your hearts for having brought you safe to

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town from Newark or Yonkers. He beamed on me when I asked to hear the story of his regiment. "Civilian," and the virtues of a peaceful, industrious life, were written in lines of sunshine on his broad face; yet the exploits of that famous corps were evidently his favorite subject.

"You have no doubt read of the fight at Cambrai, where the 11th Engineers met the Huns with shovel and pick until we found some British rifles? It was last November." And as usually happens with good narrators, he told me his story backward, beginning at the crisis.

"We were building a railroad behind the British lines. The railroads run right up to the front, you see. Well, one day the Huns came over, and before we knew it they were on top of us. We had nothing but picks and shovels and iron bars. My squad—seven of us there were—ran for a dugout; but soon a Hun, in perfectly good English, yelled down: 'Come out of that, you damned Yankees!' When we didn't obey, they started to come for us, down a communication-trench. One of our bunch killed five of them with a shovel before they got him. When we had laid out the rest of them we up and out of that for a safer place. I wasn't as fat then as I am now from living in a hospital, and believe me I ran. We made for a British shed, where we found some rifles. You could pick up cartridges anywhere. By good luck the Tommies had taught us how to handle their rifles. They just showed us for fun, you see, but now it came in handy, for otherwise those rifles would have been no use to us. There were English troops on our left, and together we held the Huns. We lay behind a little parapet, if you can call it that, about a foot and a half high, not high enough to hide us, and could hear the bullets hitting the ground, ping, ping, beside our boots. The British soldiers gave us lots of points. They are good fighters, the British, but they've learned not to stick their heads out and get shot. They go up to the firing-line as if they didn't give a damn, singing as they go, not in a solid line, but here a bunch and there a bunch, always singing and happy. It seems natural to them.

"I saw a Boche coming for a Scotchman. When he was near enough the Scotchman dropped his gun, jumped over the parapet and grabbed that German's throat with both hands, and choked him to death.

"You ought to have seen that country the way the Boche left it: fruit-trees chopped down, or mostly left standing with the bark cut off in a circle to kill them. Why should they do a thing like that? Will you tell me? They're barbarians all right. There were two old people, a man and his wife, and their two daughters, where we were billeted. One of those girls was clean crazy with what the Huns had done to her every day. Say, when this war is over and I'm in civilian clothes, if anybody says to me that Germans are not barbarians or begins to defend them, I won't stop to talk with him and I won't hit him with my hands, but I'll take an iron bar and break his head. An iron bar! Do you hear?

"We were volunteers, you understand, and among the first to cross. We landed at Plymouth in England. Did we get a warm reception? We surely did. You know how those English railroad-stations are, all enclosed, and the people couldn't get at us; but they jammed up against the fence and yelled with pleasure, and when we reached B., where we were to stay, they came two miles out of town to meet us, with a band, though it was one o'clock in the morning. We were only allowed to sleep till half-past three, tired as we were with our first march, carrying our outfit, and then we got up to prepare to receive the King, who sent word he was coming to see us at eleven. We had to learn how to form a hollow square. The King and the Queen and Princess Mary came to wish us welcome. He was very much interested in our kit-bags, and asked one of us to open his and take it all apart. You see, ours are different from the British kit-bags and don't bear heavy on the shoulders, being made so they come in close to the back. Well, this man was right near me, and I heard all the King said. He was awfully pleased with the kit-bag and had everything taken apart and explained to him."

Then, like the father of epic song, my engineer worked back to the beginning of his story, which lay in Brooklyn.

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Yes, they are coming home, our sick and wounded men, some from foreign ports which they have barely touched, some from close behind the front, disappointed at having been stopped there, some from the firing-line. All wish to return. What they saw of French and British heroism and of the havoc caused by German frightfulness has made them enthusiastic for the alliance. It would not be safe for a "defeatist" or a spreader of dissension or a Sinn Fein propagandist to show his face among them. They have nothing but praise for our brothers in arms who have stood in the breach for four long years, and among these they are unwilling to make comparisons, so deeply impressed are they with the merits of all.

Faster than the wounded come in, the nurses go out. Many hundreds of them have passed through No. 9 for a final inspection before being sent overseas. While awaiting the word of authority which will crown their hopes of foreign service or relegate them to civil life on the ground of physical incapacity, they live together in a big house that the government has taken, enlivening the sombre groves of Lakewood with the rich colors of their blue and red capes.

General Hospital No. 9 occupies the old Lakewood Hotel, a large, ill-built structure that stands amid pines and spruces in the outskirts of the village. The commanding officer and his staff have done what they could to make it safe from fire, and to adapt it to hospital purposes. They have cleaned it and fitted up operating-rooms, X-ray rooms, dental and aural offices, diet-kitchens, and workshops. The building would be better for its present purpose if it were not so high and if all the rooms opened directly on the outer air. Many of them are shut off by enclosed porches. No hospital should be more than two stories high, and the more air and light the better.

Besides the general care of wounded and sick men from overseas, and the expedition of nurses, the Lakewood Hospital engages in four special kinds of work: the care of heart-diseases, orthopedy, the diagnosis and distribution of cases to other hospitals, and the education of convalescents. It is this last branch of activity that seems to me most remarkable. I have lamented the lack of it in French hospitals, where I have seen hundreds of men, who were quite able-bodied except for a slowly healing wound, suffering far more from *ennui* than from pain, and wasting their time, with nothing to do except eat and sleep and talk and make useless trinkets with colored beads.

The first thing that struck my eye in the lobby of the Lakewood Hospital was a poster in black and white, showing a bandaged face, with the words, "All Wrapped up and Nothing to Do. See the Educational Director." An hour later it was replaced by another, consisting of two broad bands, one black, the other white, crossed from left to right by an arrow, which pointed to the word "Study," in the white section; and along the arrow ran the legend, "Come out of the Dark into the Light." Near the place where the walking cases congregate before and after dinner hung another ingenious poster, representing a broom sweeping up little black demons, with the injunction, "Brush up, Men! All Brains Get Dusty. See the Educational Director at Once."

"This is the thing," said I to myself, and sought that gentleman. I found him in the midst of his "Faculty," a little corps of teachers, some of whom had been assigned to him by the War Department, others drawn from the convalescent cases. There will soon be a thousand sick and wounded men in the hospital, out of which number there will be hundreds fit to work, eager to learn, and sure to be injured in mind and body by the tedium of a slow recovery if they have no opportunity both to learn and to work. There is nothing short of gangrene that the French surgeons dread so much as *le cafard*, that dull melancholy which settles down over the spirits of unoccupied men. If the Lakewood experiment succeeds, as it is bound to do, it will probably be reproduced in others of our home establishments, and will save many minds, and bodies too, from one of war's direst consequences. The educational director is Mr. Fred P. Reagle, formerly head of the manual-training work in the Montclair public schools. He has transformed the old indoor tennis and handball courts of the hotel into a workshop, and divided

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some of the long, covered verandas into classrooms. His university has six departments: the academic, in which elementary and high school subjects are taught, expecially mathematics, English, and French; the commercial, in which men may study bookkeeping, business practice, business English, shorthand, and typewriting; the industrial, in which are taught art cartooning, poster-making, auto mechanics, cobbling, mechanical drafting, metal working, printing, shop mathematics, surveying, telegraphy, and woodworking; the agricultural, which includes gardening, greenhouse work, poultry-raising, and farming; the physical training, in which men have setting-up drill and exercise on prescription from the surgeons; and finally the music department, which contains a band of wind instruments. The War Service Department of the American Library Association has offered an unlimited supply of technical books; manufacturers have given and lent machinery and tools; landowners in Lakewood and for ten miles around have lent pieces of ground and offered work in greenhouses, gardens, poultry-yards, and farms; transportation has been provided; the hospital has a tractor and several automobiles, some for immediate use and others for purposes of instruction. There was one unruly patient, perhaps a malingerer, who would not work until he was asked to assemble the parts of an automobile. He did this so willingly and so well that four more were given him to put together, and now he is back in active service.

The surgeons designate the class of work of which they think the patient physically capable, whether heavy, light, or sedentary, and indicate whether he is likely to be returned to full duty in the army or to light home service, and specify the number of hours a day that he may work. Then, if he chooses to study, he is assigned to a class. Records of his performance are kept and an effort is made to excite his interest and emulation. He states what his previous occupation was, and whether he desires to return to it or to fit himself for something different. It has been found that many of the men have been very badly educated, and not a few cannot read and write English.

In the workshop I saw an Italian patient, formerly a shoemaker in Lynn, teaching a class of colored men how to heel and sole boots. From the painful attention they were giving to the job, it was apparent that they were beginners. Here the cobbling for the hospital is done. Other men in khaki were making tables, desks, benches, and cabinets for the hospital. A pile of broken chairs and sofas, relics of hotel life, were waiting to be mended. Much of the work is specially calculated for men suffering with lesions of the heart or with paralyzed limbs. They begin with easy motions and are promoted to higher degrees of strain under medical orders. Members of the medical and surgical staff have given short courses of lectures to the educational staff, on heart, nerve, and orthopedic treatment, and the teachers themselves have taught one another, by reading the reports on reconstructive training that have been published in Britain, Canada, and Germany, and imparting to one another the information they have obtained.

All over the hospital I found young soldiers in the wards knitting their brows in front of easels, in an effort to produce something original. A poster competition was taking place, a prize having been offered for the best work, and the strife was keen. In the printing-office word was received, while I was there, that some one had donated a linotype-machine, and the men were delighted. The hospital is more or less self-sustaining, so far as concerns carpentry, machine-work, cobbling, and especially printing, and is to have a newspaper. The naming of the sheet was thrown open to competition, and out of twenty suggestions, "The Stimulant" was chosen, with a cartoon-cover representing the Kaiser retreating at the point of a bayonet. Several gardens have been planted, and by next summer it is quite possible that the vegetables required for the hospital will be grown by the patients and staff.

If a patient cannot leave his bed, he may receive instruction and do useful work there; and what a godsend it will be to our boys to have something sensible to do, no one can imagine who has not observed the mental distress of strong men doomed to lie quiet week after week with

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nothing to occupy their minds. The American particularly is a man who desires to better his condition and realizes the value of training. He has seen men rise in life and knows that education is what makes the difference.

The value of the Red Cross as a civilian organization co-operating with the army and navy while independent of them is well illustrated at Lakewood. The War Department of itself could not be expected to give that touch of home, of comfort, of beauty, of personality, which the Red Cross provides. There is a Red Cross man with an office and a function in the Lakewood Hospital. He has the generosity of the whole country behind him, and through him the wards are brightened with colored bed-spreads and cheered with music; through him entertainments are provided, and the boys are taken out for drives to the seashore. He helps them with their correspondence, straightens out their business tangles, takes care of their valuables, listens to their complaints, and "fathers" them generally. He distributes the gifts that pour in from friends and sympathizers, and wishes these all knew of the government rule which prescribes that food sent for the men must be guaranteed as safe by some responsible person.

These two semi-independent features, and the pervading spirit of kindliness and of freedom from red-tape are what impressed me as peculiarly American in United States General Hospital No. 9. A man is treated as if he had not lost his citizenship by becoming a soldier nor his aptitude for social life by being wounded.

UNITED STATES RAILWAYS, CONSOLIDATED

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

OF all solvents of the established order, war is easily the most mordant. Put to the acid test of a great national conflict, fixed systems and accepted methods, industrial and economic structures built upon foundations supposed to be sound and unassailable, melt and dissolve in a night.

In none of the war changes is this more strikingly exemplified than in the case of the railways. From its beginning our land transportation system has been developed along certain well-defined lines. Very early in its history two principal characteristics began to shape its growth; it was accepted, or at least assumed, that railway building and operation were corporate rather than governmental activities, and in the widest possible sense the railways were recognized as the legitimate successors of the axe-and-rifle pioneer, opening and developing by wholesale vast areas to which its ox-team predecessor could penetrate only by the slow process of infiltration.

In harmony with these two leading characteristics, the employment of private or corporate capital and the pioneering, the railway system of the United States, as it stood when the war change came upon it last winter, was built and conducted. Taking a gambler's chance has always been an individual, or corporate, tendency in America, rather than a governmental. True, in the subsidizing of a few Far Western lines the government dealt in futures (chiefly for military reasons), but on the whole it was private capital which built new lines into uninhabited territory, and covered its bet that it could make them inhabited; did this, and in a great majority of instances made good.

It was this pioneering, much more than the competitive struggle which developed later, that fathered the conventional railway organization with which we are most

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familiar, and which we have, for the present, discarded. Besides being carriers of traffic, actual or potential, it was needful that the companies should become creators of traffic. Automatically the trade of railroading resolves itself into two principal departments, operating and traffic: the first devoted to the running of trains, the actual operation and maintenance, the transportation of traffic already in existence; the second a business organization which could enter new fields, promote manufacturing, encourage the settlement of uninhabited areas, deal directly with the public, and in a general way provide more traffic to fill more trains.

It is the practical abolition of a large part of this exploiting arm of the railway service which constitutes the most radical of the war changes thus far. A specially developed group of railway workers, assembled and trained, partly to secure a fair share of competitive traffic, but more to encourage and create new sources of traffic, has been suddenly disrupted and set aside, at least as to those more comprehensive and trade-building activities in which it formerly took the initiative. In other words, the salesmen of the railway business house have been discharged and its sales department discontinued. In addition, the name and trade-mark of the house have been painted out and it has become an indistinguishable unit in a vast aggregation of similar houses.

Any fair-minded discussion of the government control of railways should take into account the effect of these changes upon the nation at large. And it does not change the basis of the argument to call the Director General's orders war measures. They are rather the direct results of a completely reorganized point of view; one which not only excludes the idea of competition and the gambler's chance, but which concerns itself pointedly with the utilizing of the complicated railway machine for a single purpose—namely, that of transportation.

At the moment when government control was established the railway industry was at a low ebb. With its earnings strictly limited by law—a condition brought about by a public demand for regulation, which, in turn, had been provoked by much corporate lawlessness in the past—and its operating expenses increasing by leaps and bounds, it had for a long time been finding itself unable to keep pace with the growth of the nation. A short time before his death, Mr. James J. Hill asserted that the railways of the United States needed an expenditure of a billion dollars a year for five years in order to put them abreast of the requirements. This need had grown steadily more insistent. The average return per ton-mile had dropped in four years from .754 cents to .733 cents, while the ratio of operating expenses to operating revenues had increased from 68.59 to 72.22. Capital was elusive, and labor costly. In this same four-year pre-war period the annual payroll had risen from $1,208,466,470 to $1,381,117,292, an increase of over 14 per cent, though the number of miles operated had increased only a little over 4 per cent. Investors, considering these figures, shook their heads. Hence there was no capital with which to increase carrying facilities, to enlarge terminals, to renew equipment. True, the volume of business was magnificent, but an aggregate haulage of tons per mile is not the only measure of prosperity.

Under such conditions the war load was added, the structure broke down, and the problem of transportation, unsolvable, as it appeared, by the corporations, was taken over by the Treasury Department. How is the change destined to affect the nation as a whole?

It may be said with perfect truth that the new order of things is as yet only in the experimental stage, and that any present estimate of its effects must be premature. None the less, a preliminary view can do no harm. We have had "United States Railways, Consolidated," for a full half-year, and some of the results have had time to demonstrate themselves. They have done so, and the purpose of this article is mainly to catalogue them.

The first class to be considered, in the order of priority, though not at all in that of importance, includes the holders of railway securities. There need be little dissatisfaction here, and apparently there is none. Hard-driven as the government bargains may appear to the stockholders in the more prosperous companies, to

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those in others the government guaranty of returns doubtless figures as the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land. Whatever happens they will continue to receive their portion, generous or infinitesimal—which is more than could be predicted upon the way things were going before the change took place. To be sure, the months of January, February, and March—owing, possibly, to causes over which nobody had any control—showed a rather appalling deficit, and a rough estimate of the deficit for the year is placed at from $800,000,000 to $1,000,000,000; but trifles of this sort are no longer the concern of the security-holder. He is serenely able to leave it to Uncle Sam.

But in another direction, if he be disposed to borrow trouble from the future, he may find cause for uneasiness, not as to the ultimate disposition of his property, perhaps—though that is only tentatively defined—but in certain depreciatory changes which may come about. Possibly his investment was first attracted by the widely known and favorable name the property had attained, its good business methods, its courteous treatment of shippers and travellers, its promptness in despatch, all of which were assets on the stock-market. With its once all-pervasive traffic department shrunken to a handful of local-line officials and clerks, and its alert outposts dispersed and scattered, who shall say that some of these superexcellences which placed his stock well up at the head of the list will not have disappeared, along with its distinguishing trade-mark and intangible but valuable capital of "good-will"? When the government hands his railroad back to him—if it ever does hand it back—will it be able to stand alone upon a dividend-earning basis? Or will it then be obliged painfully and expensively to reacquire the lost half of its organization, the half upon which it originally depended to secure and retain its share of patronage? These questions doubtless thrust themselves thornily at the timid stockholder, as well they may. I make no a tempt to answer them, because one man's guess is as good as another's.

But the railway stockholder is only a small part of the American public. How has the change affected the shipper?

Here the answers are many and varied. One clothing merchant doing a large business a thousand miles from his buying point—I quote him because he stands pretty much alone—says, or did say before the recent rate raise was talked of, that he could observe no difference; that he was served well enough before, and is well served now. But further inquiry revealed the fact that in his particular case the factor of time was no object. For his fall trade he bought his stocks in early spring, and so had an entire summer in between for the deliveries.

Others, the majority to whom time is an object, are fairly unanimous in asserting, with more or less profane emphasis, that the pre-government service was "rotten" (I use the word oftenest repeated), and that conditions are little if any better after six months of government control. One Southern shipper in an inland city, a buyer in New York, names a month as the usual time consumed in transit—and has deserted the rail lines for the New York-Savannah steamships. Arbitrary routings are also a subject for complaint. Your car-load of freight, which you have ordered sent over the P. D. & Q., is consigned by the "Consolidated" to whatever route is thought to be at the moment the least overloaded. Consequently, when a shipper orders a consignment from a distant city, he never knows the route over which it is coming, and there is no solicitous freight-agent, as of yore, to come around and make explanations and offer to send "tracers" at the company's expense. Complaint is also made in the case of these arbitrary and often roundabout routings that perishable freight is lost, or, what is fully as disastrous, the market for it is lost.

But we are at war, and, besides, the inability to move commodities on time is by no means the child of the present exigencies. It dates back to the original contention that the railways of the United States have not, for a decade and more, been keeping up with the growth of the demands made upon them. Under the law they could not sell their commodity as carriers at a price fixed by the law of supply and demand, and hence could not increase their plant.

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Of this vital matter of freight delays, car-shortages, they are called, though the lack of cars is only one item in the prodigious array of shortages, we have had enough and more than enough. It has slowed down our war activities and clogged the feet of industry at every step. It has kept the nation's coal-bins empty, and will again. For let no one think that under the huge demands of the nation for man-power, and of the war for coal, steel, and other material, the tremendous existing deficiency in railway equipment can be brought up, even to a working minimum, while we wait. The recent order for 100,000 cars and 1,415 locomotives is but a drop in an empty bucket. In the first year of the war there were, roughly, 64,000 locomotives in service in the United States, and 2,325,647 freight-cars. An increase in motive power of 1½ per cent, and in cars of some 5 per cent is not impressive. And at that, unless we hurry, the present traffic season will have taken its place in history before even these mites can be added, though deliveries are hoped for in time to help out the fall crop movement. At all of which the average shipper shrugs his shoulders and drops into French; "*C'est la guerre*," he says, loyally, but he is mistaken. As has been shown, the causes do not lie so near the surface.

Next to the shipper, or rather far exceeding him in point of numbers, comes the restless American traveller. In miles traversed annually no population compares even distantly with our own. How does the new order appeal to the peripatetic masses, of whom there were transported annually in pre-war years, in long and short hauls, some 1,031,271,124 persons?

Again the testimony is fairly unanimous. Travel is not so easy as it used to be, nor so comfortable. On the passenger-trains war conditions have contributed to the discomforts to some extent. Aside from troop movements which, though usually made by special trains, still demand their share of the equipment, travel is heavier than ever, now that the nation is busily engaged in winning the war; this despite the fact that people have been urged, semiofficially at least, to forego unnecessary travel during the period of stress. But the new order of things has also contributed to the loss of some of the little luxuries. Heavy-wheeled through sleepers, hauled hundreds of miles with a half or a quarter of the berths occupied, have been discontinued, and so have a good many half-filled coaches. Also, there is the advanced price of the ubiquitous mileage ticket, and of the stil cheaper tourist ticket. Also, and very much in evidence, is the loss of the individual-line city ticket-office and general agent's office.

Gone, now, is the extrazealous clerk who, for fear you might pay your money to a rival line—if for no worthier reason—was eager to fill you full of information about your trip, and to show you every attention. Gone is the travelling passenger-agent who used to call upon you at your home in advance of your trip, taking you in charge, if need be, as a *courrier du voyage*. Gone are the convenient public time-tables of distant roads—"folders," in the parlance of the rail—with which you filled your pockets on the eve of a journey. Gone, too, in many instances—and this is a loss most keenly felt—is the close connection at terminals and junction-points. One great Southern system is even charged with missing its own branch-line connections, but for this I do not vouch.

Vanished, likewise, is a certain atmosphere of hospitality for which a number of the great trunk lines were formerly noted. You buy your ticket at the Union Ticket Office, jot down the times and seasons of your train—if the clerk isn't too busy to give them to you—and get a little shock of injured surprise when you learn that sleeping-car space can no longer be engaged days in advance. On the train, as well, the atmosphere is different. The conductor is brusquer—or is that only your fancy?—and even the Pullman porter answers less promptly to the name of "George," and cares less for your comfort.

I asked a railroad man—one of the misplaced traffic officials—if these things were only fancy. His reply was an emphatic negative. "You were a railroad man too long, yourself, to be in any doubt about that," he said. "They are not imaginary; they are real. No; government control isn't to blame. It is merely the result of doing away with a large part

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of the traffic department, the only department whose success depended wholly upon the character of service given to the public. The transportation officials don't care."

Making due allowance for the natural bias of this witness, the betrayal of a small trade secret may help to a better understanding of the situation. As every railroad man knows, the railroad "family" has always been more or less a house divided against itself. It is the firm conviction of the traffic man, whose business brings him into close association with the public—formed, indeed, in the past, the public's only point of contact with the carrier—that the transportation department, concerning itself strictly with the running of trains, the maintenance of the property on its physical side, and the holding down of expenses, is, and always has been, far too indifferent to public needs.

On the other hand, the transportation official, in the very nature of things, is apt to regard his business partner as more or less of an excrescence upon the body economic; the spendthrift of the family; a thing more ornamental than useful. Take it from a man who has alternately inscribed his name on both pay-rolls that this bloodless antagonism is real. On at least one large system, with the inner workings of which the writer is most familiar, this condition was so pronounced as to make the "family" relations decidedly unpleasant.

The bearing of this upon the present situation can be summed up in a sentence. In the changes which have taken place the transportation department has been made the one with which the public now has to deal. It is on top, and its point of view is the same as it has always been—that the shipper is *obliged* to ship, and the traveller to travel. Therefore, why worry?

"Like master, like man" is an aphorism which holds good in railroading as in other fields. The attitude of the railway employee—there are some 115 of him coming in direct contact with the public for every 100 miles of road operated—takes its slant accordingly. In a general way we may figure him as rejoicing in a mild fashion that there are no longer any meddlesome traffic watchers to report him to the "Old Man" if he fails in any of the little amenities. In his secret heart—knowing that the "Old Man's" bias was the same—he has always cherished a good-natured contempt for the amenities, and he is free now, or he thinks he is, to let it crop out, in indifference, at least.

For the much larger body of employees—there are over a million and a half of them who do not come in direct contact with the public—the change to government control has thus far meant little. Many of them regard it as only a war measure and temporary. They will not be biassed politically by it. *Esprit du corps* has suffered somewhat, but it had already been given its death-blow by the vast systemic consolidations in which the individual employee becomes the most negligible of numbers upon the pay-roll; a machine-like factor who scarcely knows his division superintendent by sight, and the higher officials not even by repute. For him the ultimate overlordship has merely retired into a little vaster void in transferring itself to Washington. Standing the other day in talk with a locomotive engineer who counts his years of service with his company by the decade, I called his attention to a badly scoring piston-rod. A touch of a wrench would have corrected the fault, but when this was suggested: "Aw, to hell with the old kettle! 'Tis not my business to be tinkering it." It was not so in the day of small companies.

This somewhat sweeping charge of the loss of individual loyalty to the service does not apply to the clerical force, a rather underpaid section of the great railway army which has never heard of such things as the eight-hour day or overtime, and which has only lately begun to consider the possibilities of a craft union. As a matter of necessity, the office work has been greatly increased by the change from corporate to government control and the issuing of many new orders and regulations, while the quality of help procurable has deteriorated in the dearth of material. But this section as a whole is still trying to be loyal to something, and its greatest fear—which may also be shared by a public familiar with government methods—is of the looming spectre of red tape.

As to the great railway labor-unions, an expression of opinion is much harder to

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come by. The members themselves do not talk—unless one has a union card to exhibit—but the transportation officials are more outspoken. One of these shook his head sadly when I touched upon the labor question. "I wouldn't like to say that the men are out for the dollar exclusively. Most of them are as loyal as other Americans. You can see that by the way they have filled up the railroad regiments for service abroad. But it is distinctly harder to maintain discipline under the new order of things. That evil may correct itself in time. Just the same, there is a feeling among the men that the government will be easier to handle on wage questions than the corporations were."

Some few general principles we may lay down with the new situation still in its experimental stage. One of them is that even a *quasi*-public industry may not be strictly limited by law on the side of its possible earnings while its expense account is left open to attack from every quarter. I venture to suggest that under such conditions no other industry in the land would have been able to hold out on a going basis for so long a period as the railways did. That the law was demanding the impossible is naïvely proved by the recent wholesale advances in passenger fares and freight tariffs. Some of us may still remember that the railways prayed long and earnestly for a small fraction of this relief in the pre-war period—and waited many anxious months before they were told they couldn't have it.

Another thing we have discovered is that a governmental railway system in America seems possible; and that certain advantages may accrue. One is the tremendous opportunity for simplification in methods afforded by a centralization of authority; by the power to promulgate decisions by autocratic decree instead of by endless agreements and compromisings. Another is the unquestioned right of the government—at least in war-time—to suspend or set aside all legal hamperings and rulings, to distribute traffic in accordance with the facilities afforded by the various hitherto competing lines, and, some would add, by the power to tell a pampered public where to get off.

For the introduction of working economies the government control opens a wide field. New locomotives, instead of being hauled as dead weight in freight-trains from the building-shops to their destinations, are now required to "work their way home"; they are assembled at the shops, put in charge of a builders' expert, and sent out under their own steam to haul tonnage on the delivery journey. Another centralization economy has been the elimination, since January 1, of 2,200,000 miles of unessential passenger mileage. Still other economies are effected in the transfer of motive power as needed from one road to another; in the handling of railway fuel and material by the shortest routes and without reference to "rates and divisions" which were formerly applied to give the owning line the longest possible haul; in the common use by all lines of terminals and harbor facilities; in a starting-point classification of freight to permit trains to run solid to destination without reswitching and consequent loss of time; in the establishment of "sailing days" for less-than-car-load consignments of freight, by which small shipments are consolidated and the evil of half-loaded cars is avoided.

Whatever criticisms may be offered as the experiment goes on, it says itself that the absolute good faith of the railroad administration will go unquestioned. In a circular placed in the hands of all employees the director general makes an earnest appeal for co-operation and states the purposes of the administration. First, the winning of the war, to which all other objects must be subordinated. Second, adequate service of the public, with the declaration that the government's object is to furnish service rather than to make money. Third, the promotion of a spirit of sympathy and a better understanding between the railroad administration and its employees and patrons. And, lastly, the application of a sound policy in the field of the economies.

America as a whole, it is perhaps fair to say, hasn't yet had time to make up its mind fully as to whether or not the advantages or the disadvantages weigh the heavier. Regarding the transfer to government control as a necessary war measure, which is as far as most of us have got, we are more than willing not to complain. But after the war? Again one man's guess is as good as another's.

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THE SHE-QUITTER

By Edwin C. Dickenson

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

HOUSTON'S marriage with Jeanne Chase had been little short of abduction. In his big, blunt way he had carried her off her feet by sheer force of will. She did not love him. She had not time before she was his wife and they were on their way through the Aritade Pass to his lonely ranch-house.

Then she faltered and wished to turn back. The country was so big. He was so big. Both were so primal that her spirit, fledgling of a big city, could not rise to the promise she had made. She saw again the toy lawns of Los Angeles, the doll houses, the ruled streets, and rode with bowed head.

"Seems like yo' are afraid of this country," he said, breaking a long silence. "You will get over it," he added with perfect confidence.

She wondered, drearily, if she would. The month was June and the rainy season had not set in. The stray clumps of grass that withered on the slopes took the color of the ever-present sand. The mountains that barred the forbidden land of Mexico were stark and desolate and topped by cathedral-like shafts that glowed mystically in the light of the lowering sun. Only the mesquite showed green, and even this had taken toll from her with its cruel thorns as they had come along the trail.

Where the trail lost sight of the valley and dipped down between the walls of a canyon she pulled in her horse.

"I—want to go home," she almost whimpered, looking pleadingly up at him.

"That's where yo' are going, honey," he answered, as a parent might try to comfort a child.

His horse stumbled. He pulled it up savagely and gave it the spur which it seemed to expect. She shuddered and involuntarily loosened her reins so that her own mount followed patiently after. The man was a brute. She feared him now. His horse was weary. It had brought him to the valley that day and half-way back again, yet because it stumbled he punished it. Weakness was the unpardonable crime of this country.

"How much farther on is it?" she asked timidly.

"Nine—ten mile. Rough trail, though. All at the walk."

Rough trail! And what did he call this? They were picking their way along the bed of a stream, dry now, save for an occasional green and stagnant pool where the last rains had scooped a hole and swept on to be swallowed by the sands of the valley. Lizards, miniature monsters, eyed them with flickering tongues and scattered away at their nearer approach. There came a metallic whir that seemed harmless enough until the crash of Houston's revolver startled her so as nearly to unseat her, and then she saw the lashing length of a rattler in its death-throes on a shelf of rock a dozen feet to her right. It was a creature to be killed, yet it did not increase her love for the man that he had killed it.

Back hied her homesick spirit to the quiet security of the city-dweller: she heard the voices of many children playing, the welcome roar of the street-cars; saw the majestic form of the officer of the law directing traffic—only to have them blur into rock and scrub-oak and towering, savage hills. In all the length of the pass she doubted if there was another white woman—or white man than this one whom she must call husband.

And now Houston pulled up beside a pool clearer than anything they had yet come to.

"Tired?" he asked, in a voice that he meant to be kind, doubtless. "You look it."

"Yes," she answered tonelessly.

He dismounted, dropped his reins over his pony's head, and from the load of the pack-mule brought forth a small fry-pan,

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a can of beans, hardtack. Then he collected dry drift-wood from the streambed and started a fire. The girl swung cramped limbs to the ground and seated herself on a boulder, looking at him with unseeing eyes.

What romance there had been in the swift matrimonial adventure died at the sight of his crude domesticity. As one tries to pick up the thread of an evil dream she ran over the sequence of events that had led to this.

First had been the death of her mother, leaving her without kith or kin nearer than the width of the continent. Los Angeles with all its beauty had seemed to smile falsely then. She must get away and must get work. Then had come the advertisement for a bookkeeper at El Muerto Caballo Mine. It read well—fine climate, good pay, and a month's vacation yearly.

A night on the train had brought her to Adams. From there a reassuring Ford and not a stage-coach had taken her the thirty-odd miles up the valley to the box-like office at the foot of the mountains. Sand, painted rocks, sand, distant cotton-woods along some creek bottom, and more sand, glaring, baking, choking sand had met her gaze all the way until she had closed her eyes to escape the terrifying monotony of it.

Then had followed the days in that box with a corrugated tin roof, the mountains shutting off the breeze, the thermometer some thoughtful person had provided that one might see how one suffered mounting steadily up over the one hundred mark. She had not attempted to work then. It had seemed to her that all her remaining strength must be spent fighting for her very existence. She had sat between door and window bathing wrists and temples, catching a vagrant air, now and then, that kept her alive until the frightful sun beat less directly on her oven and the mountains were beginning to cast shadows.

And then Houston had come.

Outside of Harte—manager and part owner of the mine, crabbed, ugly, unbearably profane—and a few black, brawny Welsh miners, who disappeared into the bowels of the earth before she arrived at the office and seldom emerged while she was there, she had seen no white man. Mexicans, half-breeds or Indians mostly, stared at her as she passed, none too respectfully, and chattered among themselves. She had her room and board with a family of the better class of them and could not interchange a dozen words with her swarthy hostess.

Houston was even less fortunate so far as white women were concerned, for she was the first one he had seen in two months.

He had ridden up on a beautiful white pony, larger than most of the horses of that country, of a necessity, it seemed to her, for he was a big man, for a rider, wide of shoulder, deep of chest, sturdy as an oak. He had feasted his eyes on her as she had stood in the doorway until the color had come into her cheeks.

"It sure does seem good to see you," had been the first words he had said to her.

Because she was lonesome and it was the truth she had smiled and answered:

"It seems rather good to see you." This had completed his subjection.

He had dismounted, and because she had been so hungry for human companionship, and Houston had seemed such a big, hearty boy of a man, she had sat beside him on the single step of the porch and chatted away until the high peak of El Muerto Caballo had shot up between them and the sun, and she had realized that the afternoon was gone and it was time to close the office.

Then he had walked home with her, the white pony following like a dog, and, because the Mexican family with whom she stayed kept the only "hotel" in town, they had eaten together the tortillas which she never could quite get used to because they reminded her so of pancakes gone wrong, Mexican beans which she liked better than the beans of the coast, mashed squash with heaven only knows what else in it but exceedingly good, little baked apples, tender corn, and fried chicken.

How he had appeared to enjoy that meal! And how she had urged him to have more when he had told her of the plain fare of the cow-puncher riding the range.

And after supper they had talked some

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more, not at the table, however, for she had learned that to linger after a meal was to intimate that one had not had enough. But out on the bench in the vine-covered porch. Manlike he had told her all about himself and his work, and it had seemed so free and heroic a life that she had hesitated over the story of her drab existence. But he had shown a tenderness when she had told him of her mother that had seemed as rare as it was grateful.

It was not until he had risen to go that she realized what this all might mean to a lonely rancher. He had stood facing her, his eyes on hers, and said:

"When will you marry me?"

She had been all confusion then, and bereft of speech.

He had caught her up as lightly as if she had been a child instead of a sizable young woman, and kissed her.

"I'll come Saturday," dimly she heard him say. "We'll ride over to Estrado. There's a priest there."

Then he kissed her again and left her. Half blindly she had seen him mount the white pony and canter away. Then she had stumbled into the house overwhelmed, not so much by the momentous fact that he had kissed her as by the consciousness that she had returned that second kiss.

But she had not intended to marry him. It had seemed absurd in the light of the following day. She did not love him. He could not love her in that short time. She tried to understand him. His whole existence was one of chance. She doubted not that he risked his life daily riding those wild passes with a crew he himself had said were little better than bandits. She was a woman—a white woman where white women were rare. He was willing to take the chance that she would make him a good wife. That was part of his game of life.

And she had judged him rightly save in one respect. This was that she had not given him credit for a certain intuitive ability to judge men which, on this occasion at least, included women. He knew the true from the false, and she did not realize that had she been the wrong kind he would never have asked her to marry him.

But even so, she would not have gone off at that wild tangent had it not been for an outside influence. Harte, all business, living only for the dollar, niggardly in a country where men were careless of money as of everything else, had discovered too that she was a desirable woman.

There had been no confusion of mind on her part when he attempted that first and only familiarity—only white-faced anger. She had struck him with all the strength of her vigorous young body—and knocked him down.

There was nothing of the fair-fighting West about Harte. "All right, girl," he had said with a significant sneer. "If Houston can do it and I can't, let Houston pay you."

Then, in her anger and shame, she had burned all her bridges.

"Mr. Houston and I are to be married Saturday. I will tell him then what you have said—and done."

And that morning she had ridden away with Houston. Harte was down in one of the lower levels of the mine as she guessed he would be when the big cow-puncher came. Not that she had any intention of carrying out her threat. Half fearfully, yet with a curious throb of pride she had wondered what this big, steady-eyed fellow would have done if she had told him. Then her own relations with him had fully occupied her thoughts.

They had both been ill at ease, yet both had tried to treat it in a matter-of-fact way. He had brought another pony and a small pack-mule. She had met him at the gate. He had seemed bigger than ever to her as he stood beside the diminutive burro deftly strapping her suitcase on. Then they had ridden away. She in an unaccustomed cross-saddle skirt she had luckily brought down with her, he in a cotton shirt turned back at the neck and shaps. Like most girls she had often pictured her marriage-day. She shed her first tears to think that this was what it was.

They had ridden in silence past the scattered 'dobe huts of El Muerto Caballo. He had tried to make conversation but had failed miserably before her toneless monosyllables. Then he tried to whistle and this had seemed out of place, so they had covered the distance to Es-

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trado at the running walk of the Mexican pony, he in growing perplexity and she praying that the priest would not be there, only to pull up at last before a squat white 'dobe church, surmounted by a 'dobe cross, and see the father waiting in the open doorway of the edifice.

"It's ready."

The girl started violently.

Houston had taken a double mess-kit from the pack. Bright aluminum plates and eating-utensils were spread out on the clean sand before the fire. Her portion was waiting for her.

"I—I am not hungry," she faltered.

He looked steadily across at her with a scarcely noticeable tightening of the lips.

"Better eat," he said quietly. "You need the strength. Hard climb ahead."

He paid no further attention to her but ate his own meal with a relish that showed he allowed no sentiment to interfere with the mechanics of his splendid body. Then he lighted a cigarette and leaned back against a boulder with the creature comfort a satisfying meal induces.

From the mountains to the west shot broad bands of color, gorgeous beyond belief. Like the spokes of a chariot-wheel, gold, orange, and crimson, they spread from the crests of the purple hills.

The rancher looked across at the girl, the glory of it in his eyes.

"Have you ever seen the like of that?" he demanded proudly.

She lifted listless eyes to the wonderful sunset. And then out of some perverseness of her nature she said deliberately:

"I would give it all for the sight of green grass and a few trees."

Houston got slowly to his feet.

"You-all don't think much of my country—or me, do you?" he questioned with a tense quietness. His tanned face had darkened, his eyes deepened, his features grown stern. There was nothing of the boy about him now. She feared him. She cowered unconsciously as he stood over her.

"Out here," he said at last, "we play the game fair. We don't lay down when we get the worst end of it. Yo' are a she-quitter and I reckon I don't want a quitter for my wife."

For a moment she sat white of face, stricken between fear and shame. And then, as was to be expected, she bowed her head in her hands and wept.

It was a strange sound to Houston, a terrifying sound to all appearances. Uneasily he went about cleaning up after the meal. He washed the dishes at the water-hole, readjusted the pack, and then stood about, shifting from one foot to the other, waiting for those awful sobs that racked the girl's body to cease.

But they did not. Instead they grew more violent. Unexpected trills of laughter ran in and out of them. The girl's body shook now and then convulsively. She cried like a child.

"Good God!" exclaimed the cowpuncher, thoroughly frightened. Perspiration stood out on his forehead. "Is there—anything I can do?" he asked abjectly. He had never seen a woman in hysterics before. She but wept the harder.

Hurriedly he unsnapped his canteen from its ring and offered it to her. She pushed it away and gave him a storm-swept glance.

He must do something. What if she should die! And as she wept like a child it seemed that she must be treated like one. He bent over her and caught her up, cradling her in his arms. At first she struggled and there was no cessation of her weeping.

"There, there, honey," he wheedled; "don't you mind me. I wouldn't hurt a flea. You can go back to-morrow if you want."

And so he went on, alternately assuring her and abasing himself until, strangely enough, the sobbing gradually ceased, her body no longer shook convulsively in his arms. But still he held her until she said, with a catch in her voice: "Please—put me—down."

Gently he put her on her feet.

"Yo' are all better?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes." She turned her head away from him.

"Good," he said, with forced cheerfulness. "When yo' are ready we'll start back."

"Back?" the word slipped out before she realized the significance it would have for him. She had not told him of her trouble with Harte. He did not know that she could not go back there.

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"I—want to go home," she almost whimpered.—Page 421.

"Yo' don't want to go on to the ranch?" he asked slowly.

She hesitated. There was still the trace of tears in her voice.

"I—I can't go back to-night. Could we not go on to the ranch and, to-morrow——"

"To-morrow—I will be busy. But—I'll take you back just as soon as I can find time, never fear."

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Again the girl felt that she had lost something, for contempt had stolen into the assurance.

A few minutes later they were setting out in the dusk on the last stage of their journey. It passed in silence save for an occasional exclamation of fright from the girl at some terrifying depth that she saw but dimly in the night and along which her pony picked his unerring way with no concern at all.

They came out into a valley in the midst of the mountains at last. A tall windmill stood sentinel over a rambling structure of white at the farther side of it. Dogs barked. A Mexican voice called out, and Houston answered in Spanish. Then the girl saw other squat houses of 'dobe at the foot of the shoulder on which stood the white house. They passed through these and she noted a silent cluster of women and children at the doors. A man stepped to Houston's side as he rode along and they held a brief conversation. Then he stepped respectfully aside and they rode on up a bridle-path, and stopped before the patio of the low white building, on either side of which wings partly enclosed it.

The girl was so saddle-weary that she could hardly swing a cramped limb over the saddle. But Houston made no offer to help her. He dismounted and silently opened the door and went in. Soon lights appeared in the windows and Jeanne saw that it was no ordinary ranch-house.

Houston came to the door. "This is my place," he said shortly.

Wearily the girl stepped from her saddle and took the few steps to the door.

"Make yourself at home," he added with an awkward attempt at hospitality. "I'll get your things."

She stepped inside and had a genuine surprise. In place of glaring white-washed walls were hardwood and dark-toned wall-paper; mission chairs stood about and a dining-table of the same type. Soft rugs covered the floor and through an open door on her left she looked into a room which was evidently a lounging-room and saw a piano in one corner, a leather upholstered couch, leather-backed lounging-chairs.

As she stood there looking about her a curious pride of possession stole over her. This was *her* home. And her quick eye was already busy with a dozen rearrangements of furniture and pictures and draperies when Houston returned with the suitcase that contained her entire contribution to this new partnership.

He set the suitcase down and held out a key to her which she mechanically took.

"Bedroom's in there," he said shortly, pointing beyond the lounging-room. "That's the key to the outside door. No danger, but you may feel safer in this country with it locked."

He turned to go out the door. "But—where are you going?" she found the courage to ask.

"I sleep on the porch," he answered gruffly. "Suffocate inside."

Their eyes met for a moment. His were honest but questioning, hers timid yet not ungrateful.

"Very—well," she faltered in a low voice.

Again a swift expression of contempt came and went in his eyes, and he went out and left her.

Those were queer days that followed. She did not see Houston at all the first one. He was gone when she arose, and the little Mexican girl whom she guessed to be her maid of all work only shook her head and showed white teeth against a dark skin when she found courage to ask for him.

She spent her time getting acquainted with her surroundings and came upon surprise after surprise. The ranch-house stood on the flat shoulder of a mountain that went up a thousand feet behind it. The valley lay at its feet with the scattered 'dobe huts of the Mexicans appearing here and there like huge ant-mounds, with their weather-worn sides, and not like the work of man. Scrub-oak and mesquite and a cottonwood or two down in the bottom of the valley, among which many cattle wandered, was the picture she got from the open door of the ranch-house.

This itself was modelled after a southern Californian house of Spanish type. Two oblong ells were connected by a third which constituted the dining and living rooms, and in the front courtyard that was thus made was built out the roof

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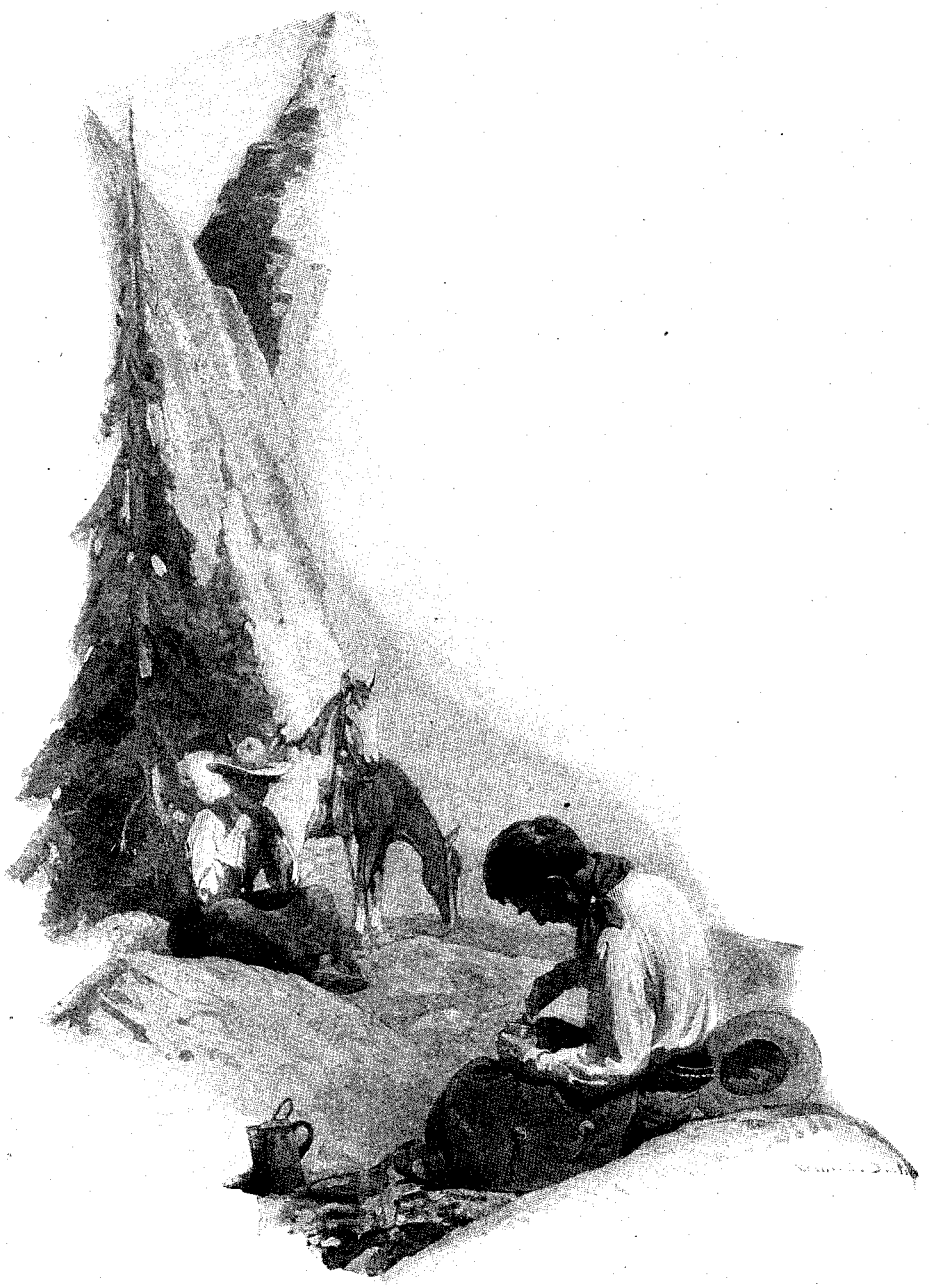

The girl . . . seated herself on a boulder, looking at him with unseeing eyes.—Page 422.

which sheltered a cement floor making the porch.

In the wing on the right were two ample-sized bedrooms. In the other wing were the bath, kitchen, and a large pantry.

Everything was quite modern, more so, in fact, than the girl had been used to. Fine linen, not yet used, she found in dresser and buffet. Aluminum wear for kitchen-utensils, a pantry full of canned

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goods of every variety, cut glass on the sideboard. Houston, it seemed, did not intend that his wife should have to put up with the privations of the ordinary rancher's helpmate.

He came in at noon of the second day. He was hot and tired and showed the loss of sleep. She had spread the table for herself, daintily with doilies, cut glass, and silver.

She got up as he entered, the color rushing to her face, very much as if she were a trespasser.

"Hello!" he said almost carelessly, and

"There, there, honey," he wheedled; "don't you mind me. I wouldn't hurt a flea."—Page 424.

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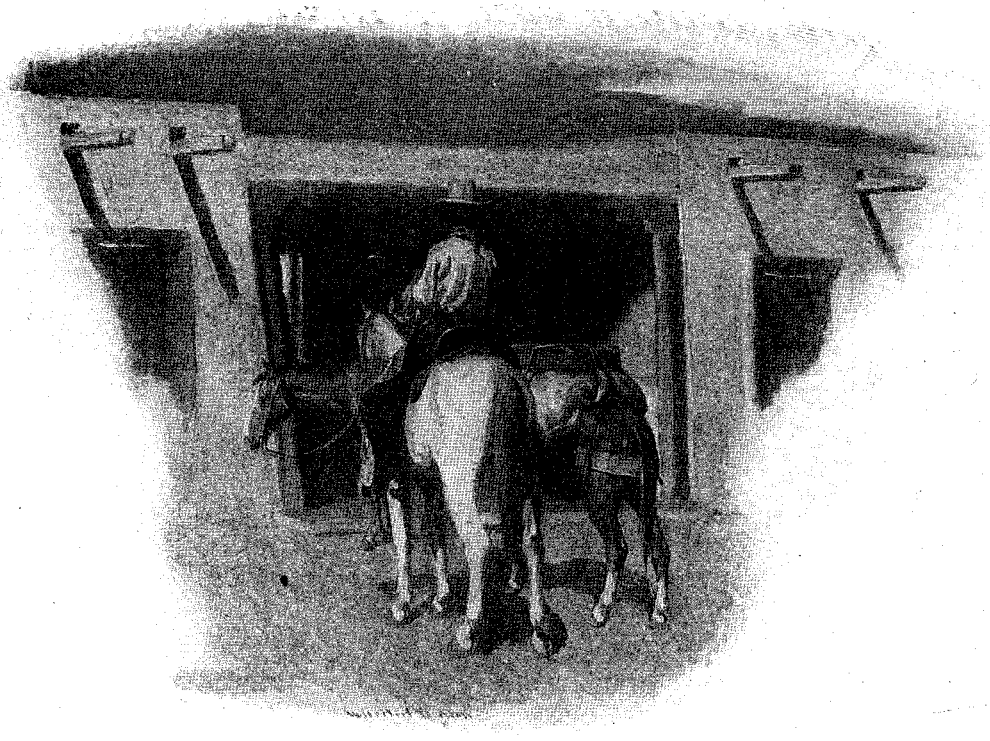

They . . . stopped before the patio of the low white building.—Page 426.

then, without giving her a chance to answer: "Sorry to go off this way, but they were having trouble with the rustlers down in Bear Canyon, and I had to straighten it out." Later in the afternoon as she watched him clean his rifle she wondered uneasily just how he had "straightened it out."

But now she said, "You must be hungry," and hurried to the kitchen. She put the coffee-pot over an ultra-modern oil-stove, cut more bread, opened another can of chicken, some jam, and fruit, and carried them to the table.

He watched her as she hurried back and forth, with an odd look of mingled pain and pleasure. But when at last a plate was laid for him, and the coffee was steaming on the table, and he was devouring bread and jam and chicken, with her across from him nibbling her food to keep him company, a sudden boyish exuberance of spirits took hold of him.

"Say—this is great, ain't it?" he exclaimed.

She blushed again and looked at her plate.

And then again:

"Say! Who made this bread?" he demanded, a piece of it half-way to his mouth.

"I did," she answered; "you didn't seem to have anything but crackers."

"Well, I'll be—" he eyed her in open admiration. Then he laughed. "Crackers! Hardtack, you mean. Never did realize how I hated the stuff till now." Never had praise seemed sweeter to her.

He was away again that night. She did not hear him return. At daylight, however, she was awakened by the sound of voices in the patio.

"Hello, Jim. Where'd you come from?" she heard her husband call out.

"Put that gun up till yo' wake up," answered another voice at some distance.

Houston laughed.

"Gettin' mighty 'fraid of guns in your

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old age," he taunted cheerily. "Come on up and have a cup of coffee."

The girl heard rough-shod feet scrambling up the steep path and then a nearby chuckle.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded her husband.

"What's that song 'bout the bird in the gilded cage?" asked the newcomer innocently.

Her husband was silent for a moment and then he said quietly: "I guess that'll be about all of that, Jim."

"Sure 'twill, sure 'twill," Jim hastened to say. "Only fooling. But, Jim—and remember I'm a friend of yours," he cautioned as though for his own sake. "I'd tend to Harte if I was you."

"Harte?" demanded Houston blankly.

"He as much as says that yo're—welcome to her."

The very silence that followed was terrifying to the girl. She seemed to shrink as she lay in bed. Yet she was angry too, white with anger as she saw again the sneering face of her late employer.

Then she heard her husband speak. His voice seemed far away. "Jim," he said, "I reckon I'll have to renig on that offer of breakfast. There's something I must 'tend to first. No man can ever say that about my wife and live."

She heard the other man turn away.

"Sorry," he replied. "Hadn't been a ranger I'd have taken care of him myself. Just now there's 'nough to keep me busy along the border."

Houston was gone when she arose. All that day and night and the next day she listened and watched for his return. Her fear of him was gone, now, and in its place was an emotion she could not analyze. He had suddenly taken a big place in her life. She knew now what it was to have a protector. She did not love him, yet she was apprehensive not that harm had come to him but that harm might for what he would do to that other.

Yet she went about the homely tasks of the housekeeper with an odd sense of comfort. She made the changes she had planned that first night. The house took on the look that only a woman's touch can give it. She picked the wild, thorny poppies, the fragrant trailing lilies, the yellow daisy-like flowers of the country, and decorated the dining and living rooms with them. She even cleaned out the little spring beneath the apricot-tree in the ravine near the house so that the water was as limpid and clear as window-glass. And still he did not come.

The following evening at dusk she heard the telltale clatter of hoofs up the stony path. Of a sudden she was all a-tremble. She could scarcely summon the strength to go to the door and open it. But she did at last.

A figure was dismounting before the short patch of grass Houston had zealously nursed. She saw at once it was not her husband's but a much smaller man's.

"Hello!" he said, turning toward her. "Boss hereabouts?" He did not take off his hat, but that was not unusual in a country where form counts for nothing.

"No," she answered slowly. She recognized the voice at once as belonging to the early visitor of the morning before.

He stood for a moment fumbling with his horse's bridle.

"Know when he's coming?"

"No." Again there was silence.

"Don't know whether he's coming by the regular trail or through the canyon either, I s'pose?" he said, as a man questioning himself.

"I did not know there were two ways," she answered.

"There are—worse luck."

Plainly he was in a quandary. She noticed for the first time that his horse was steaming. Then the thought came to her that her husband had killed Harte and the ranger who had advised him to the act had come to arrest him.

But the ranger's next words added to rather than cleared the mystery.

"Where is your pony?" he demanded.

"In the corral at the back of the house," she answered obediently.

"I'll saddle him. Get what you can carry. You must come with me. There's a bunch of Yaquis headed this way."

Her heart nearly stopped beating at that. Ever since she had been in the country she had heard of the Yaquis, fearless and more cruel than the Mexican bandits.

Her first hope was in her husband. Having held the high and the low and the

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"Here I am. Quick!" she cried as he passed beneath her.—Page 432.

middle justice over her it seemed that his power was supreme, that in his care she would be surely safe. She was like a child that thinks its parent omnipotent.

"But—my husband"—she was not ashamed to say it now.

The ranger turned away. "We may meet him."

"And we may—not," she flashed back. "If he happens to take the other trail."

"I know," he admitted more steadily. "But I can't leave you here. All Houston's boys have cleared out, which is a sure sign of trouble in itself. And I can't stay, for there are three other ranchers I

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must get the word to before midnight. You don't even know that he is coming to-night, do you?" he demanded irritably. "We must take the chance."

In her mind's eye she saw her husband coming through the canyon into the valley, unconscious of danger, thinking perhaps of her. It might even be that he would get to the house, so wily were these brutal Yaquis. And then, when he dismounted, off his guard, he would find, not her, but a knife or the flash of a rifle or worse—capture and torture. In that great crisis of her life it mattered not that this or worse might be her own fate.

"I will take the chance here—and wait for him," she said.

And nothing the ranger could say would move her. Houston had called her a "she-quitter." Life was suddenly big to her again, for she had discovered that she was not a quitter.

Sulkily the ranger came to her way of thinking at last. If the raiders came it would be at the break of day in all probability. She must get away from the house, hide in the mesquite on the mountainside above. He found her a place on a flat rock, well above the path but near enough so that she could tell her husband from the raiders, and rode off with a shake of the head.

The tortures of that night never really left Jeanne Chase. The ranger had given her one of her husband's revolvers which she feared nearly as much as she did the raiders. She lay on the flat rock, starting at every sound. The distant howl of a coyote she was sure was a signal of the wily Yaquis. The whirring note of some night-bird close at hand she knew was the deadly rattler. Scorpions and tarantulas crawled over her in hordes in her nervous state, and the rattle of a dislodged stone down the path set her heart beating so that she had to clap a hand over it for fear it would burst.

And at last they came. She steeled herself for the end of all things, for she heard first the sound of a single horse's iron-shod feet on the rocky path leading up to the house and then a great shout—"Jeanne!" from her husband. Behind him, all too near, she caught the clatter of other horses' feet at the gallop in the trail below.

Her husband, too, was at the gallop up that steep, narrow path that she feared at the walk.

"Jeanne!" he called again, and odd as the sound of her own name was on his lips there was that in the tone that braced her failing courage as strong wine.

"Here I am. Quick!" she cried as he passed beneath her.

He did not stop his horse. He flung himself from it and was up the slope and beside her in a dozen steps.

"Jeanne!" he cried for a third time. But now his voice was low and tender and wondering.

"Get down," she whispered fearfully, but now she knew the fear was for him and not for herself. "They are close behind you."

He laughed huskily like a strong man who is near tears.

"Why, bless you, honey, those aren't Yaquis. They are troopers. I met them at El Muerto Caballo, where I was waiting for a man to come out of the mine"—he paused here as at a reluctant memory. "I brought 'em through the trail until we met Jim. When he told me you were—waiting, I pushed on ahead."

But now he noted in panic the premonitory signals of another such storm as had alarmed him that first night on the way to the ranch. And then he remembered the cure.

He caught her up in his arms at the first sobs.

"There, there, honey," he petted her, "don't cry."

In spite of his treatment she wept, but it was with her arms around his neck.

"Don't—don't leave me again," she sobbed.

He held her tightly.

"I reckon you won't be able to pry me away," he answered.

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THE VALUE OF LANDSCAPE TARGETS

THEIR USE IN MUSKETRY

By Captain J. R. Cornelius, C. E. F.

Military Instructor, Princeton University. Author of "Musketry Made Easy" and "Fire Orders"

PAINTINGS BY HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER

I HAVE been prompted to contribute this article through the experiences I have enjoyed with the young men of various military academies and of Princeton University. Very few foreign officers have had opportunities such as have come in my way of studying the attitude of the young students of the U. S. A. I only wish that all officers had the delightful experiences that have come to me in witnessing the true spirit of patriotism and loyalty of these young men and their desire to "do" for their country. I am sorry that I cannot treat this subject in its entirety as it would occupy too much space. I am much indebted to Mr. Butler, who has followed out my directions to the letter, for his beautiful paintings; the coloring of his originals is very remarkable.

J. R. C.

THE landscape target, although a comparatively new element in the training of the recruit, has proved so useful that its value can hardly be overestimated. It is a time, labor, and expense saving device.

I know of no subject that has awakened so little controversy as to its value as this subject of landscape targets. They are used by the armies of Europe and have proved to be a great asset to a soldier's training.

Landscape targets are not intended to take the place of nature and completely eliminate outdoor ranges from the training of the soldier. Their main purpose is to place in a building a picture of a few miles of country, from which the recruit may be taught to recognize and aim at targets, such as folds in the ground, houses, trees, and other objects that would make an aiming mark in war, and enable him from a verbal direction and description to locate rapidly and shoot accurately.

These targets bring a recruit into active-service conditions quite early in his training, and when he is taken out onto the open ranges in the later stages of "musketry" enable him to give a good account of himself in a day or so, as compared with the usual method of training which used to take weeks and very often then with only fair results.

Instructors from the very start get splendid results from the use of this device. The recruits show keen interest in this work, more especially when they see the seriousness involved compared with true conditions in the field.

Commanding officers when making out their syllabus of training can include "musketry" hours without fear of being interrupted by wet weather, so that the teaching of landscape targetry by this method is a source of satisfaction to all. The commanding officer trains his men perfectly and rapidly, with splendid results. His instructors never weary of their subject (as they can always find something new) and the recruits appear for their instruction with a keen desire (something achieved) to inwardly digest the knowledge which they will apply on active service as a means of attack and defense. In this connection I wish to say a few words about the definition of the word "musketry," under which heading landscape targets fall.

"Musketry" is the last word in the training of the man who uses rifle-calibre weapons; therefore, to be a good fighter, whether it be in the trenches or in the open, a man must attain to the highest skill with his rifle. Let it be clearly understood that when one talks "musketry"

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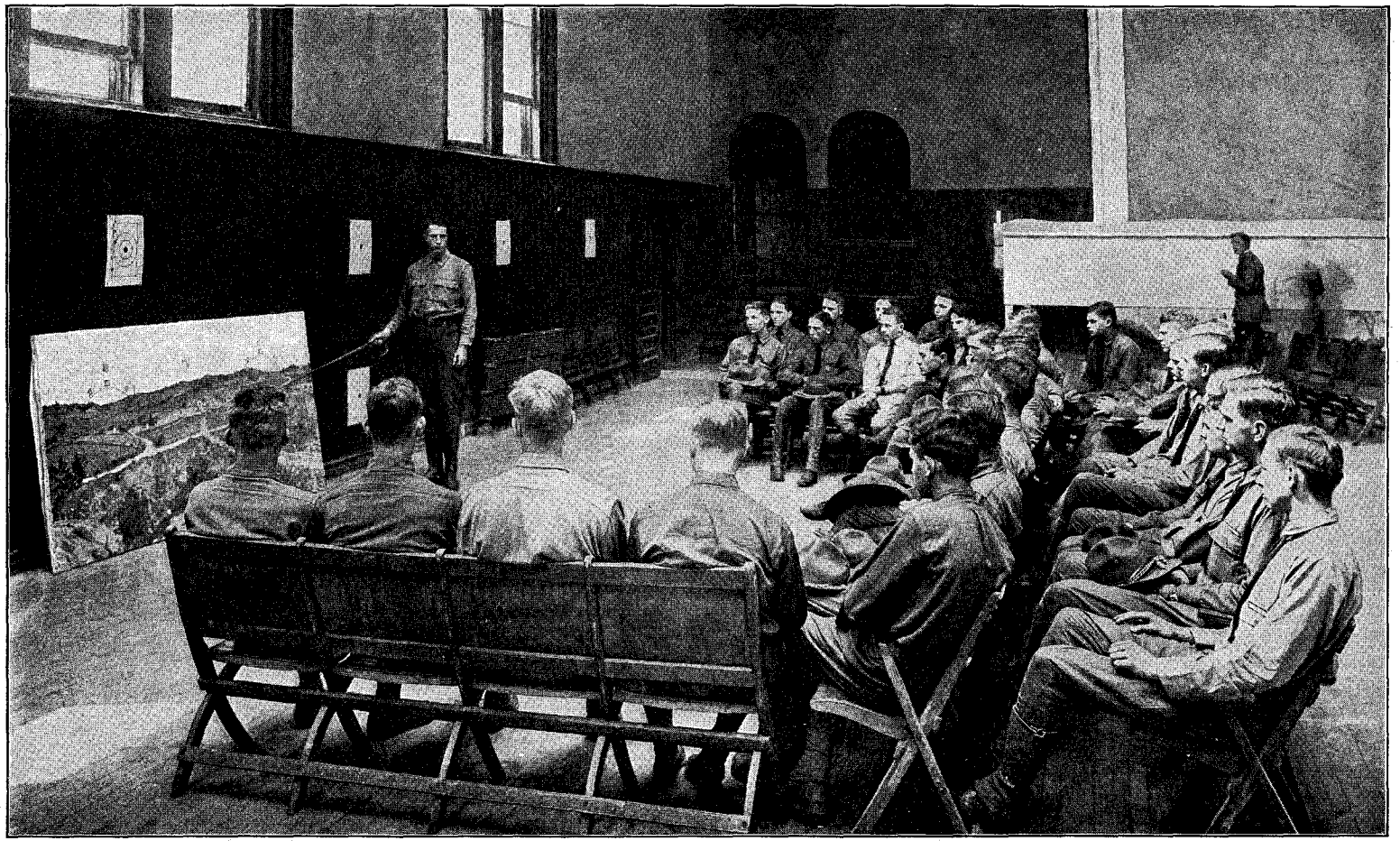

How to locate a target.

1st. Normal descriptive point. 2d. Clock face. 3d. Hand or finger method. 4th. Combination of clock face and finger method. Cadet Captain S. W. Armstrong, instructor Princeton R. O. T. C.

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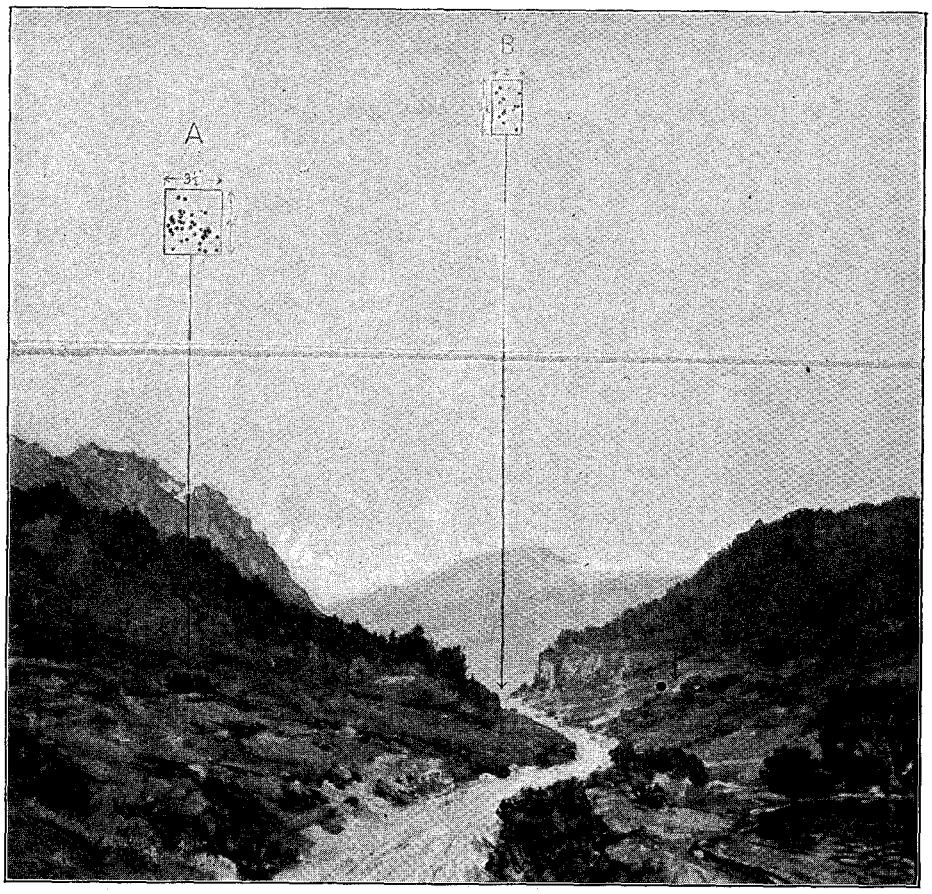
he does not mean individual rifle shooting. "Musketry" is the school under which soldiers are taught to handle under *all conditions* without artificial aid a rifle as issued by the government. Again "musketry" teaches officers and N.C.O.'s to have confidence in the accuracy and power of this weapon in direct and control fire under active-service conditions. It also teaches those who use this weapon what fire is most effective in the presence of the enemy. As regards the men, they are taught the use of small arms and ammunition and the capabilities of this weapon in power and accuracy. A good bayonet fighter skilled in "musketry" is one to be feared.

The following subjects can be taught by the use of landscape targets—color, description of prominent features of the ground and common objects, methods of attack and defense, crossing the open, fire positions, sites for intrenchments, dead ground, and the selection of the most important points where you may find a machine-gun, etc. In "musketry" landscape targets stand out alone in teaching clock-ray method, hand or finger method, describing target or aiming point, brief orders, anticipatory orders, distribution of fire, combined sights, concentrated fire, observation of fire, and many other subjects, all of which are most important in the great subject of "musketry."



Concentration of fire.

Definition: Fire is concentrated when rifles are aimed on one target with the object of hitting hard. *A*. Machine-gun emplacement. Orders: Range 1200—On the left side of the road a small bush—5 rounds—Concentrated—Fire! *B*. Troops seen on the crest of the road. Orders: Range 1400—At the crest of the road—5 rounds—Concentrated—Fire!

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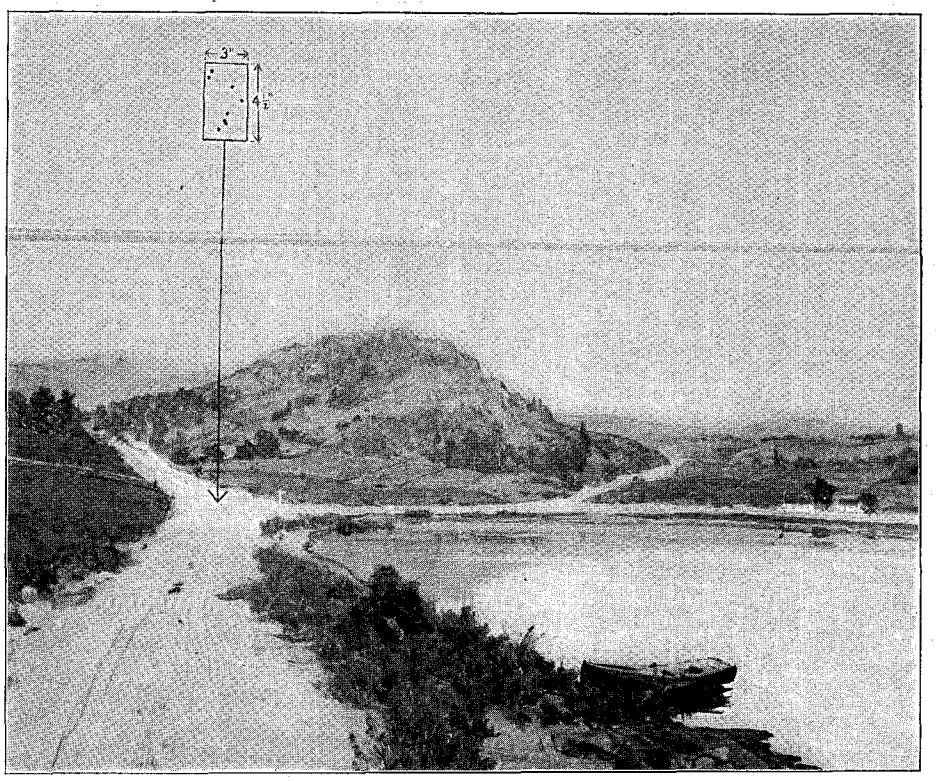
During the training of a soldier in "musketry" great attention is paid to judging distance and sighting drill, because men of experience know of the great loss which may arise, due to error; but a still greater loss may arise if the soldier is not trained to discern, select, or recognize targets described, both at close and long ranges. Landscape targets stand out alone in training a soldier to pick out objects that would become a target in war, even in the minutest detail. Take, for instance, the subjects of color, shape, size, or movement. I know of no system that can favorably compare with the landscape target in bringing home to the soldier the importance of these subjects.

The contrast of color is very interesting and means more to the training of a soldier than can be imagined by the ordinary observer. The introduction of smokeless powder compelled military authorities to lay aside the scarlet tunic or other colored uniforms, for their colors differed so much from the natural objects we usually find around us that we were too easily seen; thus we have to-day uniforms of a neutral color. Again, the power of the modern rifle compels a great exactness in training men to observe the difference in color, for should they lodge in places where their uniform does not blend with their natural surroundings, they will render their position easy to locate and very unsafe. It does not mean that men when advancing on the enemy are required to hide behind obstacles in order to conceal themselves from view and fire—if they just take what cover is in front of them and keep perfectly still they will stand a better chance of not being hit. Nature teaches us a good lesson in color. Birds, beasts, fish,



Observation of fire.

When there is time and the commander wishes to obtain the correct range, he may order a few of his men to fire on a road while he observes with his glasses. Roads and water are the best, as the effect of the bullets is more readily seen. No "Fire Orders" are necessary, merely a request. The range in the above case is 1100 yards.

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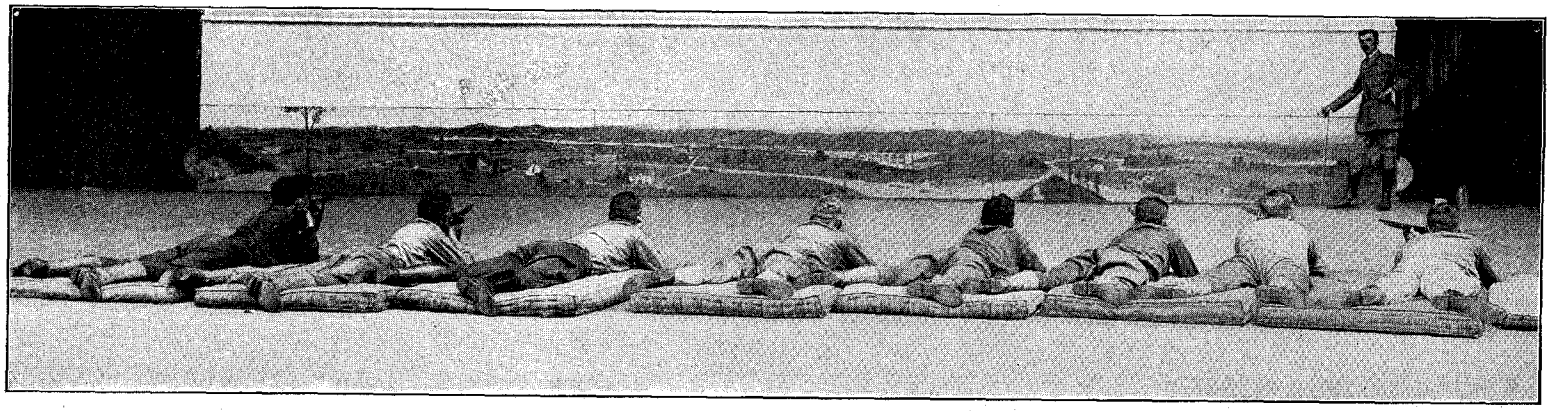
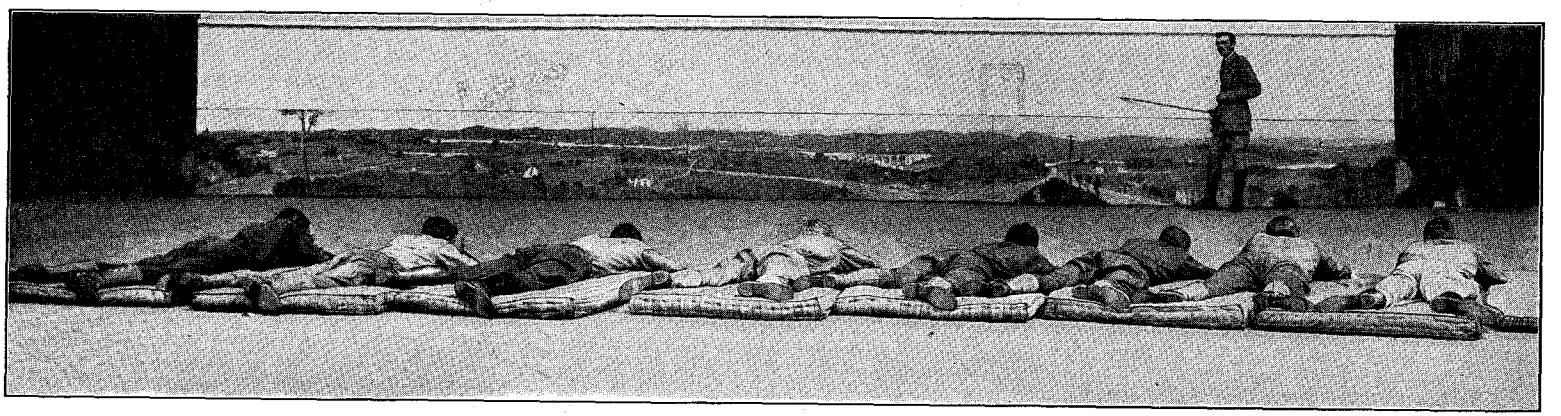


The author instructing a squad of Princeton students on a series of "Fire Orders."
Each student has his object to fire at; note the perfect position of each firer.



Captain Cornelius explaining the effect made on the screen.
Note the attitude of each student after firing, heads down, eyes to the front.

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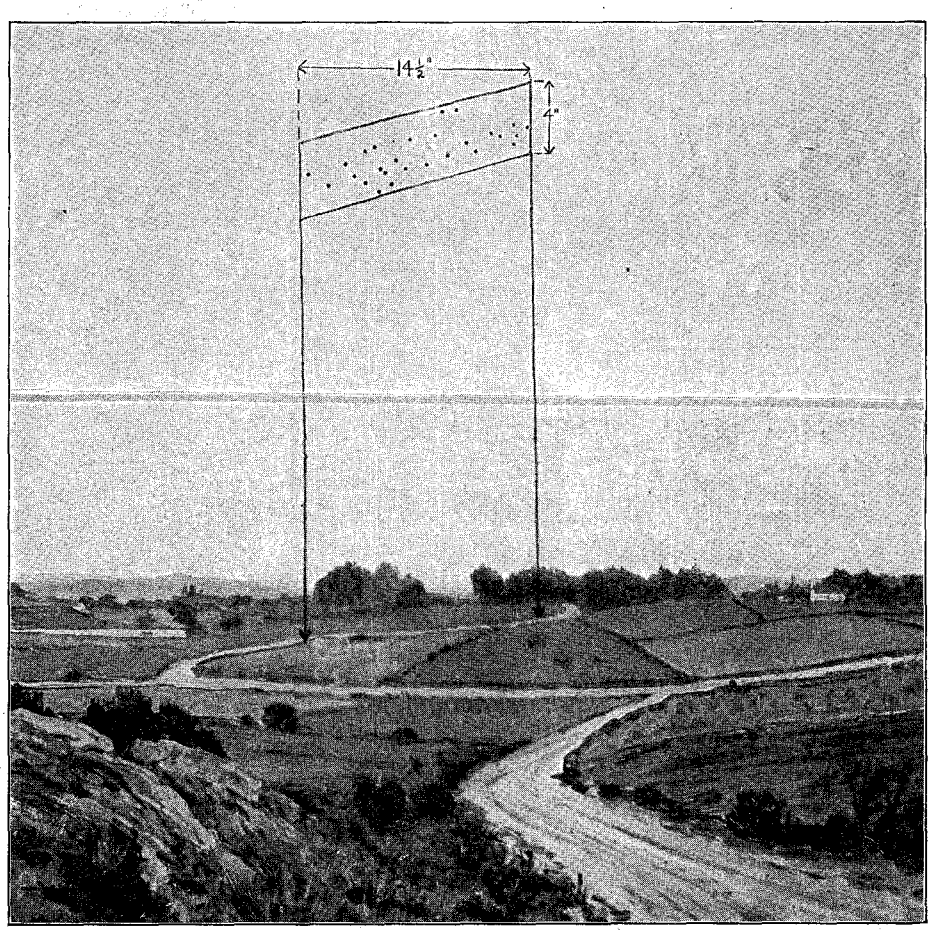
and insects are protected from observation by their coloring, which blends with their natural surroundings. It is impossible to see a grouse or partridge sitting still in heather or broken ground. The p. 434, will convey to the reader the importance of natural and artificial features, approximate estimates of objects as, for instance, large, small, medium, tall, short, narrow, or wide. All of this work can be



Combined sights, or bracketing.

Troops are seen by the officer to be moving down the road indicated. To make sure that he will be sure to hit at this distance, he orders one-half of his unit to set their sights at 1200 yards and the other half at 1300 yards—5 rounds—Rapid—Fire!

stripes of a tiger blend with his natural home; the butterfly or moth with closed wings resembles exactly the foliage on which it settles; a trout's coloring is designed to blend with his haunts just as a flounder or sole resembles the sand. So it is readily seen what an important part color plays in training a soldier instantly to recognize the color of ground, crops, trees, hedges, etc.

As regards shape and size, the picture, carried on in the classroom or drill-hall, when each man, so to speak, is "on his own," learning thoroughly to observe satisfactorily. How different is the story of those recruits who are taken outside for the first time in visual training. All that can be said of the results of such instruction is "only fair."

The highest point to which the value of landscape targets rises is when they are placed on the indoor rifle-range and fired

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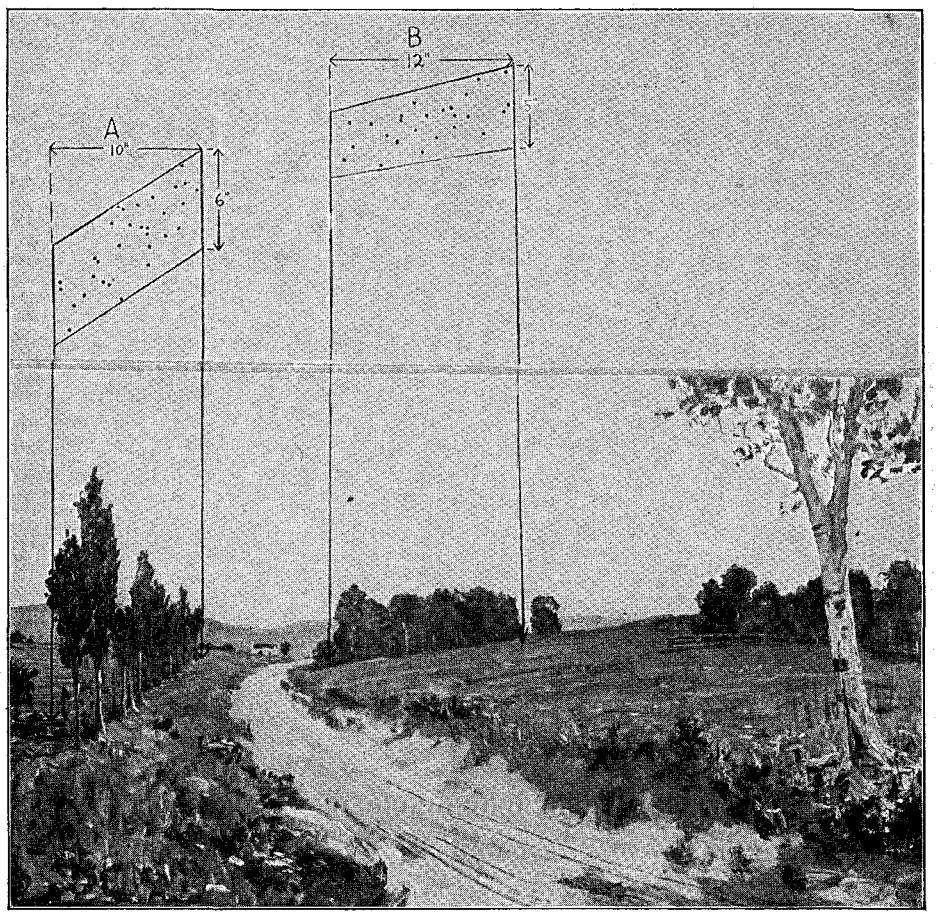
at. As will be seen by the various plates in the accompanying pages a certain amount of explanation is wanting in detail. Allow me to give it in brief:

In shooting at landscape targets it is

it teaches a man to shoot without flinching.)

The men get the command to lie down and load as given on the field of battle, and the results are as follows: First comes



Distribute fire. Fire is distributed when the commander desires to spread his fire along the enemy's position.

A. Troops are hidden along the fence. Range 1100—At the fence on the left of the road—5 rounds—Distribute—Fire! *B*. Frontal distribute. Range 1200—At the thick bush in front—5 rounds—Distribute—Fire!

necessary that they be only about twenty-seven inches to three feet in height, and the picture itself made to represent an area (when lying twenty-five yards away) from three hundred to fifteen hundred yards from front to rear. Fixed to the top of this target is a white canvas screen twenty-seven inches in height. The ammunition used may be either .22 calibre or subcalibre. (This kind of ammunition is favored by all in elementary training, as

the order "Range, one thousand yards," when each man raises his elevation to the desired distance. Next is the point to fire at on the picture; the instructor gives the desired information and the point to fire at, and the number of shots to fire, then the kind of fire. These orders obeyed, what do we find? The shots, owing to the raising of the sights at such a short distance, are not on the picture but on a screen placed above it, and measure-

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ment will tell if the recruit is correct. Of course an outline of the picture on the white screen would do away with measurement. Should it be found that the elevation required on the rifle is too high to permit of convenience in sighting, the picture can be made to fold back halfway and so eliminate the discomfort. However, herein lies the value of the landscape target on the miniature range. We have everything except atmospheric conditions and full-charge ammunition.

The recruit is faced with active-service conditions for the first time, and goes through his work with eyes wide open, seeing everything he has done. When he is finished with his practice he walks up to his target and appreciates the result. When he is given a good grounding in this manner he is ready for the outdoor work, knowing exactly what he is going to do. As I have said, his orders are the same; all that is different is atmospheric conditions and the use of full-charge ammunition. Again he has been made aware of atmospheric conditions and the part they play, so he is wide-awake, or, in other words, he has arrived with an awakened instinct, seeing everything before him, knowing exactly what to do. Orders come fast, in range, indication, number of rounds, kind of fire, and he performs them without the slightest hesitation, knowing full well the definition of each command and the results to be achieved. If men are taken out to the field ranges and given field practices with only a little aiming drill, besides firing a few shots, the results can only be said to be fair, as fifty per cent of the misses are never located. But with the landscape target, where all shots are recorded on the white canvas directly above the aiming point, the men can see and correct their own errors.

As already stated in the first instance, nothing is achieved out of doors except that a few individuals will hit the target who have had some work with the rifle before, and bystanders think that it is very good. I appreciate this fact myself as I once belonged to the corps of "pot-hunters" for medals, etc., but individual work with the rifle on active-service conditions is nothing short of disaster. As infantry has more "characteristics" than any other arm in finding cover and concealment more readily, in employing either fire or shock action, in engaging the enemy at a distance or hand to hand, in developing rapid fire and concentrating in any direction, and finally in breaking down the enemy's resistance by fire and completing his overthrow by assault, it is readily seen that the sooner the men get it into their heads that it is co-operation and not individualism that is required, the better it will be for the unit to which they belong.

MOONLIGHT NIGHT

By John Hall Wheelock

BRANCHES drenched with dew
Through the moonlight loom,
Drifted moonlight lies
Deep across the room.

Through the glimmering aisles
And wild country-ways
Drifts the fragrant mist,
Like a cloud that strays.

Far, and far around
The grasshoppers' shrill
Shimmers, and a lone
Cricket from the hill

Cries "I love! I love!"
Heaven's holy bound
Overflows with calm
Radiance all around.

Heaven is like a room
Bared, immense and bright.
Earth, each bush and tree,
Drinks the solemn light.

On her parted lips,
Lost in slumber, lies
The unuttered word
Out of paradise.

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NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

BY OSCAR S. STRAUS

Member of Hague Tribunal, former Ambassador, and Secretary of Commerce and Labor

WHEN nation is battling against nation, and when the blood of worlds, old and new, is being expended with a prodigality that sickens the very soul, peace-time logic and reasoning seem distorted and ineffectual in governing even the simplest functions of life.

All laws, all codes of morals, all principles which normally regulate the relations of human beings have been swept aside by an enemy which worships the conscienceless necessity of force, so that nothing immediate is left except the primitive encounter of brute instincts. This mental condition holds true for the people of a nation who have embraced without reservation the Nietzschean philosophy, and accept without question the theory of supremacy of the state.

At the Marne in 1914, and again when the Teuton hordes were forging onward in their great March thrust of this year, German efficiency to many seemed to have justified the doctrine of might over right. Then, if ever, the rape of Belgium, ruthless submarine warfare, and countless acts of terrorism perpetrated by the Kaiser's armies cast shadows of doubt upon the principles of the brotherhood of man, supposed to govern a civilized world.

The fact that the great German rush is now marking time, or that the Allies have, temporarily at least, attained the ascendancy in arms on the western front, is no reason for pushing back those shadows. To the strong of heart, to the firm believers in true democracy, and to those who have faith in a God of mercy, they never existed.

The fact that nearly the whole world aligned itself against the principles of German autocracy and militarism before, and not after, the first crushing blows were delivered by the Allies, justifies what, for lack of a better expression, may be called a supreme faith in idealism.

And yet, faith without action, words without deeds, can accomplish nothing. If we are to be an effective influence either now or hereafter in the promotion or maintenance of the peace of the world, the measure of our influence will certainly not be in proportion to our weakness, but in proportion to our available strength.

In every State in the Union a great movement is now on foot to put an effective weapon at the government's disposal. It is a successor to three previous attempts to provide our nation with a fighting force that will stamp out, once and for all, the menace of barbarism. A government loan, larger than any the financiers of the world have ever conceived, is about to be floated. All signs indicate that this free-will offering of democracy will be a material factor for Allied success.

Either there will be a new day or a darker night; all depends upon how this war will end and what bulwarks the nations will erect against future cataclysms such as we are now witnessing.

Herbert Spencer, in his "Principles of Sociology," stated more than thirty years ago: "A federation of the highest nations —exercising supreme authority—may, by forbidding wars between any of its constituent nations, put an end to the re-barbarization which is continually threatening civilization."

It is still too soon to anticipate such a Utopia. We can only lay the foundation for a mutual understanding between nations. This foundation will be more firmly cemented if we now supplement idealism with a spirit of sacrifice.

German autocracy knows no argument but the sword, and must be convinced with the only weapon that it can understand. The Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente failed in the object of their

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creation because they were built upon false foundations—they were built as strongholds for war and not as strongholds for peace.

While "righteousness exalteth a nation," the present war gives incontrovertible proof that righteousness will not protect a nation unless all other nations are likewise exalted by righteousness.

No country ever entered into a war actuated by higher motives and more unselfish purpose than the United States. We have not entered it for conquest or for commerce. We have not entered it to protect our soil, but to protect our soul—the soul of our democracy—and not only the soul of our democracy, but the democracies of the world.

Treitschke, the foremost exponent of German kultur, said: "The Christian duty of self-sacrifice for something higher does not apply to the state. . . . For the sake of the Fatherland we must overcome our natural feeling of humanity." This expresses another challenge for which we are determined to stake our lives and our sacred honor, and for the sake of *our* Fatherland it will be our aim and purpose to gain a firm anchor for "our natural feeling of humanity," which lies at the basis not only of our institutions, but of democracy wherever it exists throughout the world.

There is a higher form of patriotism than nationalism. That higher form is not limited by the boundaries of one's country, but by a debt to mankind to safe-guard the trust of civilization.

Out of the bloody trenches of the war arise the ideals which victory of the Allies will bring to the reconstructed world for the general welfare of mankind. The unity of purpose and the community of sacrifices which we, together with our Allies, are making, have obliterated narrow sectionalism and national antagonism and laid the foundation for a new world with higher standards of moral relationship. It is the duty of our statesmanship to build upon this foundation an association or league of free nations, and make the future secure by destroying the power of separate nations to injure one another, and by cementing their united power to safeguard their joint and separate welfare.

Viscount Bryce said: "This war has carried us to the depths; let us build from the depths."

The real cause of this war and of past wars is that natural development has been largely along the lines that people owe boundless devotion to their own country, and nothing whatever to any other country. In other words, the intensified national spirit, the extreme form of which is illustrated by the German militaristic kultur, caused a suspension of the moral law, and until this form of nationalism is replaced by a higher form that recognizes that above loyalty to one's country are the obligations that every people owe to all mankind, international strife will continue.

The defeat and loss which our country would suffer from failing to see the war through until the victory for the principles that are at stake has been won, would be a defeat for the moral foundations of our national life.

It is with a spirit of justice for all that we have linked our fortunes with those of the Allies in a death grapple with an enemy who grants justice to none. It is for justice that we have sent our sons forth to bleed and die in a strange land. It is for justice that we have asked our citizenry to help the government during the coming Liberty Loan. Remember, it is a thousand times better to be a bondholder with Uncle Sam than a bondsman of the Kaiser.

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THE RULE OF THE RED GUARD

BY MERIEL BUCHANAN

Daughter of Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador to Russia, 1910–1918

THE French ambassador received a note on November 21, 1917, informing him that the Bolshevik government, under the leadership of Lenin and Trotzky, had ordered an immediate armistice on all the Russian front and intended to begin pourparlers of peace.

General Poukhonine, who had succeeded General Alexieff as commander-in-chief, receiving this telegram of the Bolshevik government ordering an immediate armistice, refused to carry out the instructions and was accordingly replaced by General Krylenko, a small, ferret-faced man who had risen from the ranks.

At the same time my father published a note in the papers remonstrating at the way the order for the armistice had been carried out without consulting the Allies and had been sent to headquarters nineteen hours before it was received at the embassy. Trotzky thereupon published an answering note, saying that the order for the armistice, and the note to the Allied embassies informing them of it, had been sent off at the same moment, and "if it was indeed true that the latter had not arrived at the same time this was only due to technical details that had nothing to do with the policy held by the Council of the Commissaries of the People." The note ended in an assurance that the common efforts and the will of the people would carry out a declaration of universal peace against all imperialistic governments.

British subjects were now more or less prisoners in Russia, Trotzky declaring that not one of them should be allowed to leave till Petroff and Tchicherin, the two Russian pacifists interned in England, were set free. He also threatened to arrest any British subjects carrying on what he held a counter-revolutionary propaganda and declared that, though until now there had been no hostile demonstrations against the embassy, he would not be answerable for the consequences if his requests to release Petroff and Tchicherin were not immediately granted.

Nearly every day threatening articles against my father appeared in the Bolshevik papers, and he was repeatedly warned that he was in danger of being arrested at any moment. And one or two members of the British colony, who were at the head of big factories, were subjected to rough treatment and violent abuse from the workmen.

On December 1 the delegates of the Bolshevik government left for the front to begin the peace negotiations, and on December 4 General Poukhonine was brutally murdered in his railway-carriage as he was leaving headquarters. People had hoped that the troops or the staff would prove loyal, and would be able to hold out against the Red Guards and troops sent down by the Bolsheviks to take possession. But General Poukhonine unfortunately hesitated to take up an armed defensive position, and, having murdered him, the Bolshevik troops under the command of General Krylenko took the position of the staff, meeting with hardly any resistance. General Korniloff, however, managed to escape with four hundred men and, evading pursuit, made his way toward the south to try and join the forces of General Kaledin.

It was said that seven German staff-officers had arrived in Petrograd and were being received and entertained by the Bolshevik government as guests of honor. Pamphlets warning the people that they were being betrayed were thrown about the streets, but nobody had the power to do anything, and the peace negotiations continued at the front, though it was rumored that they were not going

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well, and that the Bolsheviks were not finding it as easy as they had thought.

I

And what of Petrograd, the capital, during these days? Winter had set in now. The white, pure silence of the snow covered everything; the flag on the fortress flew, a brilliant patch of scarlet against a steel-cold sky.

Nobody troubled to clear away the snow in the streets. Little boys used the slopes of the bridges over the canals as toboggan-slides, cannoning carelessly against people, utterly unheedful whether they knocked them down or not. Others again used the pavements as skating-rinks, and walking in the streets became a thing fraught with many dangers, ridiculous and otherwise.

Nearly all the trams had broken down and nobody troubled to mend them. Those that remained resembled moving beehives with crowds of people hanging on all round. One had to fight to get even so much as a foothold on a step, and once having got in it was almost impossible to get out again, so tightly wedged was the crowd at the doors. Pickpockets and thieves swarmed in them, and as there was no police one had no hope of retribution if one did have anything stolen.

Coal was so scarce that the supply of electric light had to be cut off. On certain days one was only allowed it from six to eleven in the evenings, and as one never knew which day that was to be, one ran the risk at dinner-parties of finding oneself in sudden darkness and having a general scramble for candles. And candles were also scarce and not always to be found.

Nearly every night shooting went on in the town. Nobody quite knew why. Sometimes it was just a band of robbers going around, stopping people in the streets or pillaging flats. Or, perhaps, the Red Guards had a difference of opinion. Or else a motor with no lights would fly through the streets with a machine-gun rattling away out of the back window for no particular reason or object.

Committees were started in all the apartment-houses. All the inhabitants of flats, even the women, had to take their turn at keeping watch during three hours of the night, either in the courtyard or else just inside the hall. Day after day more shops were closing, either through lack of material or strike of the shop-hands. Food that for a short period after the Bolsheviks had gained power had been a little more plentiful, was now scarcer than ever. The bread was practically uneatable. The allowance for the week was one egg, which was generally bad. Butter was almost unprocurable. Leather was so scarce that to get a pair of boots one had to have a ticket, and it was said that there was just one pair of boots for every fifty people.

One wondered sometimes was this to be the end. The great red palace riddled by bullets. The silent empty government buildings. The yellow and white Admiralty with the golden spire that seemed nearly always to catch from somewhere a faint gleam of sunshine. And across the white expanse of the snow-covered square, behind the pearl-like tracery of the trees in the Alexander Garden, the great, gray shadow of the dome of Saint Isaac's softened and dim in the opal-colored mist. And over the frozen river the walls of the fortress, the cathedral with the golden tombs of dead Emperors, the spire that was like a marvellous tongue of flame, a finger pointing to heaven. What was to happen to all these? The old majesty, the old traditions of centuries, the faith that believed in miracles—were they gone forever? The churches were almost empty now; only here and there in the gray shadows a solitary candle burned before a jewelled ikon, or a woman knelt and wept before a crucifix. The old Russia was dead indeed.

I remember walking home from a dinner one evening and passing close to a barracks where a crowd of soldiers stood leaning up against the wall. From an open window a stream of yellow light blazed across the snow-covered pavement, and out into the silence of the cold, clear night came the sound of drunken song, laughter, and the squeak of a concertina. Walking down the street toward us came an old general, his long beard and his white fur cap gleaming silver in the moonlight, the scarlet lining of his gray coat

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catching the light as he passed that open window, and not a single one of those soldiers leaning against the doorway moved out of his way or saluted, one only spat derisively on the pavement with a muttered curse. His stern old face was like a white mask of suffering, and when the English officer I was with saluted him as he passed close to us, he started as if wakened from a dream, and returned the salute with a smile that was pitiful in its pleased surprise.

That is the spirit of progress and change, the spirit of liberty. Everywhere signs of disorder and dirt and neglect—streets that were almost empty, shops that had no goods, churches where nobody prayed.

And at street corners companies of Red Guards sitting round huge blazing fires, stopping every motor that passed to ask questions, and sometimes turning the occupants out if the answers did not satisfy them, ready at any moment on the slightest excuse to fire off the rifles that were tied round them with a piece of string or a dirty piece of red ribbon. These men, unkempt, unwashed, unshaved, totally ignorant, had become the rulers of Petrograd, the city built by Peter the Great as capital for his empire.

At night it was always a somewhat eerie sensation to be stopped by these men: The red glare of the fire lighting up the blue darkness; the silence of the snow-covered streets broken by the hoarse, rough voice that commanded the motor to stop; the crowd of dirty, unkempt men swarming round the door; the points of the bayonets that caught here and there a gleam of firelight; the knowledge that at the slightest excuse they had the power to turn one ignominiously out into the street and go off themselves in the motor.

Indeed, this very nearly happened to some friends and myself when one evening coming home from the ballet a shot rang out just in front of the motor. We did not realize at first that it had been fired at us, but when the motor pulled up with a jerk and a man in a dirty fur cap, who might have been a Red Guard or an ordinary thief, tore open the door we saw that this time we were not to be merely spectators. How little help we could expect from anybody was also immediately clear, as people passing glanced at us nervously, and then, looking the other way, hurried on, while a sledge that had been standing close to the pavement drove hastily away into the darkness. Three more men with rifles now surrounded the motor, and, pointing his pistol at us, the man who had stopped us commanded us to get out at once. Mr. Brooks, one of the secretaries of the embassy who was with us, told him it was an English motor and tried to shut the door. But, tearing it open again, the man got up on the step and, pointing his pistol at Mr. Brooks's head, screamed out that we were to let him have the motor at once or he would shoot. With admirable presence of mind Mr. Brooks argued with him that he would get into great trouble if he took the motor as it belonged to the British embassy, and we were on government business. The man retorted furiously that he also was on government business, but after a few minutes' more persuasion and talk he finally got off the step, and, shutting the door with a bang, allowed us to continue on our way unmolested.

II

Disorders and desultory street fighting increased day by day, and on the night of December 7 reached a culminating point when a band of soldiers and sailors broke into the Winter Palace and pillaged the wine-cellars. The Preobrajinsky regiment, whose barracks were next door, and who were supposed to be on guard, tried at first to put up a feeble resistance, but very soon joined in the general plunder themselves. All during the night the orgy continued, and several encounters took place between drunken bands of soldiers and sailors, and from the embassy we heard the constant sound of firing all down the quay and the Millionaia.

Early the next morning, the news having rapidly spread through the town, crowds arrived on the scene to try and get a little booty. Soldiers in huge motor lorries drove up to the palace, and went away with their motors full of cases of priceless wine. Women, their arms full

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of bottles, could be seen trying to sell them to passers-by in the streets. Even the children had their share of the plunder, and could be met carrying a bottle of champagne or perhaps some valuable old liquor.

About midday an armed force of sailors and one or two armored cars arrived on the scene to try and restore order. The palace was surrounded and nobody was allowed to pass anywhere near.

Thousands of bottles of wine were destroyed and thrown over into the ice, the sailors firing into the bottles the quicker to break them; but the horde of drunken soldiers was so immense that the orgy still continued without any abatement, and order only began to be restored on the arrival of a company of firemen, who flooded the cellars and drowned a lot of soldiers who were too drunk to escape.

Even as far down the quay as the embassy the air was infected with the reek of spirits, and everywhere drunken soldiers lay about, broken bottles littered the streets, the snow was stained rose-red and yellow where in many places the wine had been spilled. All through the town the drunken hordes spread themselves, firing indiscriminately at each other or anybody who molested them. Scenes of indescribable horror and disgust took place, the crowds in some instances scooping up the dirty, wine-stained snow, drinking it out of their hands, fighting with each other over the remains. And everywhere the soldiers were inciting the people to murder and pillage. It was so easy—you had only to take your rifle—and everybody had a fire-arm of some sort—to knock down a few shutters or break a few windows and take whatever you found.

In the afternoon I drove out with a friend in one of the little low sledges and tried to do some shopping. Heavy snow-flakes drifted down from an iron-gray sky, a piercing wind drove into our faces, the great dome of Saint Isaacs loomed up, a huge shadow lost in the whirling snow. Several times drunken soldiers hailed us as we passed. On the little bridge at the end of the Millionaia, a company of armed sailors stopped us and made us go down a side-street into the town. The streets were practically deserted, several of the shops were boarded up, now and then the sharp crack of a rifle sounded across the distance, or the fragment of a drunken song.

At the door of one of the provision-shops a huge, burly moujik, wrapped in a sheepskin, stopped us with an outstretched arm as we tried to pass him. "Shut," he said laconically.

"But why is it shut?" my friend asked impatiently, seeing a chink of light under the closed doors.

The man shrugged his huge shoulders. "Because it is," he answered, standing immovable in the doorway, where we had eventually to leave him.

The red-bearded driver of our sledge grinned at us good-humoredly as we climbed back and pulled the fur rug over us. "Eh, Barina," he remarked pleasantly. "Life is not easy now. Svaboda! (Liberty!) This is what they call liberty! Eh—God help us!" He flicked the blue reins at his thin, white horse and drove on, muttering to himself all the time.

A little farther along a drunken soldier stood before one of the huge fires that burned at the corners of all the streets, a broken bottle held in one hand, a pistol in the other, while a Red Guard, leaning on his gun, watched him with an indulgent smile. Singing and laughing, the soldier swayed perilously near to the leaping flames, now and then pointing his pistol at the passers-by, cursing them or laughing at them as they drew nervously away. Still a little farther along another soldier lay face down in the snow, an empty bottle still clutched in one hand, while two little boys stood nervously at a distance, and a third, more courageous, tried to loosen the fast-clasped fingers from the bottle to see, perhaps, whether there were a few drops left. As Lunarcharsky, one of the commissaries of the people, said when questioned by a reporter: "What would you have? The whole of Petrograd is drunk."

And that was only the beginning. Having found how easy it was, the soldiers continued to plunder the wine-shops and many of the private cellars in the town. Every night there was shooting, and in some parts regular artillery duels between machine-guns took place, and, though several large wine-cellars were destroyed

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by order of the Bolshevik government, the streets continued to be full of drunken soldiers and the orgies still went on.

Late one evening some friends who lived a little farther down the quay came to seek refuge in the embassy, as their cellars were being pillaged and the soldiers had fired into the room where they had been sitting at dinner. They telephoned from the embassy to Smolny to ask for armed assistance, which was accordingly sent, and some time after midnight they were able to return to their house, which had been put under a strong guard.

All approaches to the Winter Palace were still barricaded and nobody was allowed to pass. Bottles of wine were sometimes to be bought in the streets for absurdly cheap prices, though one was not always sure of obtaining the real article. There is the story of one man who bought what was supposed to be a bottle of champagne from a sailor for the sum of three roubles. Examining it closer he found it contained only vichy water. Putting it in his pocket, he continued on his way down the street, and presently, when a soldier passed him, tapped it knowingly. The soldier immediately stopped to bargain, and the man, succeeding in selling him the supposed bottle of champagne for the sum of five roubles, continued on his way.

Robbery and murder had become daily and nightly occurrences now. Constantly people were being stopped and divested of all their clothes and valuables before they were allowed to continue. It was impossible to go out at night in a motor, as one ran the almost certain risk of being stopped and turned out. Sometimes looking out of the window late at night one might have imagined oneself in a city of the dead. The huge, empty square, white and ghastly under the light of one feeble lamp, the vast shadow of the bridge across the frozen river, by the corner of the Marble Palace, the orange glow of the fire where the forms of two or three soldiers could be seen crouching close to the flames. Now and then only the gray shadow of a sledge slipping silently across the snow, or a muffled figure that passed swiftly as if it feared pursuit.

A story was told at this time of a man who was stopped by a band of thieves and robbed of his watch and money and coat. Shivering, he said to one of the robbers: "You might at least give me your coat in exchange. Mine was new and yours is old, and you can't want two coats." After some hesitation the thief eventually gave him his dirty old sheepskin coat, and the man hurried home, thankful for at least some covering in the cold. Arrived at his lodgings, he took off the coat and found in the pocket what was evidently the result of the robber's day—three or four diamond rings and a sum of money far exceeding that of which he had been robbed himself.

III

On December 15 Trotzky sent round another note to all the embassies announcing his intention of entering into peace negotiations, not with the Allied governments, but with the socialistic parties in all countries; and meanwhile the farce of the peace conference continued, fluctuating, suspended, taken up again.

The Russian frontier had again been closed to English and American subjects, on the ground of a dispute concerning government messengers. The posts were completely disorganized and hardly any news came through, and what there was in the papers was distorted to suit the Bolshevik interests. But on Christmas Day a messenger arrived from England, having just got across the frontier before Trotzky's order to stop him had been received.

Food-supplies were getting scarcer and scarcer. All communications with the south had been completely cut off. The Don country was said to be mobilized, and thousands of officers and cadets were joining the forces of General Kaledin, and at Rostoff the Bolshevik committee was supposed to have liberated and armed a lot of German prisoners to take part in the struggle against him and Korniloff.

The German papers had taken up a violent attitude in regard to my father's statement in the Russian press, and said that the Entente only wished to gain time and prepare the ground for a counter-revolution, and that my father's insinua-

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tion that the armistice negotiations were being conducted with the German autocracy and not with the German people would fool nobody in Russia. Admiral Kaiserling and his staff had arrived in Petrograd, a whole hotel was placed at their disposal, and they were treated with every consideration and respect. The town itself swarmed with German and Austrian prisoners, walking freely and unmolested about the streets, swaggering as if they were already in possession. There is a story of a Russian girl who, meeting several of these men, turned to a friend who was with her and said: "Look. There are a lot of German prisoners." One of the men turned to her with an insolent smile. "Oh, no," he said suavely, "you make a mistake. It is you who are our prisoners."

And meanwhile anarchy spread itself all over the country. In the surroundings of Petrograd and in the Baltic provinces hardly a country house was left standing. My friend's place near Reval, where I had stayed several times, had been completely destroyed and pillaged, the horses and cows on the farm taken or killed, the pigs cut up alive for lard, while she herself barely escaped, having to hide for five hours in the garden with her two small children. In Odessa street-fighting was taking place, and the massacres of Kronstadt were being repeated in the Black Sea fleet. In the Crimea several of the wonderful old palaces and private villas were being plundered. In Kieff there were riots and disorders. In Finland officers and generals were brutally murdered. Many of the treasures of the Hermitage and the Winter Palace had been lost or stolen. Some of the barges in which they had been sent away from Petrograd just before the Bolshevik rising were said to have been sunk, some were supposed to have arrived at Moscow, others at Vologda, but nobody really knew or cared. Pillaging, murdering, and talking about peace were so much more important than the fate of a few Rembrandts and Fragonards.

My father had been very unwell for some time past, and at the end of December the doctor emphatically ordered him to go away at once. An agreement had been finally come to between the British and the Bolshevik governments regarding the question of couriers, and the messengers of the Bolsheviks were to be given passports to England on the condition that they did not stay there after delivering their despatches. Accordingly after some difficulty and delay Trotzky gave my father the facilities for our journey to England, though he would not allow the military and naval representatives going with us any special concessions, declaring that they must travel as ordinary passengers.

The 8th of January was settled for the day of our departure, and our last days in Petrograd passed slowly and regretfully.

The cold was intense, an icy wind swept down the quays, snow continued to fall day after day, piling itself in huge masses all down the streets. It was almost impossible for motors to get through it, and driving in a sledge down the Nevsky was like going on a mountain switchback. Bleak and gray, the sky stretched itself above the town and the ice-bound river. There seemed no help anywhere against the pitiless decree that the folly of man was carrying out. The curse of an inevitable disaster hovered like a bird with giant, overshadowing wings above the country.

On one of the few remaining days I went for the last time into the vast Cathedral of Saint Isaacs. In the dim, gray-shadowed darkness the tiny, yellow flames of a very few candles burned feebly, flutteringly. The great church that had always been so full was now almost empty. Before the Miraculous Madonna of Saint George one old woman knelt in prayer, and two little solitary candles burned. In another part of the church a service was going on, and one or two people stood lost among the shadows, while through the jewelled doors a priest in a wonderful green robe prayed in a halo of golden light that made his figure stand out startlingly clear amidst the surrounding dark.

Going out again into the white, whirling snow-storm I walked slowly up, past the marvellous equestrian statue of Peter the Great onto the quay. The old, pink palace of Prince Munchikoff faced me on the opposite shore, and farther down the river the great gray building of the Bourse

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stood out, facing the bullet-scarred Winter Palace, standing out dark-red above the snow.

A sense of utter desolation and tragedy laid over it all, the hopelessness of an abandoned city alive still with the memories of long-dead glories, of golden pomp and revelry. Somewhere on the other side of the river the crack of a rifle broke the frozen stillness, and a workman who was passing laughed savagely. A gust of icy wind sent a cloud of snow into my face, and a half-starving yellow dog, limping on three legs rubbed itself against my skirt, looking up at me with piteous eyes. And through the drifting snow the ghosts of Russia's greatness seemed to pass and vanish—men and women who had lived and died for Russia, whose heads were bent under the weight of intolerable shame.

On the last night before our morning start I walked home from a dinner in the Millionaia through a stillness that held something uncanny in its voiceless quiet. The streets seemed utterly deserted, only once two workmen passed, dark, grotesque figures muffled in sheepskins, the points of their rifles black against the snow.

The heavy clouds had lifted, a few faint stars shone in the distant, blue darkness of the sky. The empty square showed an almost untrodden purity of snow. The fortress stood a dark shadow above the frozen river, dimly against the sky the spire of Peter and Paul reared a slender black finger, pointing to the stars.

Then the sudden roar and rattle of a motor broke the stillness; filled with a crowd of half-drunken soldiers, it passed down the quay, ploughing its way with difficulty through the heavy snow. Through the coarse, jeering laughter I caught the words, "Liberty—Peace—Hurrah for Peace!"

Liberty and peace—while above the blue-and-silver city of dead Emperors hovered the shadow of German autocracy and German militarism and German power—like a great black monster ready to devour its prey.

THE MOTOR-MAN

By Florence Wilkinson

He scanned the track as marksmen eye the bead.
He had a boy's face, somewhat loosely wrought,
A ruddy hue, a brow untouched by thought;
The joy of youth in speed.

Then he leapt forward, a white masque of fright—
His elemental hands grappled the brake, in vain—
That little life, crushed out too quick for pain,
A cry that stabbed the night!

(Oh, hideous wheels, oh, sound beneath the wheels!
Does Death come so? How the blind vision reels!)

Like a dazed dreamer in the torture-place
He stood, the slow tears on his withered cheeks,
Deaf to the circling women with their shrieks.
(Fiercely her vengeance Little Sicily wreaks)
Till the first stone struck his face.

A common boy when the uptown trip began,
Ignorant of those huge furies, Love and Hate—
Now, a gray comrade to swift ancient Fate,
Rory, the motor-man.

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IN THE DAY'S WORK

By Harriet Welles
Author of "Anchors Aweigh," "Holding Mast," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY J. PECK

THE old petty officer in charge of the drills drew a deep breath and looked down the long lines of newly enlisted apprentice seamen. A few of the boys were from the poorer quarters of near-by cities and towns; some were from the farming districts; but the greater number were undergraduates from colleges and universities flocking to the colors at the first intimation of their country's need, and all were astonishingly transformed, by the mere donning of uniforms and caps, into potential sailors for the ships of the United States navy.

The petty officer cleared his throat. Somehow the sunshiny parade-ground, bordered by cheerful, yellow brick barracks and backed by the sparkling blue of Narragansett Bay and the distant, pointed spires of Newport churches, seemed too incongruously peaceful compared with the things of which he was trying to speak. He cleared his throat again.

"I'd like to remind you, lads," he said, "that there are some things in our navy that you'll have to *learn* for yourselves. We can teach you the manual of arms and the drills; and there are schools here to train you for any branch of ship's work that you have a leaning toward—wireless, electricity, signal corps, hospital corps, engineering, cooking, and yeoman's work—but what you've got to get, if you're to be of any *real use*, is the *spirit* of the navy!

"Maybe there's those with education enough to explain that spirit to you. I haven't got the words. I only know what it means in actions. Summed up, it amounts to about this: aboard ship there ain't no *you* and there ain't no *me;* there's just Us! And we're working together under the flag of the finest country on earth.

"You lads have come away from your folks, and your homes, and your colleges to help get a bad job done; and when the job's finished some of you will go back to your colleges, and your folks, and your homes—and some won't.

"But if the ones that go back have gotten the real spirit of the navy—the spirit that was already strong when boys like you were rampaging over the seas on the old wooden ship *Constellation* that's tied up to the wharf here—they'll go back, and carry with them through the remainder of their lives the knowledge that, in time of squalls, their hand was steady in the service of the rest of the ship; that they helped, to the end, the messmate that had fallen; and that, when it seemed like it was their turn next, they looked death straight in the eye. That's what we call the Spirit of the Navy. Don't forget it!

"Now! Atten-shun! I'll explain the anchor-watch to you."

The ship's doctor dropped stiffly into his seat at the ward-room luncheon-table and whimsically surveyed his brother officers. Perhaps he had grown accustomed to the white look of fatigue and tension that distinguishes the expression of the naval officers who, for months now, have faced death on destroyers and transports on the North Sea; perhaps his New England training came back to him in half-remembered sayings about enduring what can't be remedied, and the hopeful suggestions of turns in seemingly interminable roads. At any rate he ignored the obvious and soared, conversationally, into the cheerfully problematical.

"I've been wondering all morning if I hadn't better try out an unpatented invention of a Buddhist priest I saw in Japan," observed the doctor, helping himself to tinned sardines and damp crackers. "The old fellow was sweeping off the im-

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maculate white straw mats of a Kyoto temple, and as he frisked over to collect an entrance fee of me I noticed that both sides of his nose were securely plugged with wads of rice-paper.

"How come?" I questioned, pointing at them.

He waited devoutly, while some worshippers eased down on their fine work with the prayer-gong, before he answered, "Cold on the head, have got!" and intimated that much valuable time might be lost if he had to stop every time he needed to blow his nose; and besides, as he indulgently informed me, he hadn't ever owned a handkerchief. I've been thinking of trying his scheme out on the crew of this ship.

"They've every variety of cough and whoop, from the copy of a lyric cry to a replica of the Gregorian chant. I'll always remember this cruise by the opportunities I've had to study snuffles."

The mess listened with a visible easing of tension. "If the old fellow's cold was *really* bad I should think his procedure would, in time, have made his brain come adrift. How did he breathe?" questioned the executive officer.

"Oh, he just let his mouth hang jauntily open. A nose isn't really a necessity any more than an appendix is; it's an ornament," said the doctor, cheerfully surveying the mess. "Of course, I don't mean that *all* noses are ornamental," he added, and dodged a cracker thrown by the navigator.

"Too bad you fellows can't get a glimpse of your great-great-great-grandchildren when the manufacturers of food substitutes, preservatives, and adulterations, and we surgeons have, by our combined and unceasing efforts, permanently divorced them from their unnecessary decorations. No teeth! No hair! No tonsils! No appendixes! No gall-bladders! No—but I'll spare you. It'll be a neat and trim population in those happy days," said the doctor with dramatic airiness.

"My great-great-grandchildren!" observed the engineer officer, and glanced through the rain-streaked port-hole past which gray, foam-crested waves raced before the icy wind, under a heavy sky.

A little silence fell upon the mess; they all knew that the engineer officer's first-born had arrived in this warring world a month after its father had joined the ship, and except for photographs he had never seen it. His wife wrote of the baby's superlative beauty and charm and planned for the happy days of reunion, but somehow a shadowy foreboding that crouched behind her cheering words had eluded her and crept into the envelope to loom large when the letter was opened. The engineer officer broke the silence with hasty querulousness.

"Be thankful there's nothing worse than colds the matter with the crew," he admonished, and set his teeth under a swift stab of pain; for several days these attacks had come with increasing frequency and violence. "This is no time to get sick," his spirit asserted with grim anger at the inopportune besieger.

"What about my keeping in practice?" asked the doctor, and added: "These are queer days in the navy! I was talking with one of the petty officers who drilled the apprentice seamen at the training-station last summer, and the old fellow was *upset!* He had a big lot of boys fresh from different colleges to train, and they overturned all his previous experiences. He went carefully over the manual of arms with them the first day, and the next morning, to his amazed astonishment, they executed each order with unvarying precision.

"'You know these exercises already?' he questioned bewilderedly.

"'Why, yes,' answered one of the boys; 'you told them to us yesterday.'

"You see, the new apprentice seamen represented the college-trained product, to whom concentration is a necessity. The petty officer's experience had been with boys of less education, who learn by the frequent repetition of drilling, *and* drilling, and *drilling*—the mechanical action of untrained minds," explained the doctor.

"I should think that with such new material we could build up a magnificent personnel," exclaimed the executive enthusiastically.

The doctor smiled. "You haven't been reading your little book of fables lately, or you'd remember that everything has its disadvantages," he admonished, and

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added: "The old classes of apprentice seamen hadn't trained minds, but most of them had learned the ground-plan rules of discipline—poverty generally inculcates that. The new boys don't know the meaning of the word! As far as they're concerned, it's an incoherent assortment of syllables made up from unintelligible letters.

"One indignant youth returned to the training-station to find that the ship he was assigned to had sailed. 'I like their nerve—going off without me!' he asserted in loud and righteous wrath to the petty officer engaged in warping him toward the brig. 'I sent them word that my mother had come up to see me, so they needn't expect me back until she'd left—and they've gone *without waiting* for me!'

"Another lad had been notified that he was to stand watch from four to eight, but some acquaintances motored over from Narragansett, so he sent a message to the captain that he wouldn't be able to get back until later, as he was to dine with friends at a restaurant which he ingenuously named. Imagine his resentful indignation when, just after the soup had been served, he was snatched into a standing position by an unsympathetic master-at-arms. 'I sent the captain word,' he expostulated. '*Is that* so? What's a captain? 'Tis the admiral you should have notified,' commented the master-at-arms witheringly.

"This same boy is my hospital apprentice now, and he's as keen as a razor. He still grins sheepishly over his farewell dinner party, but he has ideas of his own! We have great arguments about a surgeon's privileges and responsibilities—" The doctor broke off and glanced about. "I don't *eat* more than the rest of you; I *talk* more," he explained, and turned his attention to his luncheon.

The engineer officer leaned forward. "What does your hospital apprentice think a surgeon's privileges are?" he asked idly.

"Oh, the right to decide whether the future holds enough for a patient to make his life worth living. I tell him that no one can guess what the future *may* hold," laughed the doctor.

Outside the wind was rising and the rain, like fine steel wires, whipped across the port-holes as the ship, with undiminished speed, swept along on her prescribed course. "Nasty weather," commented the executive; then, struck by something in the engineer officer's face, asked: "*What ails* you? You look green and seasick!"

"Me seasick!" ejaculated the engineer, with ungrammatical scorn, as he pushed back his chair. "I've had a queer pain for two or three days. I may be around to see you later in the afternoon, doc."

The doctor nodded hospitably. "I'm specializing on colds at present, but of course—" He glanced keenly at the engineer officer. "Better come along with me now," he suggested.

The engineer shook his head. "I've several things to attend to," he said as he hurried away.

"He never thinks of any engines—except the ship's," complained the doctor, making his way back to his quarters and the routine duties of his afternoon.

The doctor's tiny office was also his consulting and operating room, and, after glancing about and noting that everything was in order and the apprentice at his post, he gave the signal for a bugler to sound sick-call.

"That's a pretty call," observed the apprentice as the birdlike crescendo—muffled because of circumstances—sounded through the narrow passages.

"Sounds all right to those who haven't anything the matter with them," growled the doctor, still bothered by the engineer officer's white face. "Here they come," he added as the distant chorus of coughs drew nearer.

"This beats the way doctors ashore sit around and wait for patients," observed the hospital apprentice conversationally; "here, when *you're* ready, you just have a bugle blown." He stepped back and busied himself with a tray of instruments as the doorway filled with a group of sailors.

The doctor glanced keenly at his patients, while his capable hands moved swiftly: there were several burns to dress and rebandage, a wrenched arm to ease by a light sling, several decreasing colds to prescribe for, an injured foot to examine and pronounce cured, and one fe-

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verish boy to consign to the unblemished whiteness of the tiny sick-bay, where he could be under observation.

"We'll get into port day after to-morrow. If he develops anything in the meantime we'll be able to transfer him then to a hospital ashore," mused the doctor as the last patient filed out.

"Seems impertinent for a disease to attack a man when he's on such duty as this," observed the hospital apprentice, steadying himself as the ship, after climbing up the long, steep hill of a great wave, plunged sharply down into a yawning gulf.

"Last year at this time I was fiddling around Cambridge and Boston," said the apprentice reflectively, as he closed the cover of the sterilizer, "and my chief grievance was that my mother would keep urging me to go and see the Sargent and Abbey paintings in the public library; she wrote about them so often that it got on my nerves. It seems centuries ago!"

"Did it get on your nerves enough to make you obey her?" questioned the doctor.

The hospital apprentice smiled. "No," he confessed, then added comfortably: "I'll go and see them after the war is over; there'll be lots of time for pictures then."

"You think you'll have learned by that time to obey orders?" asked the doctor.

The apprentice laughed. "Discipline is now my middle name," he asserted genially.

The doctor, glancing about the tiny room, noted the immaculate orderliness of the compact arrangements, and thought: "I *am* lucky in getting that boy for a hospital apprentice. Come in!" he called, and started forward at sight of the engineer officer's drawn face.

"Yes?" questioned the doctor.

The engineer could hardly achieve a twisted, rueful smile. "I've had intermittent pain for nearly a week—but just now — something — must — have — happened," he gasped, and crumpled into a limp heap. The doctor groaned as he felt the feverish hands and wrists. "Why couldn't he have given me a chance before it wore him out?" he demanded of the appalled apprentice as the engineer officer opened his heavy eyes.

There followed some moments of minute examination and a hurried conference with the captain and executive officer.

"The fever is rising—perforated appendix, I think. Ought to operate at once—although it's pretty rough," commented the doctor with laconic brevity. "I'll do all I can to hold him over until we get in to port, but, of course, I won't wait a minute if in my opinion the operation becomes necessary. Too bad they didn't teach us to operate while doing gymnastic exercises at our hospital! But there are fairly smooth spaces when the ship is climbing a wave."

The doctor went back to the engineer's cabin and relieved the hospital apprentice. "You'd better get everything ready—in case I need them. And keep watch of that boy in the sick-bay; if his temperature goes up call me," said the doctor, as he settled down in a chair by the narrow bunk.

The engineer officer, opening tired eyes, looked at the doctor's kindly face. "Beastly poor taste for me to cave in now," he said, and hesitated. "Is it—anything serious?" he asked.

The doctor shook his head. "The usual common or garden variety of appendicitis; you should have come to me before. Earlier there was a chance of my being able to reduce the inflammation, but now I'll probably have to operate," he said.

The engineer officer drew a deep breath. "The pain—is almost unbearable," he whispered between clinched teeth, his face wet with perspiration.

The afternoon dragged by, punctuated by the creaking of straining bulkheads, the racing of the screw, the shrieking of wind and lashing of rain, as the ship forged ahead through the mist.

By evening there was no chance, in the doctor's opinion, of avoiding the operation. He leaned over the engineer officer and told him this decision, even as he realized that the wide, shining eyes held no glance of comprehension. A few minutes later they carried the oblivious engineer through narrow passages to the tiny operating-room, where the hospital apprentice, inwardly quaking under the responsibility of assisting at a serious op-

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eration, stood, flanked by sterilized instruments, dressings, and sponges, and the ether which he was to administer.

The doctor adjusted the sterile dressings and, fastening the abdominal binder, removed the gauze pad from over his mouth. "That is good work—if I do say it myself!" he said; "and not one second too soon. Some day, when I have time, I'll write an article for the medical journals on performing major operations during a hurricane on the North Sea." He glanced at the hospital apprentice approvingly. "You were wasting your time at Harvard learning to be a lawyer! You'd make a first-class surgeon," he praised, and his assistant flushed with pleasure as he turned toward the sterilizer with a tray full of instruments.

The doctor helped straighten the cabin, keeping a watchful eye on the still figure of the engineer officer. "Better to keep him right here. I can take care of him and regulate the temperature, too," he mused, and added aloud: "I'll be glad to get him safely ashore, though. A sea voyage may be good for *some* sick people, but every rule has its exception. Now, lad, you'd better get to your hammock. There'll be another day to-morrow—and it's nearly here!"

"I couldn't go to sleep now," protested the apprentice, turning the leaves of a medical text-book. He mumbled over the words: "Incision, superficial fascia—external oblique muscle—internal oblique—normal salt solutions—string suture—catgut. Gracious! Did you do all those things to him?" questioned the apprentice, busily informing himself on appendicitis operations.

The doctor smiled. "All those!" he agreed.

The apprentice turned the pages. "Listen to this!" he began, and read an account of the decision by a doctor to let a deformed and mentally deficient child die. "Caused a lot of criticism," commented the hospital apprentice; "but I should think that any sensible person would side with the physician—wouldn't you?"

"No," answered the doctor grimly. "Every human being should have his chance—you never can tell *what* may be waiting just around the corner. Where would we end if every surgeon had the right to decide who was—or wasn't—entitled to go on living?" The doctor laughed. "Most of our consciences will warn us to avoid the operating-table when those ideas go into effect," he commented.

"Well, I don't know—" began the apprentice, and helped the doctor fix the blankets around the engineer officer, who was beginning to toss feebly about and mumble a few disconnected words. "Piston — furnace — rods — bolts — oil — wrenches" passed haltingly in review several times; twice, with growing distinctions, he spoke of the gauge. "Do—your—best—boys!" urged the engineer officer cheerily.

"Funny how the work aboard ship gets into the marrow of a man's bones," whispered the apprentice wonderingly; "even ether won't drive it out!"

"It's—all—in the—day's work," mumbled the engineer. "Whatever—happens, do—your—best! Then—it—won't—be your fault. It'll be—all in—the day's—work!" The words evidently appealed to him. "All—in the—day's work," he whispered.

"Sometimes it's a long day," yawned the doctor tiredly; then sought diversion in conversation. "What were you doing a year ago to-night?" he asked.

"Well, I can't remember *exactly*," said the apprentice. "I had a crush on a girl whose people have a nice old place at Dedham, and I was out there most of the fall. She *was* a pretty girl—attractive, too; but the train service to Dedham was poor, and after winter closed in it grew so cold travelling back and forth that I gave up going to see her. I was *awfully* in love with that girl! *What was her name?*" mused the hospital apprentice perplexedly.

The doctor smiled; this was what he had hoped for. "Will you hunt her up again after the war?" he asked with earnest solicitude.

The hospital apprentice eyed him belligerently. "With any kind of luck she'll have grandchildren before this war is over," he prophesied darkly. "I'll come home a doddering, *famous* old gentleman whom she'll be proud to have known.

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'Have you forgotten how I loved you?' I'll quaver," enlarged the apprentice, growing sorry for himself and his blighted happiness.

The doctor was not romantic. "Maybe she'll have forgotten your name, too," he suggested heartlessly.

The hospital apprentice lapsed into a wilted silence.

The engineer officer was holding a heated, if halting, technical conversation with his engine-room assistant. "You're wrong about that valve, Austin," he repeated monotonously. The doctor waited until he quieted down.

"How did you happen to apply for the hospital corps?" he inquired, knowing from experience that almost any topic could be amusing when viewed through the apprentice's eyes.

"Process of elimination," answered the boy. "My governor doesn't believe in encouraging idleness, so during each summer vacation I take a shot at 'earning my salt.' I've had a try at enough different kinds of home diversions to know that I wasn't keen to shovel, or oil, or scrub much; besides, I like to save lives," asserted the apprentice modestly. "I often think how I'd act on a sinking ship. 'This way to life-boat No. 11! Women and kids first! Heave ho on the line, my hearties!'" declaimed the apprentice dramatically.

The doctor smiled, then stood up to hold the blankets over the engineer officer. "Wish he wouldn't toss around," he said.

The engineer opened his eyes and looked vaguely about. "Mary?" he whispered, and waited. "Mary!" called the engineer officer, and lowered his voice. "Didn't—I—tell you I'd—be—back?" he questioned. "I've come—safely back—to you—Mary," he affirmed.

Outside the wind had risen to a high, thin shriek; the rain lashed across the port-holes and contrasted strangely with the sunshiny garden of dreams in which the sick man's mind lingered. He spoke comfortingly.

"Yes—Mary, dear—we'll have—iris and—lilacs, syringas and—lilies," he promised faintly. "A—little house—vines, and a—curving path—a meadow—with long shadows—on the grass—and apple-blossoms!" His voice changed to a low, accentless tone: "Don't cry—little wife—this is what—happens when—a man goes down—to the sea—in ships.—The partings—are cruelly—hard."

He tossed feverishly. "Mary and—the—baby!" said the engineer officer with clear distinctness.

There was silence except for the roar of the wind.

The engineer spoke again. "A—fine, generous—young country—America," he whispered musingly; "not what—our forefathers intended—perhaps—but lovable! They forget—so quickly—Americans, because—they're young," he explained, and went on: "When the—war is over—we'll have—the little house—blue smoke from the chimneys—across the—winter sky—jonquils, in spring—and birds, calling!—calling to—Mary, and—the—baby," asserted the engineer officer in a wistful voice and looked fixedly at the doctor.

The hospital apprentice tucked in a blanket end. "Funny what they remember, isn't it? I wouldn't have guessed that he had an ounce of sentiment——"

The engineer officer was speaking; it was the continuation, no doubt, of a conversation ended weeks before. "Don't cry—Mary," he comforted. "Soon, perhaps—I'll be back—and then—we'll try to save—toward getting—the little house." He wrinkled his forehead in thoughtful perplexity. "I can't remember—how it goes—but it's something about—there not being—'any more sea!' Don't cry, Mary—*I promise you*—there shall not be—any more sea."

The doctor glanced toward the black circle of the port-hole. "Guess there'll be a lot of us who will have had enough sea by the time this cruise is over," he commented cheerfully. "I feel quite differently about the emigration question since I've been intimately acquainted with the climate over here. I don't wonder they're all so keen about getting 'a place in the sun.' Even such a poor, half-baked, watery sun as theirs is!"

The hospital apprentice grinned. "'Dampness is what makes the trees so green,'" he quoted provocatively.

"Humph!" growled the doctor.

"What are they going to live on—if anything happens to me?" questioned the

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engineer officer, so coherently that the apprentice jumped; the worried tone changed to command: "Clean up that bright work," he ordered; "what sort of showing will we make at inspection—with it that way?" Suddenly his unrecognizing eyes filled with tears. "*I can't die!*" groaned the engineer. "Can't you realize that—there's *nothing* for them to live on?" He paused and looked vaguely about. "Where am I?" he questioned.

"Try to lie still," suggested the doctor, and shook his head at the unanswering stare. "He will be out from under the anæsthetic in a few minutes," he said, and added: "Time for you to turn in, young man."

The hospital apprentice yawned. "I *am* getting sleepy," he admitted; "I'll go to bed as soon as I've taken the temperature of that fellow in the sick-bay."

The doctor nodded. "I don't think he has anything but the beginning of a bad cold—and we've knocked that out—but I don't like to take chances," he said, pulling the blanket up over the tossing figure on the table. "Keep as quiet as you can!" he admonished soothingly to unheeding ears.

The engineer officer was far away from ships and storms and suffering.

"Apple-blossoms?" he suggested; "roses? 'Gather — your rosebuds — while you—may.' Time *doesn't*—fly very swiftly—nowadays, does it, dear? But nothing—lasts forever!—except love—" whispered the engineer to a woman who, leagues away, was filling the aching loneliness of the long days with lovely plans and dreams for the coming years.

"Teach the—baby to be—like you. I—wouldn't ask anything better—than that!" said the engineer gently. "And if I—don't come back—you'll be thankful—after the first—sorrow is over—that I—did my duty."

The doctor moved uneasily. "Feel as though I were listening at a keyhole or reading some one's letters," he growled. "I'll be glad when he quits talking."

The hospital apprentice returned. "Normal," he reported, putting down the thermometer; "he can go back to duty in the morning. Anything else I can do? What an awful night!" he commented, as the ship pitched into the trough of the sea.

"Yes," agreed the doctor; "when I write my prescription for a cottage in the country I'll omit the wind—as well as the sea. Must be fun to plan such things with your wife," he mused. "In the navy you spend most of your time planning for things you never get a chance to do. But anticipation is free!" He motioned toward the engineer. "He doesn't think of the days when the cottage roof will leak and the furnace go on a strike." He paused and looked closely at his patient.

"Hulloa, old man! Feeling all shot to pieces at the hands of a trusted friend?" he questioned clearly.

The engineer officer smiled. "Hulloa, doc! Is it—over?" he whispered.

"It certainly is!" asserted the doctor. "That appendix is now attached to one of the swells of the sea and, judging from appearances, they're plenty strong enough to stand it! Now, if you'll lie still and take things easy you'll be as fit as a fiddle in a short time— Great Scott!" ejaculated the doctor as, with a deafening crash, the ship keeled sharply on her side.

There was a rain of broken glass, instruments, and hospital stores from the wall cabinets; in an instant the small cabin was littered with a chaotic mass of wreckage as the doctor climbed painfully to his feet and wiped the blood from a cut across his forehead out of his eyes.

The hospital apprentice, steadying an injured arm, helped the doctor pull the engineer's limp body back onto the table—then, turning, opened the door into the passageway and looked out. "Torpedoed!" whispered the apprentice, with a little gasp. "The whole side's blown out—we'll have to hurry—to get away."

The doctor eyed him quietly. "Get the sailor in the sick-bay an overcoat and take him up on deck with you," he advised, adjusting a small pillow under the engineer officer's head. "And if you see the executive ask what the chances are for getting *him* away," he said, indicating the sick man.

"The executive's cabin was right above where the torpedo hit. He's dead, probably!" said the apprentice as he disappeared through the door.

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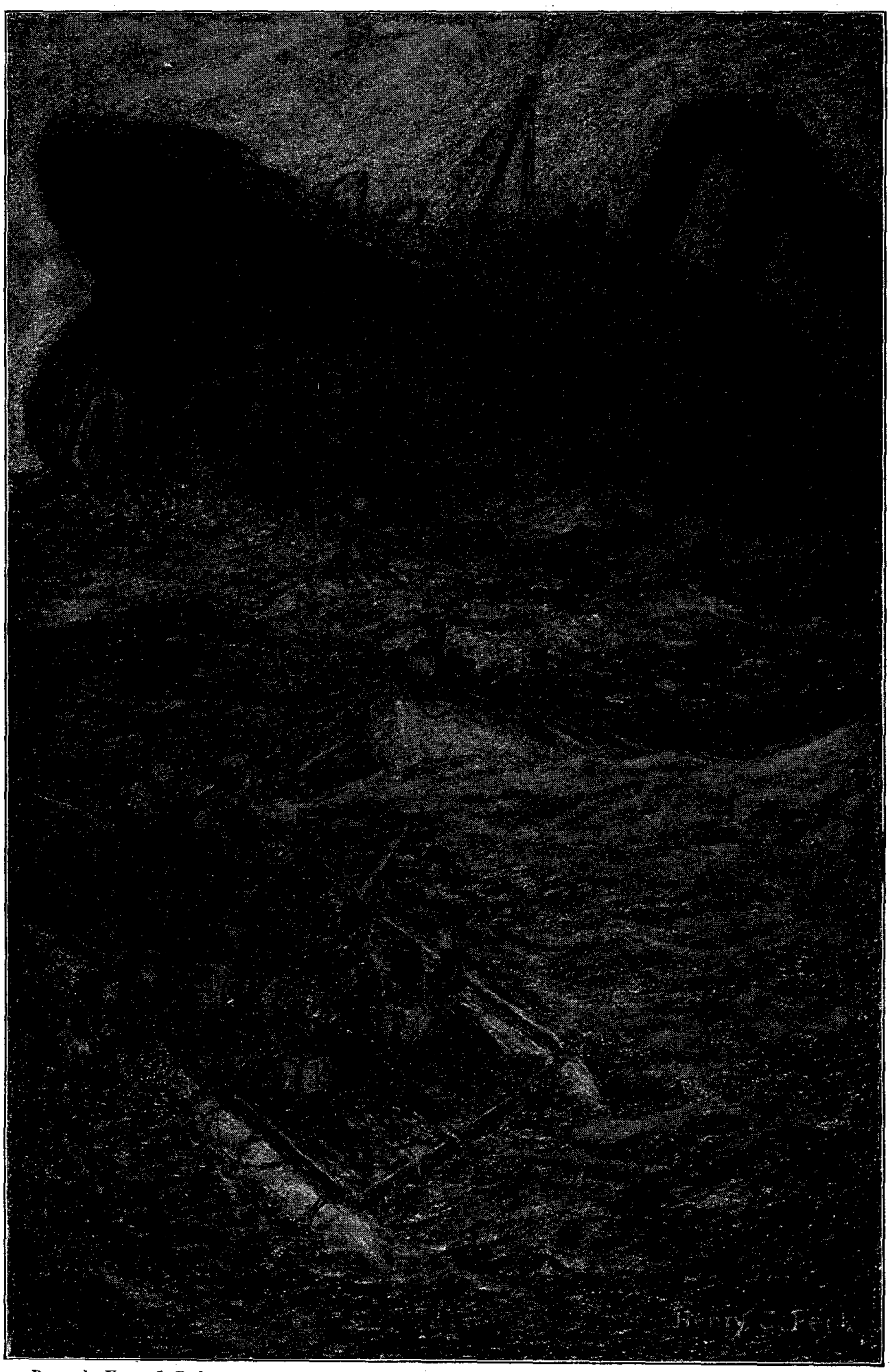

Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

Even as they turned, the ship, with a sharp upward swing of her stern, lifted it high in the air—then, like a great stone, plunged down through the icy water.—Page 458.

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From outside a terrific clamor had arisen; there was the shrill sound of escaping steam, the clatter of running feet, the clear call of a bugle, the sharp, insistent snapping of wrenched rivets and beams; and suddenly there came the dull boom of an explosion.

"*What has happened?*" whispered the engineer officer vaguely.

"Nothing—but what comes in the day's work," the doctor assured him, and added: "Will you lie *perfectly still* while I'm away for a few seconds?"

The engineer nodded. The doctor hurried into the passage and ran up the gangway-ladder. Already the ship was listing; on deck an officer and some sailors were working at the lashings of the life-rafts. There was little confusion or noise except where the gunners were loading and firing the forward guns at the unoffending waves, and a quartermaster stolidly hoisted the distress signal flags across the sloping yard-arm.

The doctor smiled grimly as he spelled out the message.

Near by two overturned launches floated on the towering waves; a dreary curtain of mist shut down on any approaching help.

The doctor turned and went back to his cabin; smiling, he bent over the engineer officer. "I may need to do a little more to your side, but first—" He wrenched the wardrobe door loose and slid it carefully under the sick man. Deftly and swiftly he wound long woollen bandages across the engineer officer's body and around the door. "I need a little more space for you," he explained.

The engineer watched him with puzzled bewilderment.

The door to the passageway swung suddenly open. "Are you going to drown down here—like a rat in a trap?" demanded the hospital apprentice breathlessly from the doorway.

The doctor eyed him with stern disapproval. "Don't speak to me like that," he said.

The hospital apprentice laughed mirthlessly. "Discipline!" he ejaculated. "In a few minutes there won't be any discipline because there won't be any ship! Come up on deck where, at least, you'll have a fighting chance." He lowered his voice. "The submarine that got us came to the surface just now!"

"Did they offer to rescue any one?" questioned the doctor sharply as he carried the ether nearer.

"No," answered the apprentice. "The submarine's officers and crew laughed as they saw our men trying to launch the ship's boats and keep them afloat!" He hesitated, and motioned toward the engineer. "You can't save him! Come along!" he urged.

The doctor did not answer as he lowered the ether cone and bent over his patient. "Can you understand me?" he questioned.

"Yes," whispered the sick man.

"Then do as I tell you—for *Mary and the baby!*" commanded the doctor.

The engineer officer nodded faintly.

"Breathe—deep! Breathe deep! Breathe deep! That's fine! Keep it up, old fellow," ordered the doctor, and glanced up at the appalled apprentice.

"I couldn't let a half-conscious man face the horror of the next few minutes!" commented the doctor. "Now, if he drowns, he won't know anything about it. It's the best I could do," explained the doctor humbly.

The ship, with a lurch, listed sharply to starboard; a wave of icy water ran across the deck. The doctor turned to the hospital apprentice.

"Is your good arm strong enough to help me get him up on deck?" he questioned breathlessly.

The hospital apprentice nodded. Together they hoisted the engineer up the gangway ladder; together shoved the door out over the sloping side and watched it float away with its unconcious burden on the crest of a great wave; then, steadying themselves, looked for a loose spar or life-preserver.

Even as they turned, the ship, with a sharp upward swing of her stern, lifted it high in the air—then, like a great stone, plunged down through the icy water.

But the engineer officer, struggling slowly back to health in an English hospital, will never again during his lifetime hear the wind blow and the rain beat against the window without feeling a helpless sense of agonized humbleness deeper and keener than pain.

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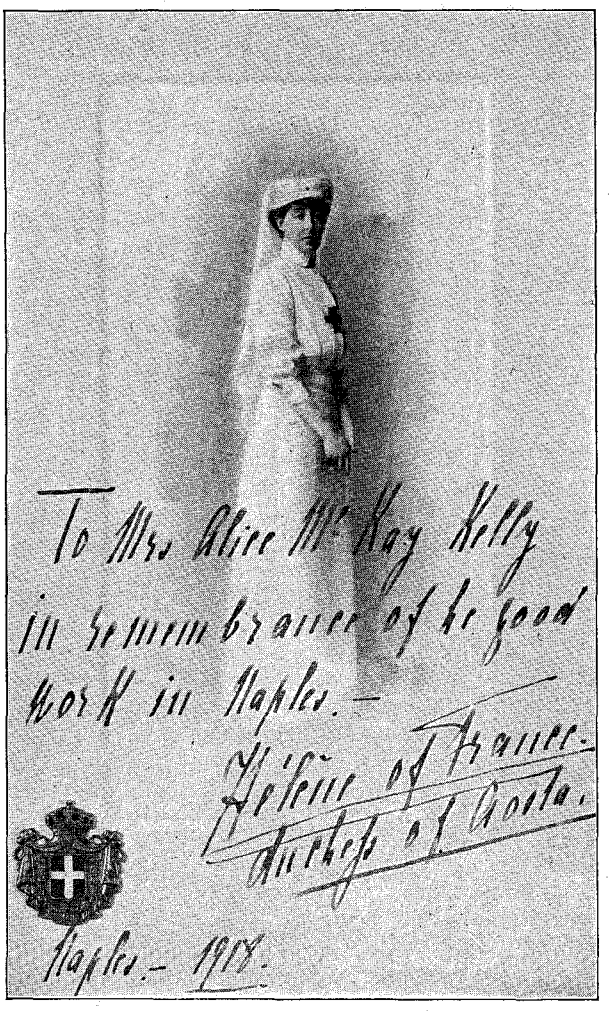

Hélène of France, Duchess of Aosta.

She had been right in the danger zone, working as a nurse at the head of the Italian Red Cross.—Page 472.

ITALY AND THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

By Alice McKay Kelly

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A YOUNG Italian woman, young in years only, for her grief-shadowed face had lost its youth, staggered into the American Red Cross headquarters in Naples one day last January. Her dark, heavy-lidded eyes, sunk deep above cheek-bones framing hollow cheeks, burned with a despair that might have been delirium. Her black hair hung in dull strings about her face. Her tattered garments fell apart, revealing a body worn and emaciated.

As I hurried forward to assist her she extended her fleshless arms and moaned

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"Signora! Signora! See! My arms were full. Now they are empty. I had three. Now I have none!"

Over and over again, this was the burden of her cry. It was only when her body and her spirit had been warmed by a bowl of hot broth and several slices of wholesome black bread that I succeeded in drawing from her the details of her sufferings. Her husband was at the front—somewhere in the line of the Piave. She had not seen him for nearly a year. Three months before, with her three babies—a boy of two and girls of three and four—she had been driven from her little cottage in northern Italy by the shells of the advancing Austrians. They had walked through the rain for days before reaching the cattle-cars, transformed for military purposes into troop-trains, which carried her and thousands like her from their devastated homes.

The train stopped at a wayside station to water the engine. Her children had not eaten for many hours, so she alighted in order to buy some goat's milk and bread from a vender on a knoll above the track. When she returned the train had pulled away, taking her children with it.

From the northernmost border of Italy to the extreme tip of the boot and across the straits into Sicily, the distracted mother had wandered—walking, riding on trains or on boats, begging a lift from passing vehicles, going without food and drink for days at a stretch, crying out in vain for her lost little ones. Desperate, depleted in mind and body, she had at last found her way to the American Red Cross.

"Oh, signora," she pleaded, bowing her face in her hands and swaying her racked body, "surely the Croce Rossa Americana, which can do everything, *will* find my babies for me." The American Red Cross is searching for her babies. It had not succeeded in its quest when I left Italy, but no stone will be left unturned until at least some word is unearthed for the sad little mother. She has been clothed and fed and sheltered, and is now working in one of the Red Cross laboratories in Naples.

This sorry tale was a medium of self-realization for me. Ever since the morning, last December, when the telephone rang in my home, and I was greeted with the surprising question, "Do you want to go to Italy for real service within a few days?" and I had followed that greeting down to the office of Mr. Robert P. Perkins, who had just been appointed American Red Cross commissioner for Italy, in order that I might tell him *why* it would not be possible for me to go at this time, and had left his office asking: "*When* do you wish me to start?" I had conjectured my ready acceptance of the invitation to become a member of the commission. I had previously refused the opportunity of going overseas, feeling that there was nothing I could do but what some other woman could do it far better. Then, too, I had arranged a lecture tour for the season, promising to allow nothing to disturb the programme. And yet this offer, coming as it did, like a bolt out of the blue, had seemed to take me, outside of my own will, from home, across the Atlantic to Paris, through France, into Italy and down into Naples.

Several nights as I lay in my steamer-chair, looking from the darkened deck out over the giant waves flashing ominously in the starlight, I had pondered my feeble resistance to this alien and impalpable power. Again in Paris, still slave to that exacting master of yesterday, personal comfort, the cold, in satirical whimsey, drove me to regretful memories of my household gods. In Rome my point of view underwent no noticeable change. It was for the distraught little profugha mother in Naples to teach me, through her need and the answer to it of the American Red Cross, that we are all—men, women, and nations—but instruments of a persistent truth, working its way through the black horror of war's illusions by a unified principle to a permanent good. It was this knowledge, remaining with me through all of the sad but purposeful days of my stay in Italy, when life passed before me as a grotesque pageantry evolved from the barbaric code of pan-Germanism, that translated the centre of my perplexities from myself to those whose plight demanded the Christian world's service. It was this transmutation which protected me against a physical breaking down before tragedies so tremendous they leave one helpless un-

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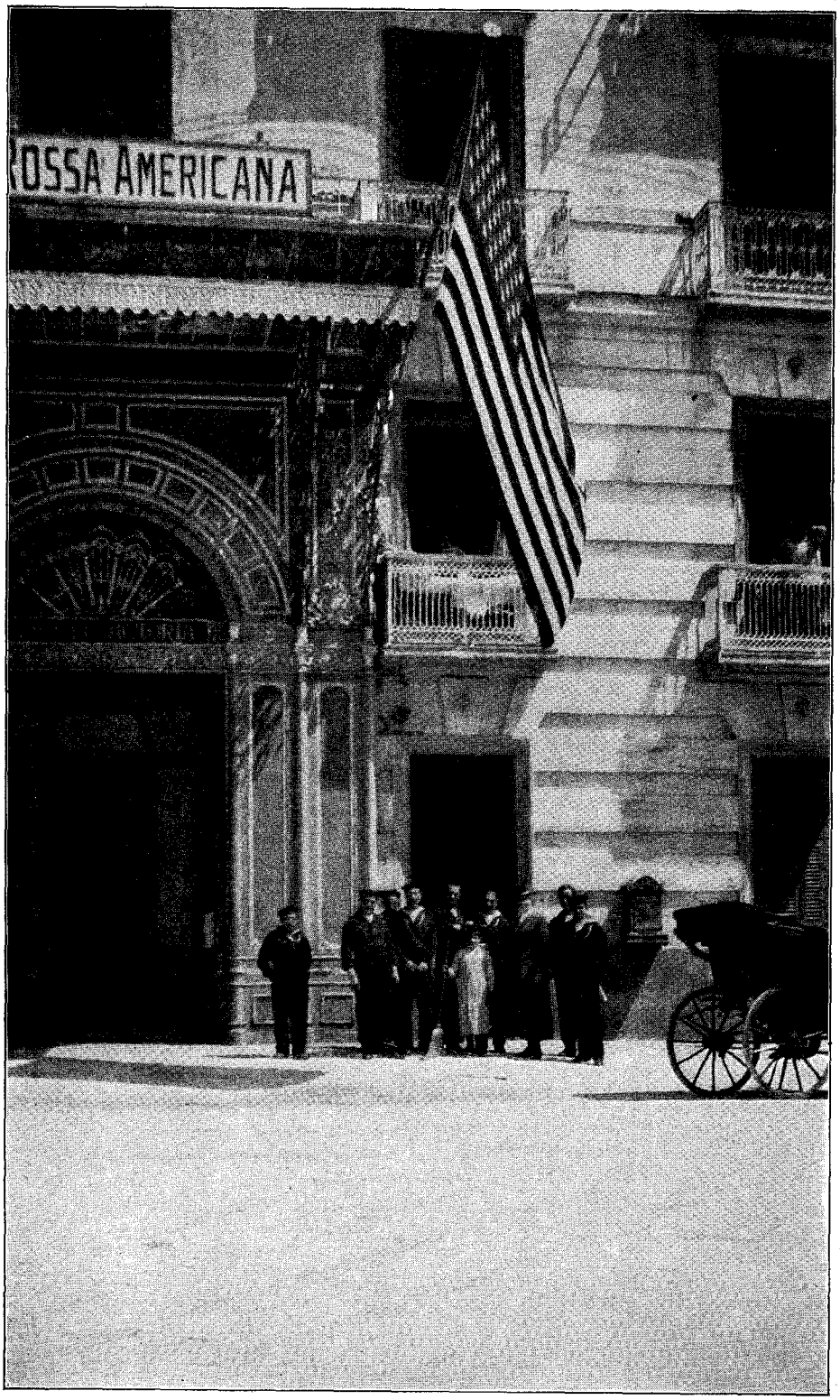

The Hotel Victoria was placed at our disposal by the Italian officials.—Page 464.

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less one is able to grasp and hold that "power outside ourselves which makes for fortitude as well as for righteousness." It was this renewed faith which whispered words of courage to be passed along to the stricken, giving them fresh courage to run their course with patience.

The bereft profugha was but one of countless thousands—old women, old men, young women, and children—who were separated from their loved ones, their homes, their possessions, and driven down from the north by the relentless enemy. Some came to escape the onslaught at the Piave. Others fled in terror from the towns where the ruthless Gotha pursued its diabolical night flights, dropping death to the innocent and the aged. Mothers, their babes at their breasts, came to seek food and shelter of the American Red Cross lest their little ones should perish of cold and hunger. Children of all ages, ragged and famished, with a haunting terror in their eyes, whose parents had been either killed or separated from them in the flight, wandered in, led by that Unseen Power to where mercy and shelter awaited them.

And the old couples! To me they were war's greatest tragedy. Many of them had worked side by side through years of joy and sorrow, accumulating a comfortable competency for their last years, only to be cast from the home they had builded, and out upon a strange highway with privation and misery as their companions. Groups of old women, their sons and grandsons at the front, carrying a few cherished belongings with them, came seeking and crying out for the "Croce Rossa Americana," and the American Red Cross answered them.

The men of the commission to Italy were drawn from the roster of America's well-known manufacturers, bankers, architects, lawyers, and doctors. They went over with one incentive, the desire to stand side by side with the people of Italy, helping them to bear their burden, uniting with them in a common cause and bringing to them the sympathy and support of the United States and of all patriotic Americans.

Upon the women, who included Miss Sylvia Coney, Miss Sara Shaw, Miss Sophie Foote, and myself, devolved the duty of starting nurses' homes and training-schools, canteens, laboratories, and distribution centres where the profughi and the families of the men at the front could receive shelter, clothes, food, and medical care, and where the soldiers themselves in passing through the cities on their way to and from the front would find warmth, nourishment, and comfort to speed them on their way.

Our days were filled to overflowing with difficult but no less exalting service, and never were we so busy but what our hearts responded to the misery that lay all about us. The only light shining through the darkness was the knowledge of America's victorious purpose and the inspiration of Italy's brave sons fighting on at the front. Tragedy after tragedy unfolded before us, and yet we always found a smile behind the tears, for the Italians are a resilient people. There were the three gentlewomen "grandma," "mama," and "daughter" who had fled Treviso, now occupied by the Austrians. The daughter had carried on her back in a basket, the entire way, bits of terra cotta and other sacred souvenirs of a bygone contentment. These they arranged deftly about the small though airy room which we were able to place at their disposal. And here all day long the old grandmother, her white hair gleaming like silver threads under her black lace cap, leaned over the balcony, an ineffable longing in her faded eyes, as her gaze projected itself beyond the blue hills of Sorrento, far away to the home she had left behind. In passing I always asked, "What are you thinking about to-day, grandma?"

Invariable was her answer: "When shall I see my home in Treviso. Signora, *when* am I going back?"

The devotion of these three to one another had its humor—the humor that strikes close to the border-line of pathos. "Daughter," who was at least fifty, was in constant fear that "mama" who was seventy, should hear something "upsetting," while "mama" was every whit as solicitous that "grandma," who confessed to ninety-two, should be kept from all disturbing news. As for "grandma"—her chief concern was comforting the "children," as she called them.

Then there was old Giuseppe Varischio,

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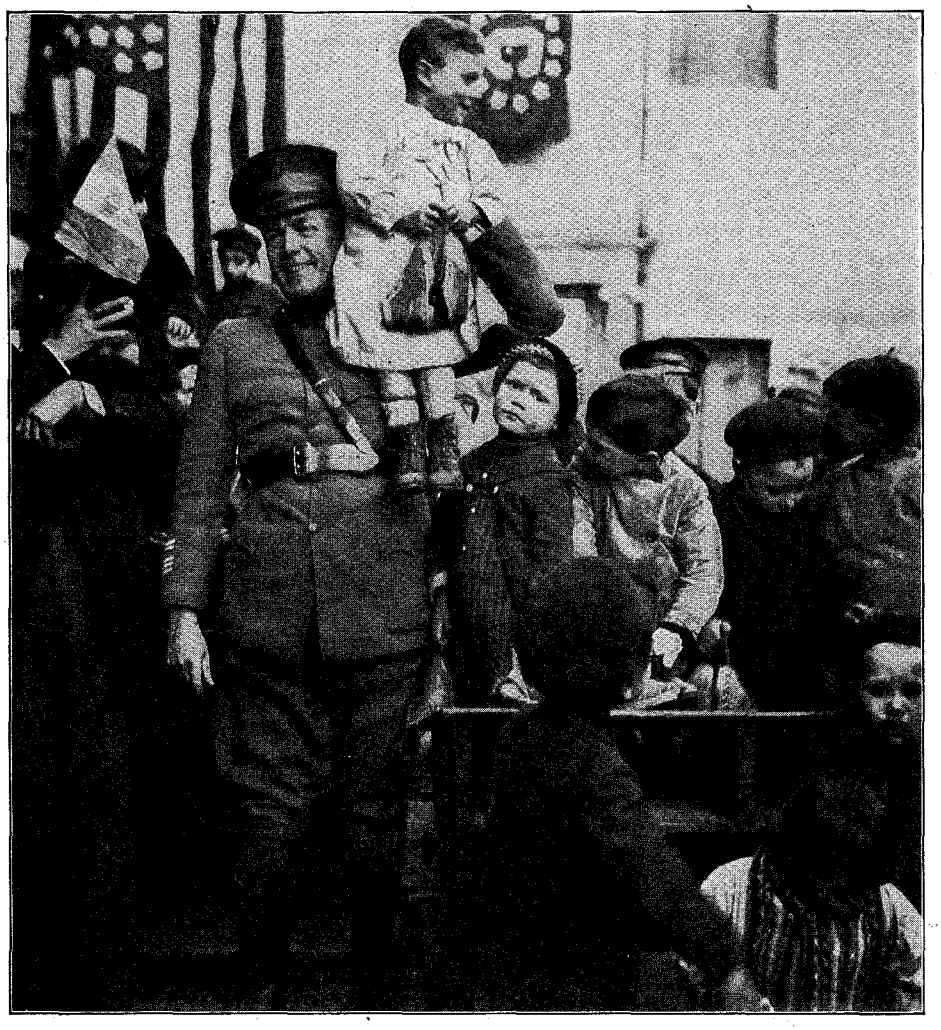
whose fear had bade him leave Venezia with his good wife. He was eighty-four. She was past seventy. The frantic crowd that pursued its way southward in the trains was too much for her fragile body. She was taken from the train as soon as it arrived in Naples and placed in a hospital, where her life was despaired of. We gave old Giuseppe a room in which there were two cots. Here, all day long, he looked out of the window, the tears streaming down his cheeks, or knelt by the cot, shaking with sobs as he smoothed the sheets and pillows, again and again calling his "moglie" to return. At last he was taken to the hospital to visit her. Their meeting was touching indeed, for theirs was the true love which passeth all misunderstanding.



Colonel Robert P. Perkins, chief of the American Red Cross Commission to Italy, with refugee children.

The profughi children, whose name was legion, became pre-eminent as disturbers of the city's and our own peace.—Page 466.

When we told him that she was to come home, he was overjoyed. He went about the room, murmuring in caressing tones "Cara mia! Cara mia!" while he stroked the coverlet and tenderly patted

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the pillow where she was to lie. She lived only a week. When she lay there dead, waiting for burial, he sat by her side, his old shoulders bowed with grief as he sobbed: "We left our beautiful vineyards and our home where we had been together for more than fifty years, to be with strangers. Why could I not go too?"

I can never forget him in his threadbare, but carefully brushed black suit, sitting there while the desolate hours went by, his head in his hands, rocking back and forth as he went over the days of their life together, calling her to come back, bemoaning the wreck which confronted him. Neither can I forget the magnificent spirit of Princess di Candriano, lady in waiting to the Queen Mother Margherita of Italy. Every day she had brought the old lady a broth which she had prepared herself. When she was told the news of the latter's death, she exclaimed, "Then there is still something for me to do," and there in that little room, this noble woman whose hands, before the war, had known none but dainty ways, rolled up her sleeves, bathed and prepared that poor, old refugee for burial. It is of such deeds that war's blood-red fibres are woven into the fabric of a newer and a truer democracy.

Housing the profughi was not the sinecure it might seem, as our charges were not, for the greater part, of the contadini class, who are contented so long as they have space to sleep and "pasta" (macaroni) to eat. Rather were they of the well-to-do and, in some few instances, of the nobility, whose comfort must be interpreted in larger terms. Their number was another perplexing problem, for they came down to southern Italy in hordes. In Naples alone they approximated 25,000. However, the way for immediate need was quickly made straight. The Hotel Victoria, a handsome, spacious building overlooking the Bay of Naples, capable of sheltering several hundreds, was placed at our disposal by the Italian officials, while convents and public buildings were opened as emergency homes.

Miss Sylvia Coney, a Columbia University graduate who had specialized in foods, made the work of feeding them her particular duty, putting her knowledge to good and quick account. In no time at all she accomplished what had, at first, appeared an impossibility. The profughi in the Hotel Victoria were fed abundantly. She adapted the foodstuffs brought over by the commission to the needs and methods of the Italian people, thereby precluding the depletion of the Italian markets by the demands that the Red Cross would otherwise have been forced to make upon them. Shops for the distribution of uncooked food, which included beans, rice, and salt meat, were organized. This was sold to the needy families at one-third of the regular market price, as it was deemed both wiser and kinder not to wound the sensibilities of these people, loath as they were to accept charity but keen to appreciate philanthropy. Their lack of funds was overcome by the establishment of laboratories or work-rooms where work was provided at wages sufficient to provide food for their families. These laboratories performed a double duty, for they also served to occupy the minds and hands of women who otherwise would have sat idle, bemoaning their fate and growing more helpless and hopeless from day to day.

We pursued this same policy, when possible, with the needy families of the fighting men, although it was sometimes necessary to give them food outright. Instead of giving them ready-made clothes, we furnished them with bundles of cut garments which they took home and made themselves. Opportunity was here afforded to weld further the bonds of sympathy between America and Italy and, at the same time, to strengthen the morale of the Italian army. Each bundle, whether of food or clothing, contained a postal card of the American and Italian flags entwined and surmounted by a laurel wreath encircling the insignia of the Red Cross. Above this were the words, "Croce Rossa Americana en Italia." Beneath was the inscription:

Con voi nella fede,
Per voi la nostra opera.

Which translated means:

With you, our faith,
For you, our work.

On these the families were asked to write to their men at the front telling of their

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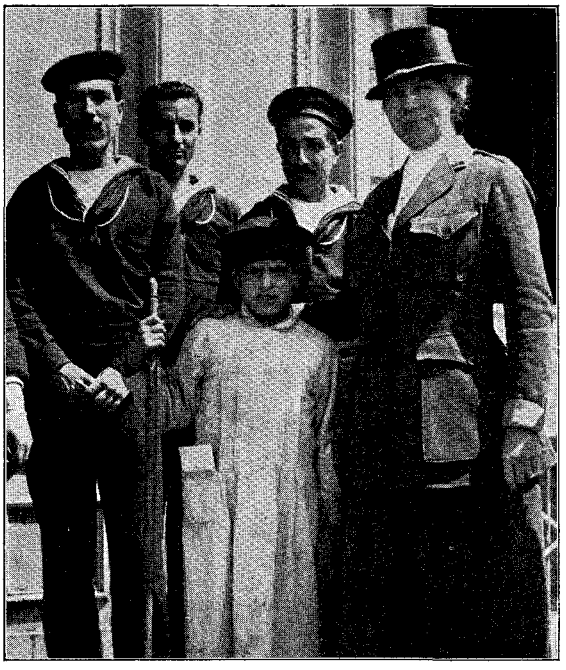
improved condition through the efforts of the American Red Cross.

Our ways and means were a continuous source of interest to them. None more so than our great American institution, the lima bean. None of them had ever seen lima beans before. We distributed these in small sacks, containing one kilo each. As they were necessarily dried, they were told how to soak them before cooking. One old woman rushed into headquarters the day after she had received her first sack, gesticulating and shouting gleefully:

"Signorina! Such beans! You are so big. America is so big. Her heart is so big. Her beans are so big!" The dear soul then explained that when she put the beans to soak they grew larger and larger until she thought they were going to burst, but, upon calling all the neighbors in to settle her dilemma, it was finally decided, as the beans did not burst, that they were just another example of America's giant soul.

The laboratories occupied a large room in the Hotel Victoria, being converted from the magnificent dining-room it had been in pre-war days into a model sewing room with fifty machines and other necessary equipment. Bolts of American materials were unpacked and the women were set to work making garments for the destitute dependants of the men at the front. In charge of the laboratory was Countess Piole-Caselli, whose husband is a major-general of the famous Bersaglieri. She was an American girl, Miss Mary Phelps, after whose grandmother the city of Vicksburg was named. The first day of our coming she had visited us exclaiming as she prepared to work: "I, too, must be a soldier! My service is right here!" Her work has been invaluable. Every day, rain or shine, she is there, supervising and directing and encouraging the hundred profughi who stitch away earning enough money to live on so that they will not have to accept what to them would have seemed an ignominious alms.



Mrs. Kelly, a group of Italian sailors, and Pasquali "Kelly."

The next day an apron was made to cover his nakedness, for the rags in which we found him certainly failed of that mission.—Page 466.

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About this time the profughi children, whose name was legion, became pre-eminent as disturbers of the city's and our own peace. Their nerves, overwrought because of the terror they had been through, sent them running pell-mell up and down stairs, here, there, and everywhere, into the streets, mingling with the traffic, or hanging over the sea-wall, in constant danger of being run over or of falling into the deep waters of the bay. Their mothers were in a constant state of distraction. As for us women of the American Red Cross, we seldom breathed at normal intervals when they were out of bed. The Montessori school was the happy thought that saved the day—and them.

Admiral Millo, the Italian admiral in command, always helpful and sympathetic, gave immediate and generous cooperation to the plan, giving an order that the tables and chairs for the school should be made by the sailors in the navy-yard. The Montessori outfit was donated by a wealthy Italian prince. Classes for children between two and six were conducted by a teacher, Signorina Sartori, who with her aged mother had fled from the north, and had found a refuge with the American Red Cross. Here the little ones were taught the service which drove fear from their hearts and put love back in its place once again. At noon they were served with a rich ministrone, an Italian soup made of beans and vegetables and a bit of meat, and slices of wholesome bread. After which they laid their little mattresses, provided for this occasion, on the floor and slept until half past three when they resumed their studies. At half past five they were given a supper of bread and milk and rice, the wholesome meals being prepared for them in a model kitchen by the girls and boys of the industrial school under the direction of a great-hearted Italian woman, herself a refugee.

Another profugha, who had been a teacher in the north, was placed in charge of the school for children over six. As I have already mentioned, industrial and academic classes were started for the older boys and girls.

To my mind the establishment of these schools will prove themselves one of America's greatest gifts to Italy, contributing as they are to the mental and physical preparedness for the rehabilitation and upbuilding of the nation which will be the tremendous task of the children of this generation.

No better testimony of this can be given than the boy Pasquali. One day, as I was walking down the street in Naples, there suddenly whirled before me, from a dark corner, one of the oddest bits of humanity I have ever seen. Stunted, ragged, emaciated, aged somewhere between ten and forty, he turned handsprings, alternately extending what appeared to be a very grimy, claw-like hand for alms.

"This must not be with the American Red Cross here," I remarked to my companion, and we immediately proceeded to bring the little creature to his feet. He was as grotesque as any character that ever graced a parade of horribles. He lifted his dirty, wizened little face and smiled, as he tried to wiggle away from us. We finally succeeded in getting him to Red Cross headquarters where a bath, a good meal, and a suit of sorts began his metamorphosis. The next day an apron was made to cover his nakedness, for the rags in which we found him certainly failed of that mission. At once he stationed himself outside of my office-door and insisted upon saluting every one who came in or went out. Calling him in, we asked him what he would like to do most of all.

He rubbed his head, as if considering a knotty problem, and, after a moment of hard thought, he replied that he wanted to go to school. Provided with a sailor suit, a cap, and his first pair of shoes and stockings, the next day he was placed in school, where he was to spend his mornings, the afternoons being devoted to earning a small sum by making himself generally useful about headquarters. At the end of the first week he brought me a paper on which he had written, spelling it out letter by letter, "Pasquali Kelly." As he presented me with it he informed me that, in future, Pasquali Kelly was his name. In less than six weeks that child, who for his twelve years of life had been practically parentless and homeless, getting his living in the streets by the soldi thrown him by a pitying crowd, could

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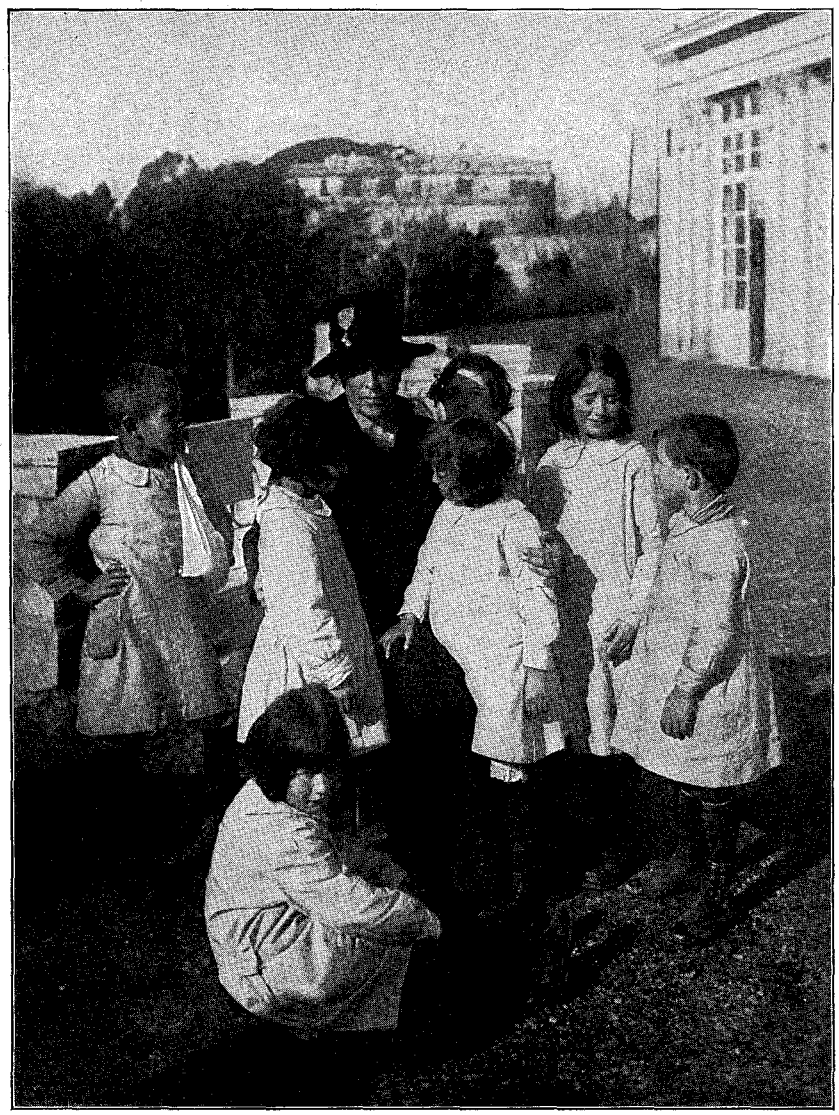
read and write—not fluently nor perfectly, but quite intelligently and legibly. He grew to be a useful adjunct to our forces, and it nearly broke his heart to be after the war, when the Red Cross returned to America, he must go on learning to be a good man so that he would be of use to his splendid country. His faith-



Miss Italia Garibaldi, surrounded by refugee children from Udine, in her children's home, which is run by the American Red Cross.

offered coppers for his services. Finally we instilled the American instinct for accumulating wealth into him by getting him a bank and explaining that by saving money he could buy an education. We impressed him with the knowledge that, fulness was pathetic. He called me his second mother, and when I told him I was going home for a while, he cried as if his heart would break. I talked with him and told him if he was a good boy maybe we could send him to the *Carracciola*, the

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American Red Cross canteen at Naples, showing Mrs. Davis, of Philadelphia, captain of a canteen shift, and a carabineri soldier who assisted in the canteen.

We were able to cheer thousands of brave men who have again shown their true mettle . . . in continuous victories over the Austrians.—Page 471.

ship where poor Italian boys are trained for the naval service. Payment for this must be guaranteed. I had hoped to persuade the commission to meet it. But this was not necessary, as Colonel Perkins gladly assumed personal responsibility for the boy. When he took up the matter with the director of the Naples district, he received the following letter in reply:

Naples, 8 June, 1918.

"COLONEL ROBERT PERKINS,
American Red Cross, Rome.

"MY DEAR COLONEL PERKINS,

"As I know that Mrs. Kelly intended to speak to you of a street waif whom she picked up two months ago, with the hope that the American Red Cross might be interested and instrumental in having him placed on the Training School Ship *Carracciola*, I beg to report that on yesterday the Baronessa Formosa received the request for this boy and we have to-day sent him for his medical examination. As I think he is hard as nails, this seems to be only a mild formality, and I think, beyond doubt, he will be accepted. The boy, therefore, will be kept on the *Carracciola* for the next five years, as a waif saved from the streets by the American Red Cross, the committee of the *Carracciola* declining any remuneration whatever, saying it is but a small appreciation which they wish to show to the American Red Cross in Naples for what has been accomplished by that organization here.

"Yours very sincerely,

"(Signed) CHARLES A. WILLIAMS,
"*Director Naples District.*"

The day I left Naples, something tugged at my side. I looked around and there was Pasquali, just shaking with sobs. Reaching down inside of his sailor blouse, he drew out a little bunch of faded flowers and gave them to me without a word.

This same faith and confidence in the

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Captain Davis (second from left), head of the administration of the American Red Cross, and companions, amid the wreckage caused by bombs in an air-raid.

A terrified, wondering, wandering population questioned an evil so constituted as to destroy the innocent.—Page 470.

American Red Cross as a symbol of her country's purpose in this war were an ever-present faculty of the Italian people. At times they reminded me of a lot of children who had been cruelly treated and who had suddenly found foster-parents whose kindness nullified past tortures. Never was this better brought home to me than on the occasion of the first bombardment of Naples by a huge Gotha. We had had a very full Saturday. With Pasquali Kelly as corporal of the day, and Professor Perret, the eminent American volcanologist, as our escort, we had taken sixty children on a boating-trip up the bay of Naples. Capri, where Tiberius betrayed his decadent trust by wanton bacchanals, was lying like a huge alligator in the distance. We went on past the palace where Lady Hamilton had lived in calm contentment before Lord Nelson had blazed her name upon history's page, and back again we sailed, the children raising their melodious treble in songs of old Italy, interspersing their lays with cries of "Viva America!" "Viva Croce Rossa Americana!" "Viva Wilson!" It was a strenuous task, this bringing sixty spontaneous, lively children to safety without so much as a spill overboard. And so when we arrived home I went to my room to take what I considered a well-earned rest. No sooner had I reached my room than a feeling of vague unrest took hold of me. And this with no apparent reason. I attempted to write a letter, but my mind refused to work consecutively, so I took up Poultney Bigelow's "Prussian Memories," and became absorbed in learning more about the Hun. But again that peculiar sinking within me bade me get up, about midnight, and look out of my window. Below me the west wind had whipped the waves into myriad incandescents that flashed their message to a sky pitch-black and strewn with a billion stars. Above Vesuvius the smoke had wreathed itself

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into a cloud whose burnished lining, turned outward, flung itself across the high horizon. Quiet reigned. Not a soul walked upon the streets. Even the sounds of the night were stilled. It was as if the whole world had suddenly changed from ways of war to those of peace. With reluctance I turned back to my bed, for the scene was too beautiful to close one's eyes upon. Again I tried to read and failed. A series of quick explosions brought me to my feet. One followed the other in quick succession. When I could be heard I called out to Miss Coney, who was in the next room.

"Old Vesuve is at it again," I said in the way of the Neapolitans. Not wanting to miss the glories of a night eruption, I hastened to the window. Quick needles of flame were shooting downward through the air, each one followed closely by an ear-splitting concussion. Then I knew that Naples was being bombarded, but I felt sure it was from the sea, for I did not dream that an airplane would sail clear across Italy for the sake of annoying an innocent townspeople.

Miss Coney and I slipped on our kimonos and, barefooted, slid through the halls and up the stairs to the fourth floor where Captain Charles A. Williams, our chief, had his apartments. By dint of persistent knocking we succeeded in doing what the bombardment had not been able to do—we awakened him. Extinguishing the lights, we all went out upon the balcony of his room which faced the bay. The noise of the bombs was terrific and the moments between were horrible with the screams of the panic-stricken populace that had, by an unsolvable psychological vagary, run helter-skelter into the streets. The air was black with smoke and the pungent odor of the high explosives told us that the bombs were falling at no comfortable distance from us. So we proceeded to dress completely and go at once to the Hotel Victoria, where we knew our profughi would be in great distress.

As we walked through the streets my personal centres seemed to be paralyzed not so much with fear as with concern for our charges. It was just that same unseen power asserting itself in an hour of wide need. It would not be truthful to say I was not afraid, as we, Miss Coney, Captain Williams, and I, hurried through the darkened streets and heard the appalling whir-r-r-r of the Gotha when an interval between the concussion of the bombs permitted. All sense of self seemed wrested from me and my thought was ruled by an altruism which was not my own. As we hurried along we looked for the Gotha, but the star-dust of the Italian skies absorbed its light. As suddenly as it came it went, leaving in its wake the cries of those who had felt the agony of the dragon's flaming tail. When we reached our poor profughi, they were running about, shrieking, tearing their hair, some of them praying, first to God, then to the Croce Rossa Americana, begging for mercy and for help. They could not understand why, after they had fled their homes to escape the terror of the beast, he should want to follow them to their place of shelter. And it was here that these simple souls showed their faith in America. Just a few tender words, a few pats of reassurance that it was all over, and they went mildly up the stairs to their beds.

Early the next morning we learned that the Little Sisters of the Poor, an order utterly unselfish, living from the voluntary contributions of the charitable, and devoting their time to the care of homeless old men, had been the greatest sufferers by the bombardment. So we paid them a visit. Eight of the inmates, all men over eighty, had been killed; several more were wounded. Many of the others had gone about picking up pieces of their dead companions and crying bitterly over them. A bomb had gone right through the convent from ceiling to cellar. Not a window was left in the place. Fragments of the bomb, of which I picked up a piece close to a shattered body, had fallen all around. One of the sisters, a sweet-faced, sad-eyed Australian woman, remarked to me through tears: "We have never harmed any one. I do not see why they wanted to hurt us." We were enabled to extend the first relief to these good women and their panicky charges.

All through the city it was the same—a terrified, wondering, wandering population questioned an evil so constituted as to destroy the innocent. The plane had accounted for eighteen dead and sixty

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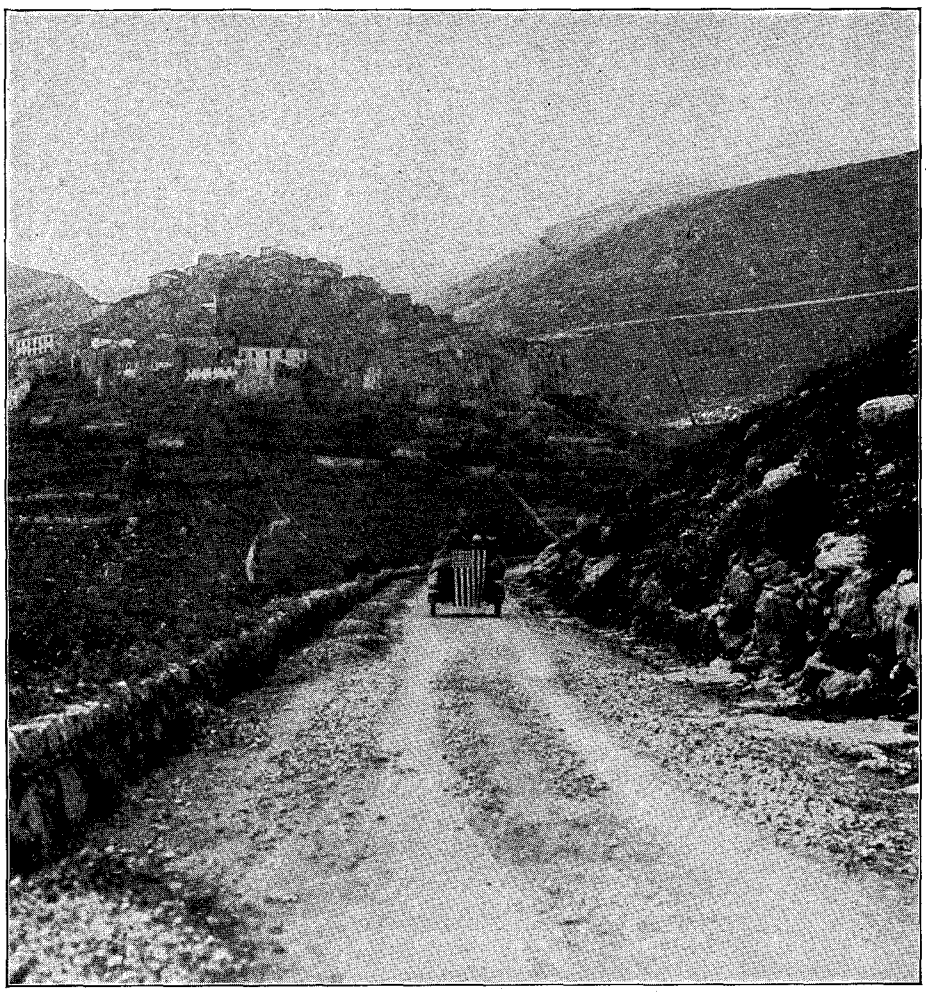
wounded, most of whom were either children or old folk.

Aside from the work among the profughi and the families of the soldiers, the American Red Cross opened canteens for the fighting men of Italy on their way to and from the front. With the co-operation of the generals and admirals in command, who furnished a corps of soldiers and sailors to assist us, and the aid of many of Italy's fine young women, members of distinguished families, we were able to cheer thousands of brave men who have again shown their true mettle and marvellous courage in continuous victories over the Austrians. It was astonishing to find how many of these gallant fighting lads have lived in America. They were one and all very proud of their English, no matter how meagre it was, and declared vociferously that, at war's end, they were going back to America. "Dope la guerra" (after the war!) was their grateful cry, as they sipped their hot coffee and bit into sandwiches made of tinned meat brought all the way from the land of their adoption.



American Red Cross car carrying supplies to a small town over the Pontine marshes.

I cannot end my story without a word about the magnificent spirit of the women of the Italian nobility. Indeed are they true exemplars of democracy—of that diviner understanding which makes of all

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men brothers. Early in the work there came to the Hotel Victoria a beautiful, tall, blue-eyed, white-haired woman—I was told her hair had turned white since Italy's entrance into the war. It was Hélène of France, the Duchess of Aosta. Truly as she stood there in the doorway, gentle, sorrowful, yet untouched in her heritage of grace and dignity, she was a lady of high degree.

The Duke of Aosta.

Her first words were: "I have just come down from the front and I have heard such wonderful things about the American Red Cross. I have come to see for myself." She had been right in the danger zone, working as a nurse at the head of the Italian Red Cross. She, with her own delicate hands, had washed the wounded soldiers, men who had been in the trenches for days without taking off their clothes. Often she held their torn limbs while the surgeons performed the office of amputation. She had done everything which the true woman, no matter how high her degree, should do in time of a world need. Her highest sense of duty was service rather than direction. With feeling she spoke of America, saying that among the happiest days of her life were those in which, travelling incognito, she had sailed through the Panama Canal, and had also visited several American cities.

A few days after her visit she called at headquarters in her automobile and invited me to go with her to the hospitals in which she was interested. It was an event for me to ride in an automobile, as H. R. H. the Duchess of Aosta was the only woman whom the laws of Naples permitted to ride in one. I visited with her the hospitals where she, at war's beginning, had gone into the operating-room to learn how to care for the sick and wounded. She told me of her two sons at the front, one of whom entered the war as

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a private. Her husband is in command of the Third Army at the present time. In the course of her eulogy of all things American, the Duchess said, "I wanted so much to send my sons to the Boston School of Technology, but—" and she shrugged her shoulders, not finishing the sentence.

"I thought," I ventured, "that a royal highness could do everything."

She smiled and shook her head sadly, answering: "That's it. Royal highnesses cannot do everything."

As she left me that day I thought how proud Italy must be of such a noble spirit.

The Duchess of Aosta is typical of the womanhood of Italy. The Princess d'Abro, ever since the first day of war, has been in charge of one of Italy's largest hospitals. Her aids and working nurses are Italian ladies ably assisted by their British and American sisters. Lady Haldan, an Englishwoman whose love of Italy and her children has bade her live there for many years, came often to help us in the distribution of food. Her daughter is the supervising nurse at the "Regina Elena" Italian Red Cross Hospital, where she has worked daily since the war began. Lady Haldan has lost two sons in the war.

Through tears, she said proudly: "I wish I had ten to give."

Signora d'Angelo (we called her the Angel), driven out from her beautiful home in Venice, herself a refugee, also offered her services to the American Red Cross. She came daily, dressed in a Red Cross uniform, nursing and comforting the poor unfortunates. Always she said to them: "You know I, too, am a profugha." The husband of this noble, self-sacrificing woman is a colonel fighting on the Albanian front.

This same understanding and gratitude toward America prevails throughout Italy. From north to south it rises like a pæan, skyward. To the Italians President Wilson is the "Deliverer." Their voices, all day long and far into the night, may be heard even in desolate places, resounding in shouts of "Viva Wilson, Viva America, Viva Croce Rossa Americana." On April 15 last, when Henry P. Davison, president of the American Red Cross, stood before a vast crowd in the San Carlo Theatre in Naples and addressed them, saying, "In all humility we come to stand beside the people of Italy, to work with them, to be their brothers," the people went wild. They shouted and threw their hats into the air. Over and over again, some of them with the tears rolling down their cheeks, raised that same cry which had become almost a national anthem, "Viva la Croce Rossa Americana."

My farewell to Italy was sad, for I had learned to love the country as well as every profughi, every soldier and sailor lad, every high Italian lady, with whom I had come in contact. Even the Arditi, who go over the top with a bomb in one hand, a gun in the other, and a knife between their teeth, had found an abiding place in my heart.

In Paris where I exchanged a few words with the commander of our forces, General John J. Pershing, this finer alignment of life was alluded to by him. He was so proud of his army. He was so pleased with the valor of the troops from the Middle West, whose fathers, some of them, he had known in boyhood. The hardy men of the West who know not fear, the gallant fighting men from the South and the East—all came in for their share of their commander's praise. In speaking of them he said: "The greatest thing about them is that, one and all, they have the right understanding of their country's ideals. Unity is their watchword. Unity *must* be the watchword of all of the men and women and children of America, for it is only in the unification of the principles which carry on this war that the oneness of its ideal and purpose can be achieved through an overwhelming victory."

All who come close to this war, and feel the burning throb of it, must experience the regeneration which is a nearer approach to our Maker. I had learned the meaning of the divine purpose, working underneath the chaos of this war-mad old world, that is fusing men and nations in indissoluble bonds of love and comradeship from which will arise a new world, one made pure by the fires of service and sacrifice. Defeat can never issue from such a crucible.

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BILL GREEN PUTS OUT TO SEA

By James B. Connolly
Author of "The Rakish Brigantine," "The Medicine Ship," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY N. C. WYETH

HE was a shoeless, raggedy street-boy, watching the life of Battery Park.

A policeman came along. The boy saw the blue trousers, the lower coat buttons. He looked higher. It was not his friend, the regular old policeman. It was a new, young, fresh one; and new policemen have to be handled right.

"A nawful lot doin' 'round here, ain't they?" said the boy.

"Yes, 'nd a nawful lot o' people who don't have to be doin' it," retorted the policeman.

"Me bein' one, I s'pose," said the boy, and moved on.

It was a clear, pleasant morning in June. The East River had an inviting look. He headed that way and bumped into another boy—a clean but not too clean, a good but not too good—a human, happy-looking boy.

"Ooh, Hiker!" said the other boy.

"Hulloh, Wallie!" responded the raggedy boy, and looked at the other boy with envy and liking. He often thought that if he had to be somebody else besides himself, he would like to be Wallie.

"Where bound, Hiker?"

"I dunno, but maybe to have a look in at the canallers."

"No school this morning—let me go, too, Hiker?"

"All right. But I was wonderin'——"

"Wonderin' what?"

"Where a fuhler could find a chew o' terbacker."

"I c'n fix that, Hiker."

Wallie's father was standing on the steps of his store when they reached there. "And where now?" asked Wallie's father.

"The canallers—some great fellows among the canallers, papa," said Wallie, and ran into the store.

Mr. Eels, the monitor of the neighborhood, was there also. He shook his head mournfully after Wallie. "Mr. Whelan, how can you let your son mix up with all those strange water-front characters? Imagine a boy being allowed to waste time with an old bum like Bill Green! Some of them"—he sniffed in Hiker's direction—"haven't even a second shirt to their backs."

Little wrinkles came to the corners of Mr. Whelan's eyes as he looked at Eels. "Maybe, Mr. Eels, if some of us were boys without a home we mightn't have even a first shirt to our backs."

Wallie came running from the store with the plug of chewing-tobacco. He passed it to Hiker, who promptly bit a corner off it, and then led Wallie to where, after stepping across the deck of an old brigantine, was a canal-boat.

Smoke was winding up out the canal-boat's stovepipe. Peeking down the cabin steps, the boys could see that Bill Green was boiling coffee. Eddie and Archie were also there—with their feet on the stove-rail.

"Ahoy! Aho-o-y below!" hailed Wallie.

Eddie looked up. "Ahoy yourself—come down!"

"Aho-o-y, Wallie!" said Archie.

And Bill: "Hulloh, Little Bosun—come on down, Wallie! Come on down, Hiker!"

With the kettle-cover in his hand, Bill was making a face into the kettle. "A real canaller's stove, anyway—all the heat shoots up the pipe," grunted Bill.

By and by the coffee was done. "Sit in," said Bill, and was going to pour when Archie stood up; Eddie also stood up. The pair of them peeked with troubled faces around the cabin.

"You two," said Bill, "look's if you wouldn't be too surprised if you don't see what you'd like to see. What's it?"

"Yes, what is it, Eddie? What is it, Archie?" asked Wallie.

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"Oh, nothin' much, Wallie. On'y I was thinkin'," said Eddie, "that if we had a few crackers now, they wouldn't go too bad with this coffee."

"Crackers?" piped Wallie. "I'll get some—wait!" and started up the cabin-steps.

"An' a little bolognie sossidge, Wallie!" sang out Eddie after him.

"An' a hunk o' cheese 'n' a taste o' butter, so long's you're goin'," yelled Archie.

"Aye, aye!" piped Wallie, and was gone.

Old Bill looked from Eddie to Archie, and from them to himself. "I know I'm a fakir," said Bill, "but you two—! An' he such a good kid!"

"Now Bill"—this was from Archie—"don't you know he needs to be gettin' 'quainted wi' the ways o' real people? Even if he's goin' to be a thousand mile away fr'm any Yeast or North River business when he grows up——"

And said Eddie: "Me an' Archie, William, we met his father up on South Street th' other mornin'. 'Does that lad o' mine bother you any?' asts his father. 'Bother?' I says, an' 'Bother?' Archie here says, an' we're goin' to tell him all about Wallie when he stops us, sayin': 'Just sort o' remember his mother and father wouldn't want to see any harm happen to him, will yuh, boys?' He's all right, Wallie's father. Slipped me 'n' Archie a coupla fine cigars apiece. Y' oughter smoked one, Bill."

Bill looked around. "Where is one?"—which stopped Eddie and Archie.

Hiker had to tell them about Mr. Eels, which caused Eddie to say: "Him? H-m!" and Eddie: "H-m, yes. Knows ev'rybody's business, old Eelsie."

"An' that's all he does know," added Bill. "But quiet—here's Wallie comin' back."

It was a fine large package that Wallie brought.

"My, but you're the Little Bosun!" said Bill.

"Ain't he!" exploded Eddie. "Let's see what we got here!"

"Yes, let's see now," chirped Archie, and emptied the package onto the table. "Water-crackers! I'm glad you got water-crackers, Wallie. I was thinkin' after you left how we forgot to mention water-crackers."

"Ah-h!"—Eddie was on the job, too. "My German bolognie sossidge! An' lookit, Archie—lookit! Cheese! Rocky Ford cheese—what d' y' know! An' butter! An' ras'berry jam! Who was it ordered ras'berry jam?"

"Nobody," explained Wallie. "But I thought——"

"It's all right, Wallie—it's all right." Eddie patted him on the shoulder. "I'll eat it myself if nobody else will. An' now here"—Eddie rushed over to pour out a cup of coffee for Wallie; but Bill got in his way.

"Wait, wait—who's cook here, anyway?" demanded Bill, and himself poured it, saying: "Here, Wallie, have yer coffee nice an' hot!"

"Thank you. M-m! it smells good, Mister Green." Wallie curled himself up on the floor and wagged his head over the fine coffee.

The process of eating induced conversation among the gang. Hiker told of the reflections of Mr. Eels in Wallie's father's store, which caused old Bill to reflect in turn.

"When a squash like Eelsie speaks o' me as a nold bum, maybe it's time f'r me to be puttin' out to sea agin," said Bill, and told them about the *Helen o' Troy*—how she'd put back into harbor the day before to bury their cook, who'd died off Sandy Hook, and lived in Harlem.

"I used to know him," explained Bill, "an' last night I goes up to see how he looked laid out. An' the first mate o' the *Helen* was there, and ast me why I didn't ship in his place, an' I said all right, how much advance? He paid me—five dollars."

"What'd yuh do wi' the five, Bill?" asked Archie.

"Well, I didn't save it to bring it aboard here. An' arter they bury him this mornin', I'm to meet him an' a few more o' the crew an' go aboard."

It came time, by and by, for Bill to be leaving for the *Helen o' Troy*. Wallie and Hiker walked along with him. They came to where a bunch of men were standing on a wharf. "Here's our cook now!" called out one. "Come on, Bill."

"So long, Hiker! 'Member me to yer

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father an' take care o' yourself, Wallie!" said Bill, and followed the others aboard a waiting tug.

The tug blew a whistle; a deck-hand cast loose the lines. There was nobody specially watching, and Hiker said softly: "What's the matter with takin' a run down the bay to see the *Helen?*" "Why not?" inquired Wallie, and when Hiker hopped onto the tug and into a closet with a lot of brooms and scrub-brushes and pots of paint and things, there was Wallie right with him.

The tug backed out into East River and kicked on past the Battery. By and by she stopped. Hiker peeked out. Wallie peeked out. "The *Helen o' Troy*—see, Hiker, the name on her bow!" breathed Wallie.

She was a little iron steamer, and while Bill and the others were climbing onto her stern from the bow of the tug, Hiker was thinking that he would like to have a look at her. He climbed onto her from the stern of the tug.

"The *Helen o' Troy!*" Hiker could hear Wallie breathing behind him—"and she sails the bounding main! Think of that, Hiker—we're aboard a ship that sails the bounding main! Here's an open hatch! What's down there, d' y' s'pose?"

The end of a ladder was sticking up from the hatch. Down the ladder slid Wallie. Hiker slid after him. It was dark down there, and while they were reaching around to find where they were and what was in the place, somebody up on deck pulled the ladder away.

"Hold on!" called Hiker; but they were in a far corner of the hold. The next second the hatches were slapped down and they were left in darkness. Next they heard a steam-engine of some kind going chu-chu chu-chu chu-chu-chu—and a chain rattling in.

"They're takin' in the yanchor," said Hiker.

"Woops!" shouted Wallie, "the *Helen o' Troy* is putting to sea! The tug will tow her a little way, won't she, Hiker? An' then we'll go up on deck and go back to the city in the tug?"

"They'll be no tug for her," said Hiker. "She's under her own steam." He began to pound the bulkhead and yell. But nobody heard him.

"Woops!" said Wallie. "We're stowaways, aren't we, Hiker—in the good ship *Helen o' Troy?*"

In another minute Hiker heard him crying softly. "It's father and mother," explained Wallie. "When I won't come home to-night they won't know I'm all right."

It was not only dark—it was a smelly—oh, smelly place. Wallie fell sick. "I s'pose I ought to expect to be sick, Hiker?" he asked after one of his convulsive heavings.

"If expectin' makes it easy, why o' course," assured Hiker.

Wallie fell asleep. Hiker, after a couple of chews, fell asleep. They slept and woke, slept and woke, slept and woke again. After a long time they now, half awake, heard somebody singing:

"In the deepest, darkest dungeons o' the deep, black sea,
Where the devil-fish buries their dead——"

A door in the farther corner opened; a man stood in the door. Another man stood behind him.

"The cook afore you, Cookie, always did like his little drop, an' I don't fancy you hate it," said the other man.

"Try me," said the man in the door. The other man passed him a flask with a screw-top, and went off. The singing man unscrewed the top of the flask and held it up against the light behind him. There were two good drinks left in it, and he smiled. It was then that Hiker saw who it was, and: "O Bill!" he called.

"O Mister Green!" cried Wallie.

They were feeling weak, but they made enough noise to stop Bill. He looked around.

"Bill!" called Hiker, and "O Mister Green!" cried Wallie.

Bill hauled down the bottle and softly he said: "When yuh begin to see ghosts or hear voices o' people far away, they say it's time to quit." He turned the flask upside down and let the stuff run out.

"Bill!" yelled Hiker then, and hustled over to him, with Wallie right behind. Bill looked down. He looked and looked.

"Hiker—Wallie!"

"We hid in the tug an' come aboard the *Helen* when nobody was lookin'," explained Hiker.

"Oh!" said Bill. "Oh!" He stared at the empty flask in his hand, and sighed;

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and said: "What a nawful mistake to make!" And then: "But I gotter break out a keg o' pickled herrin' for the capt'n's breakfast. I'll be back."

He took half a dozen salt herring from a small barrel and went off. He came back by and by with two cups of coffee, buttered bread, and some fried herring.

"I dunno how the capt'n's goin' to take the matter o' stowaways," said Bill. "But he hinted he liked tapioca, an' I'll fix 'im up a tapioca puddin' f'r dinner. Maybe it'll make him feel better; an' if it do, I'll sound 'im out. Stay here."

There was no other place to stay, so they stayed there until Bill brought dinner and the word that he was afraid the captain wasn't going to like stowaways.

"I'm sure he won't," said Bill, when he came later and sneaked them up a ladder to a place where there was a bunk with a mattress and a blanket.

"Sleeping in a bunk—a regular bunk aboard a real ship out to sea—don't it beat anything ashore, Hiker!" chirped Wallie.

"It sure beats sleepin' in a dry-goods box o' seckselsior in a cellar near Brooklyn Bridge," said Hiker.

It was Bill's own bunk in a little room off the galley, a cosey place where they tucked away, helping themselves to everything Bill cooked as fast as he cooked it. When there was nobody to see them they caught glimpses of the ocean from the galley-door. It was mostly green with little patches of white, and there was a fine fresh smell off it, until late in the afternoon, when it came smooth and black, with not so dry a smell.

Dark came; Wallie and Hiker got into their bunk; and lay there while the ocean rolled by outside—rolled, and choked, and coughed.

"The voice of the sea—listen, Hiker!" said Wallie.

Hiker listened. "The voice o' somebody with bronikle trouble, I'd say," said Hiker.

By and by the *Helen's* whistle began to blow. There was another whistle from somewhere else. The other whistle passed out of hearing. But their whistle kept on blowing. Woogh-woogh—it went every few minutes. They knew then it was fog.

They went off to sleep. The next thing they came out of their sleep with a bang! There was a bump, some men yelled, some more men yelled, and then—everybody shut up all at once.

"Better get inter yer clothes, Wallie," said Hiker. Except for a pair of patched pants Hiker had no clothes to get into. Hiker remembered the electric light in the galley. He switched it on, and as he did he saw the shapes of men without a word out of them go flying past the galley door.

"Look, look, Hiker!" called Wallie; but Hiker had already seen it—the water creeping in through the galley door.

Bill came swashing into them. It was up to Hiker's and Wallie's knees then. Bill looked around. He spied the whiskey-flask with the screw top upon a galley shelf.

Bill filled the flask under the galley faucet, screwed the top on right, and stuck it inside his shirt. While he was doing that Hiker remembered the two slices of bread and butter that Wallie and he were too full to eat going to bed. He put the buttered sides together and slipped them into his shirt.

"Don't let go my hand, either of yuh!" said Bill, and hanging onto Bill they went on deck. It was thick o' fog. Some forms of half-dressed men stuck out in the darkness like tombstones in a graveyard, and they heard others that they could not see calling to each other like ghosts. The water on the deck was up to the boys' waists.

Bill boosted them up onto the ship's rail. "Don't move from there, mind, till I come back to get yuh!"

He was gone; and the sea came up closer and closer.

About the time Hiker was wishing he would hurry Bill came back. The water on deck was then up to Bill's chest almost. He took Wallie on his shoulder, and, with Hiker swimming alongside, went to where a boat was made fast to a rail.

They got into the boat. Bill shoved an oar against the rail and away from the side of the *Helen* they went, and as they did the *Helen* rolled lower yet. They drifted away. Soon Bill said: "Hear her? There—she's gone!"

"A watery grave!" said Wallie. "A watery grave for the good ship *Helen o'*

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Troy! What happened to her, Mister Green?"

"A blasted steamer came sixteen or eighteen knots outer the fog and hit her a wallop and—passed on. Lucky we was forrid—they didn't see nobody come out of her aft."

A voice came out of the dark then. "That you, Cookie?"

"Sh-h—!" warned Bill to the boys.

"Cookie! O Cookie!"

Bill made no answer. Then they heard the sound of oars. Only for that it was terribly quiet. When they could hear the sound of oars no longer, Bill put out the oars in their boat and rowed softly the other way.

"You, mebbe, don't know, Wallie," said Bill, "but Hiker 'n me, we know what it means—a gang o' men with whiskey. An' a nopen boat makes it wuss."

All that night it stayed foggy and the sea near the boat was smooth and black as melted tar. Then the fog went and the smoothness from the water. Little white waves began to show and the boat to hop around. Hiker and Wallie fell sea-sick.

"And it is *real* sea-sickness, Mister Green!" said Wallie between heavings-up, as if he were proud of it.

"I dunno what else yuh c'd ketch out here, Wallie. 'Nd not what yuh'd call a genteel sickness, hah Hiker?" said Bill.

"Not with nothin' in y'ur stomach to heave up, it ain't," said Hiker.

His own remark reminded Hiker of the bread-and-butter sandwich. He took it out and was going to have a bite when he thought of Wallie. But Wallie said: "Thank you, but I couldn't, Hiker." Bill, who had been looking the other way for a ship, turned around.

"No, no," said Bill—"not yet"; and reaching over took the sandwich and put it inside his shirt.

The fresh sea air was making Hiker feel more and more hungry. He hauled out what was left of the plug of tobacco Wallie had given him and had a chew. Bill eyed it. Hiker passed it to him. Said Bill: "Smokin' makes yuh thirsty, they say, but I never heard 'bout chewin'." He had a chew and passed it back, saying: "Better go light on it, Hiker; an' no havin' a chew 'thout first showin' me."

Wallie began to get over his sea-sickness and to sit up. Bill dipped water in with his hands and washed Wallie's wrists and neck. "Keep yuh from gettin' thirsty, Wallie. You too, Hiker," said Bill. Hiker bathed his wrists and neck. Bill did, too.

Bill rowed a little. The sun went down. Bill watched it. "Fair weather," he said, "f'r tomorrer."

The darkness came, and the stars. Bill stopped rowing. Wallie looked up at the sky.

"The silver stars!" said Wallie. "We been wantin' a name for our ball-team, but I know now—we'll be the Silver Stars!"

By and by he slept; and Hiker slept; and Bill may have slept, though when Hiker woke in the morning he was right there, wide awake.

"One ship's light I saw—just one," said Bill. "But miles—miles away. One lonesome light in the night."

The sun came up. Bill studied it a while. "There's one thing yuh never had in the city, Hiker—yuh never got no last look at the sun goin' down at night, an' the first look at him comin' up in the mornin'."

"I'm willin' to swap all my first 'n' last looks at the sun out here for just one peek at him from Brooklyn Bridge," retorted Hiker.

"Me too, but there's times when we gotta kid ourselves along. We gotta kid Wallie along. Got any relations, you Hiker?"

"I got a nant in Brooklyn," said Hiker.

"H-m. An' if yuh never show up, will she worry?"

"She'll worry more if I do. I ain't seen her in a year."

"Well, I got relations—nieces 'n' nephews. But I gotta hunch they ain't braggin' to the neighbors 'bout me neither. I'm a nold loafer, Hiker. An' a nold bum. An' you're a young loafer, Hiker—not 's bad as me, 'cause you're young yet, an' bein' young excuses a lot. You 'n' me go an' you betcha there'll be no people weepin' over our corpses, nor visitin' our grave f'r the next few years, an' lookin' at our framed photos on some burer, an' maybe kneelin' down by a little white bed that they won't let nobody touch, an' sayin' prayers an' maybe

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cryin' a little when they think nobody is lookin'. None o' that f'r you 'n' me, hah, Hiker?"

"No. But they won't be any more fresh young cops either, always tellin' a fuhler to move on."

"It'd sure be tough if there was. But we're a coupla tough guys, you 'n' me, Hiker. An' we've gone without our eats 'n' sleeps many a time, an' can again; but Wallie there— D'y' get me, Hiker?"

"Whatever you say, Bill—it goes with me," said Hiker.

Wallie came awake and said his prayers. When he was through Hiker hauled out his tobacco and had a chew. Bill had a chew; and then: "Hiker, chewin' terbacker is eatin' 'n' drinkin' to me 'n' you. But I dunno 'bout Wallie, an' so—" He pulled out the bread-and-butter sandwich, cut out a square inch from it, and passed it to Wallie, who set it down on a seat.

Bill eyed the bread on the seat and then eyed Wallie. "I s'pose ev'ry craft afloat oughter have a capt'n?"

"Why surely."

"Then me bein' the oldest, I'm capt'n o' this craft an' I'll give the orders. Eat your ration o' bread 'n' butter when I give it to yuh, Little Bosun." He drew out the flask of water. It was still full, as Hiker noted. He unscrewed the top with care, filled and passed it to Wallie, who set that down on the seat also.

"What's wrong?" demanded Bill.

"You an' Hiker—where are yours?"

"You chew terbacker? No? All right. When you c'n chew a ration o' terbacker, Hiker an' me 'll take our ration o' bread 'n' water."

"I don't think I was meant to chew tobacco, Mister Green. I tried it once —with Hiker. It made me awful sick," said Wallie sadly. "But, Mister Green, you and Hiker——"

"Say, lookit here! Am I the capt'n or ain't I? Then no mutiny! Do as I tell yuh—hear? An' *when* I tell yuh—hear?"

Wallie took up his bread and ate it. He drank his allowance of water.

Bill screwed back the top of the flask and put it back in his bosom. "No capt'n that's any good 'll tollerate mutinizin'. Don't never forget that."

Wallie, his lips trembling, answered humbly: "But I meant no mutiny, Mister Green. I only meant——"

"God love yuh, boy!" said Bill. He reached over and drew Wallie's head to him. "Go ahead—cry away! Make off I'm yer daddy for a minute, an' cry all yuh wanter, Little Bosun!"

The sun was growing warm and bright; the green water had curly waves of white on it, but all little waves. The air was blowing a little, and the boat lifting up and down easily.

The sun mounted higher and grew warmer. Bill kept squinting up at it, and when he thought it was noontime roared out: "All hands lay aft f'r grog 'n' grub!" He cut a square inch of bread and butter, and poured out another screw-top of water for Wallie.

"Grog an' grub!" said Hiker softly, and had a chew of tobacco. Bill had a chew.

Piping all hands aft for grog and grub pleased Wallie. That was the shipshape way to do it. At sundown Bill piped all hands aft for grog and grub again, and he gave another inch square of his ration to Wallie, with a screw-top of water. Hiker had another chew of tobacco. And Bill.

It was cooler that night. Hiker came awake early. He felt shivery and hollow inside. He felt lonesome, too—till Bill came awake. And then Wallie. The sun rose like blood.

After his bread and water that morning Wallie lay down in the bottom of the boat. "I'm awful tired," he said.

Bill looked at him, and then, casually, at Hiker. Later, he eyed Hiker more closely. After another moment he filled the screw-top and passed it to Hiker who started to throw it down his throat. But his lips and tongue were like hot sponges —they soaked it in before ever it could reach his throat.

"How'd it go?" asked Bill.

"For one more, Bill, I'd jump twice off Brooklyn Bridge," said Hiker.

At noontime Wallie was still lying in the bottom of the boat. Bill gave him a screw-top of water before his bread and butter as well as afterward. He gave Hiker another screw-top of water. He had a chew himself, which made about two chews left. And there were perhaps two more screw-tops of water left.

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There was no piping aft for grog and grub at sunset that day; there were no rations issued of bread or water or tobacco. And when Wallie knelt he put in a special prayer for Hiker and Bill. "Amen," said Bill at the end; "Lord knows we need it."

They half-dozed through the night. Next morning came a clear day—a hot day.

Hiker saw Bill passing Wallie the last little piece of bread and Wallie trying hard to get it past his swelled-up lips and tongue. "Chew slow, Wallie," said Bill. "I have to," said Wallie feebly.

"Never mind, Little Bosun," said Bill, "a ship's goin' to pick us up afore long."

Bill had said that about four times each day since they had been cast adrift, and about forty times a day he had stood up and straddled two seats and scanned the sea, with Wallie's handkerchief all ready to wave. He stood up now; and he stood up again; and a dozen times more, and at last Hiker saw him wave.

"He's got tired standin' up there an' never doin' nothin'. An' I don't blame him," thought Hiker.

Bill was waving again. He looked funny to Hiker—like a man fading away. Wallie was fading away, too.

Hiker saw Wallie stand up and Bill grin down at him. "He's gone!" thought Hiker, "gone on top." Bill's face was all puffed out, and his eyes sunk in, and his lips full of cracks. Looking at him made Hiker put up his hands and pass them across his own lips.

"Jee!" murmured Hiker—"I feel as bad as Bill looks!" Hiker stood up then. He was wobbling, but held his feet.

"That's the stuff—come on, Hiker!" said Bill. From the size of Bill's swelled-out face and his mouth wide open, Bill should be roaring like a bull; but it was only in a whisper Hiker heard the words, and Bill's hands, reaching out to him, seemed a mile away. Bill's other hand was around Wallie's neck, holding him to his knee.

Hiker saw a boat, a boat a long way off, and not in the water at all but riding up in the air. "Pictures!" he thought; "we're through! Bill 'n' Wallie 'n' me—we're all done!"

Hiker saw them lift Wallie into the picture boat, and then a couple of men took him, Hiker, and lifted him in, too. They wanted to help Bill. He waved them away and stepped in himself.

The boat was rowed to a ship. Wallie was lifted over the side. The last thing Hiker heard as they lifted him and Wallie below, was:

"Be careful o' the two boys," said Bill. "But f'r me—get out yer deck-hose an' hook it onter yer fresh-water tanks, an' put the nozzle down my throat an' pump—pump—pump, yer sons o' guns, till I bust!"

When Hiker heard Bill talkin' natural like that, "This ain't no dream—this is a real ship," said Hiker to Wallie.

In two days they were at anchor in New York. They were landed at the Battery by request of Bill, who led the way across the park and up South Street.

Hiker saw a man sitting in Mr. Whelan's office, in Mr. Whelan's chair, with a newspaper on his knees. But he wasn't reading; he was staring through the window and toward the docks. Hiker had another look and saw that it was Mr. Whelan himself, only looking a lot older.

Mr. Whelan did not see Wallie first, Bill being in front. When he did, he said: "Wallie! O Wallie-boy, Wallie-boy!" And Wallie took a running long jump into his arms.

"Where did you go, Wallie?" asked Mr. Whelan, after perhaps five minutes.

Wallie told him. What Wallie forgot, Hiker put in. Mr. Whelan held Wallie tighter. "My little lad, my little lad!" he said, and kissed him; and stood up and drew Hiker to him, too.

He took Bill's hand. "As for you, Bill Green—as for you——"

At that moment Mr. Eels came up the store-steps. "As for me," said Bill, "I'm only a nold bum. Ev'rybody along the Yeast River knows I'm on'y a nold bum. An' Hiker here—he's on'y a young loafer. But—" Bill hesitated.

"But what? There's nothing on earth, Bill——"

Bill leaned nearer. "D' y' know, Mr. Whelan, there wasn't such a thing as a hand o' smokin' in that packet picked us up? If yuh had such a thing in the store—any good smokin', Mr. Whelan—For as God's listenin' to me, Mr. Whelan, I'm tired o' chewin'!"

"'N' me," said Hiker.

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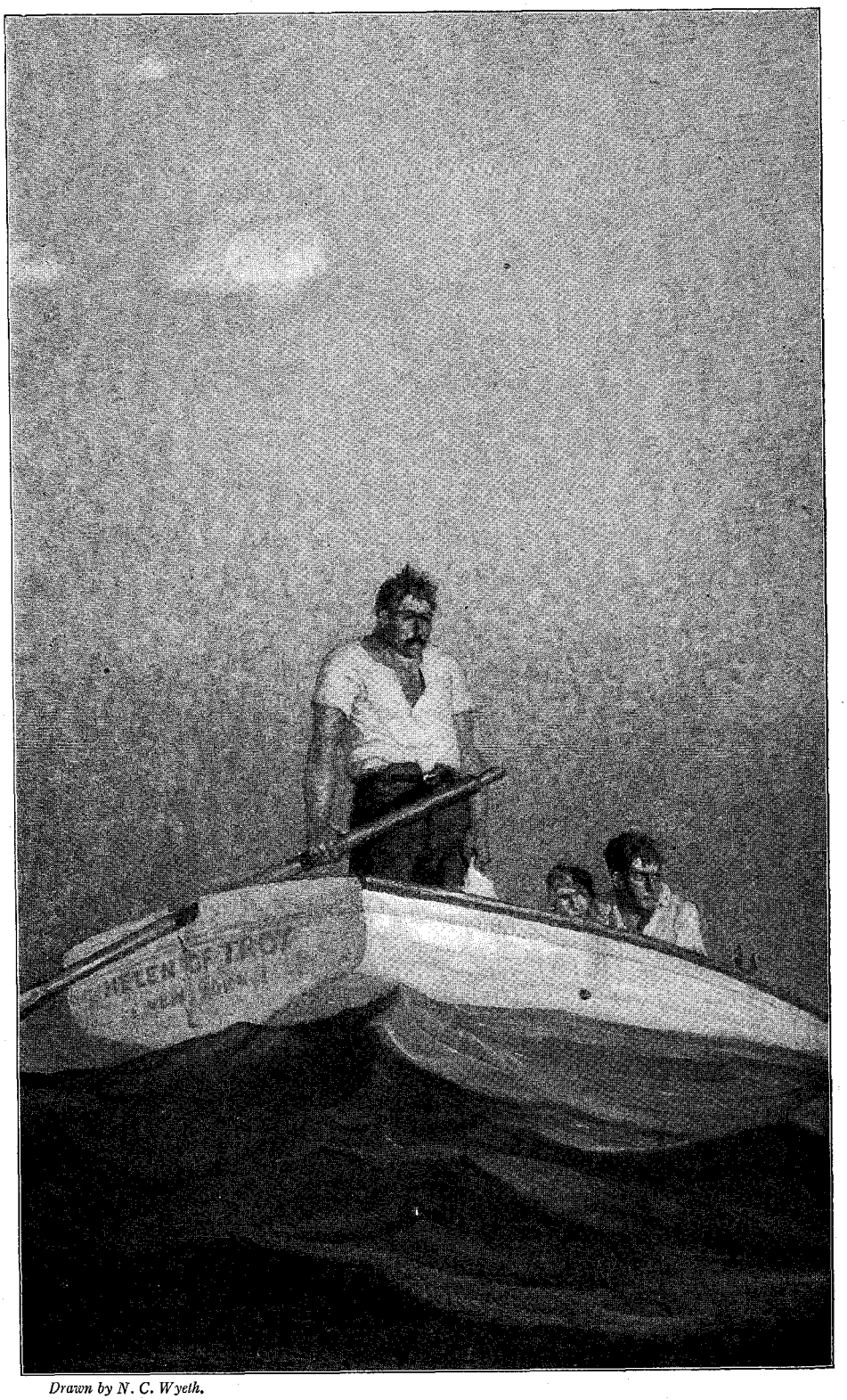

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

Next morning came a clear day—a hot day.—Page 480.

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MUSHROOMS

By William Addleman Ganoe
Captain, U. S. A.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIDNEY H. RIESENBERG

IT was not because there was no sight to see that the Lizard was leaning listlessly against the barrack building, looking at nothing at all. Miles of yellowish grass simmering under tropical heat-waves rolled gently toward the distant foot-hills, except where the side of a gulch thrust its red crest above the undulations. The tops of the Waianae Mountains cut jagged edges from the blue tulle of the Hawaiian sky, while here and there about the mists of the peaks clung scattered rainbows like fire-opals on green velvet. It was a scene the inquiring traveller has been accustomed to sail many a knot to view; but one about which this limp person, held upright by the rough boards of a temporary army shelter, was not caring a whit.

A screen door flapped and a corpulent soldier in a white apron appeared on the step. It was the company cook taking an afternoon respite from the kitchen heat. Upon catching sight of the Lizard his face lit up with a surprised grin.

"Nothing stirring these days, ole Fox?"

The Lizard scarcely nodded.

Apparently it was enough for the cook, who disappeared at once. Immediately there was the sound of shuffling feet, conversation, and laughter within. Then two soldiers, the kitchen police with towels and dishes in their hands, looked out of the window in contortions of suppressed mirth.

"Never seen him like that afore."

"Neither did I. Must 'a' got his'n this time, all right."

Few outside of his company or regiment knew how curious it was for the Lizard not to be on the move. He had always lived up to expectations in regard to his freckles, his wiry red hair, and his sinewy limbs. Energy was his synonym. The daily routine of drills and manœuvres that sweated his companions to the necessity of bunk-fatigue* were simple stings to his combustion, which flamed like a rocket when the day's work was done.

As a result, "The District"—that place of uncertain Malayo-Polynesian mixtures, where the children wear nothing and the grown-ups would wear nothing if they took anything off—had suffered extremely. For two years with almost uninterrupted regularity the Lizard had appeared there at the head of his more easily led colleagues, to the detriment of that mid-Pacific Bohemia. Woe betide the usurious Chinaman and the Kanaka cop! Mischievous Destiny was on the wing for them. Away tumbled the helmet of the proud native guardian of the law and the baskets of the wily Oriental, amid screams of Hawaiian belles in holokus† and pasty-faced Chinese ladies in pantaloons. There was not much real harm done, but to the Lizard's horde there was a luxury of intoxication about the response. The scheme of polite pillage brought wrath and missiles from the community at large and search and vengeance from the military authorities in general. Though many of his unfortunate compatriots had gone the way of the Summary Court, none had ever revealed the leadership of the attacks.

So from time to time the fascination of escape was added to the other elements of excitement, and the raids on "The District" came to be talked about and published in the newspapers to the inward satisfaction of the unknown bandit leader, who smiled complacently in his lair. His power and luck of scurrying into dangerous places, and of wiggling out and away with equal facility, had bestowed on him his sobriquet of Lizard. On the muster-rolls and in the family Bible his florid being was labelled John Taggerty.

* Soldier's siesta.
† Mother Hubbard worn by Hawaiian women.

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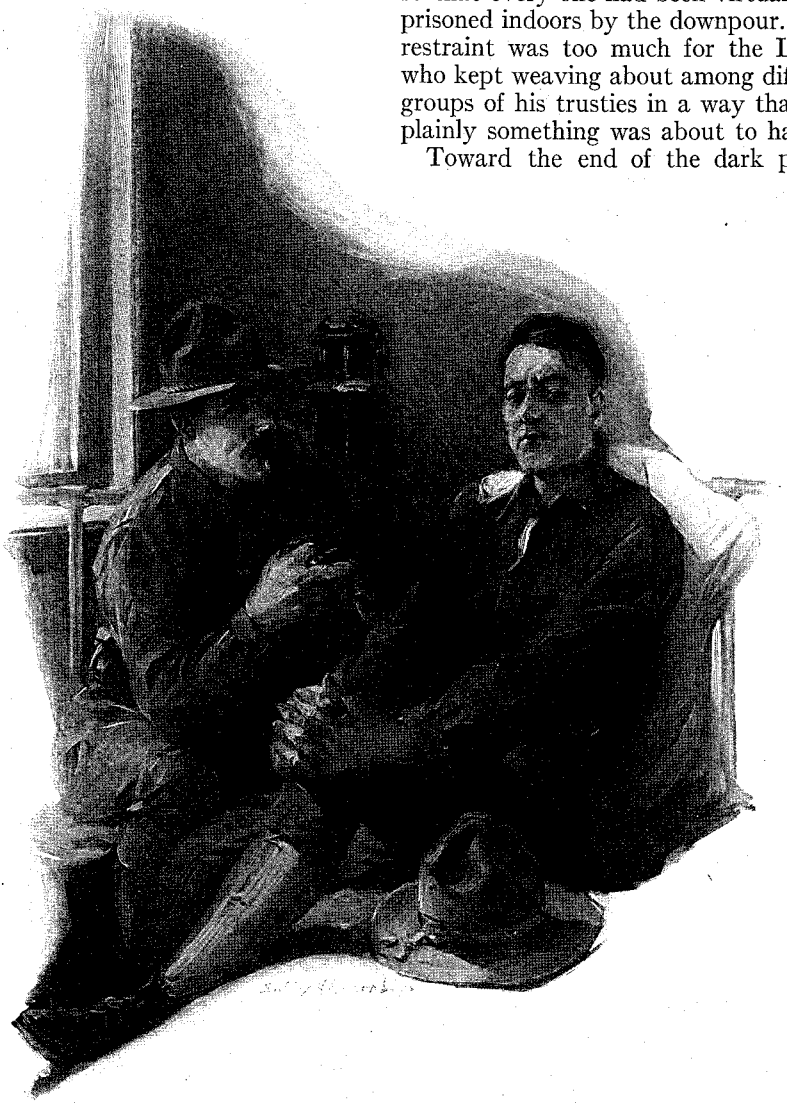
"In the field," away from civilization, where after an eighteen-mile march he could sing in the roaring rain and yell and hoot as he pounded tent-pegs into the squashy ground, he always found relief. There he could vent himself, reviving by his unquenchable spirits his more fagged comrades in arms. But the garrison to him was a pall—a place to think up something to do, without any opportunity of doing it. It was bad enough when the weather was fair, but for the last three weeks there had been nothing but kona,* so that every one had been virtually imprisoned indoors by the downpour. The restraint was too much for the Lizard, who kept weaving about among different groups of his trusties in a way that told plainly something was about to happen.

Toward the end of the dark period, when the winds seemed to be growing calm, the corporal of his squad, a tall, well-meaning Swede with huge arms and tiny imagination, beckoned him into a corner.



"Did you ever hear o' Colonel Spark, him that used to command the Twentieth in the States?"—Page 484.

* Hurricane of the South Seas.

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"Look-a-here, young soldier, you better be cuttin' out them districk fusses, believe me——"

"Say, who stepped on your foot?" The Lizard's blue eyes snapped at the onset.

"No one stepped on my foot, but I'm a-tellin' you now!"

"Hell, if you've got something heavy on your mind, you'd better be gettin' it off 'fore it hurts the little thing." And the Lizard plumped himself down on a near-by bunk, awaiting the advice he knew he must undergo.

"Look-a-here!" The corporal spat sagely through his teeth and gave the general indications of one about to commit narrative. "This here place ain't what it used to be. With old Tanglefoot in command, a fellah could throw a baseball into the bass horn at Retreat and never get nothin' for it. But *now* things is different. You gotta remember old Tanglefoot beat it two weeks ago, and we got another gineral in command o' this here outfit* and all the other outfits o' these here seven thousand gents in khaki. Do you clamber aboard now? Well, if you don't, believe me, somethin's comin' your way."

The corporal traced over the U. S. of the blanket with the mouthpiece of his pipe; but seeing that scorn sat on the face of the Lizard, he launched his main attack:

"Did you ever hear o' Colonel Spark, him that used to command the Twentieth in the States? You didn't? Well, I did, and I was in his outfit. Believe me!"

The corporal tapped the ashes out of his pipe against the quartermaster insignia on the end of the bunk and sneaked a glance from the corner of his eye at the Lizard, who gave evidence of silence.

"Well, when I was in the Twentieth, things was damned spry. A fellah had to polish everything from his soles to his lid, and then some. And, believe me, if he didn't, the mill† got him like that. I've seen that old cuss do everything but hang a man before Reveille, and I believe he'd do that out here if he thought he could get away with it. Onct I seen him run a cit‡ off the reservation with a sentry pokin' his bayonet into his coat tail every step, 'cause the poor dub had give him some back talk. Do you know what he went by in the Twentieth? They called him Particular Hell. Well, he landed here last week; that same colonel is now a gineral; and, believe me, it's goin' to be particular hell for the guy that gets caught at anything."

The corporal walked away carelessly hitchin' at his breeches without turning his head. When he reached the doorway, curiosity got the better of him and he looked back.

The Lizard was smiling.

That night the extra joy of evading Particular Hell had caused more expression than usual to be put into the invasion of "The District." Special secrecy and augmented numbers had executed a highly theatrical programme. Dropping Lou Chong from his balcony into his own vat of rain-water below had elicited cheers from the Far West and screams from the Far East. Enforcing two obese sons of Kamehameha to clad themselves in grass skirts and wiggle several cantos of the hula-hula, had gained applause from all.

It was an evening of joyful pandemonium for the Lizard—up to a certain point. As he rounded a corner, hotly pursued by flying beer-bottles, cocoanut husks, mango seeds, tin cans, and other forms of Oriental and alluvial deposit, he ran straight into the Provost Guard, commanded by an officer of whose platoon he was a member. To evade the guard would have been an easy trick, but to run from an officer whose recognizing glance was upon him would have been both foolhardy and perilous. The Lizard halted.

"Taggerty, what are you doing here?"

"Well, sir, if the lieutenant will allow me, I wish to thank him," gasped the Lizard with a smart salute.

"What is all this disturbance about? What have you been doing to these people?"

"The very thing, sir, I wish to tell. If the lieutenant will go over there" (the Lizard jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the place where the tide of reaction was rolling back over the invaders) "he will see what a chanct there is for the

* Military slang for regiment.
† Guard-house.
‡ Civilian.

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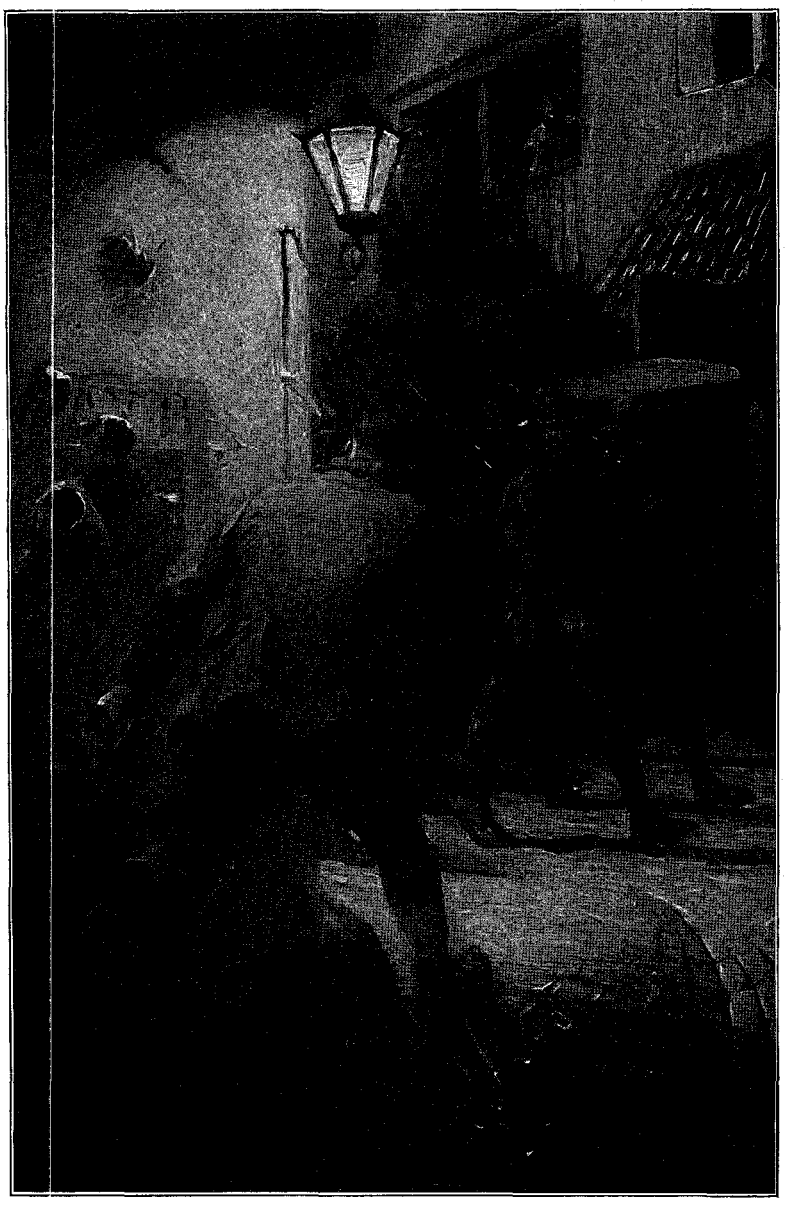

It was an evening of joyful pandemonium for the Lizard—up to a certain point.

soldier. They're all after him. If the lieutenant hadn't come right here and now, I dunno what might 'a' happened to me. As I was sayin', I want to thank the lieutenant; it was sure a good thing——"

"That will do, Taggerty, you go back to your quarters—" The Lizard stood poised, waiting for the words "in arrest" to be tacked on to the order, but the ones that followed were: "and stay there to-night."

The next morning had been a signal victory over the corporal, who was silent, merely working the corners of his mouth in rabbit fashion as much as to say: "If not this time, some other; they're sure to get you."

The Lizard was jubilant.

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In the afternoon the blow had fallen. Unfortunately, the lieutenant, whose manner had belied his suspicions, had questioned other persons the night before and had rendered a report accordingly. The first sergeant had summoned the Lizard speedily and had let the axe drop without warning.

"You was mixed up in the fracas last night and you was discovered. And now, Lizard, Taggerty, squirmer, hero of the underworld, whoever ye are, ye will report to the gineral at Post Headquarters to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock. Get that!"

The Lizard got it and withdrew to the exterior. His crushed spirit would not take him farther. That explains why he was leaning listlessly against the building looking at nothing. The hardships of punishment and the inquisition of Particular Hell were matters neither of relish nor moment to him. What *did* make his diaphragm quiver was the idea of being confined behind real bars of a real guard-house, a place he had always looked down upon from an elevation of pride and freedom.

He was aroused by the cook's calling to the mess sergeant: "They got him this time, all right."

"I'll have a last use of my legs on my own account," he thought to himself. "And maybe while I'm joggin' along I can rig up a story." So he plunged off toward the mountains.

He was heading for the Christy Trail, which dips down a thousand feet into Kaukonahua Gulch, and he had just come to the summit of a small fold in the otherwise level stretch, when he suddenly stopped.

"For the love o' Gawd, would you look at that!"

The cause of his surprise centred in the figure of a man beyond middle age, in boots, faded corduroys, and an old hunting-jacket, who was in the act of picking objects from the ground and depositing them in a little basket. What a civilian far from home so late in the afternoon could be obtaining from Hawaiian grass was more than the Lizard could decipher.

"For the love o' Lizzie, ole Socks, what are you pluckin'?"

When his curiosity got the better of him, the Lizard did not wait for visiting-cards. Receiving no reply to his tender salutation, he circled around to get a better view of what was happening. The old man at that moment was grasping between his thumb and forefinger a small mushroom button.

"Well, I'll be damned," ejaculated the Lizard, "mud-pops!"

The gleaner, arising, surveyed the interloper witheringly; but upon beholding white teeth shining out from a smile of good humor in bronze, his face softened a little and finally gave way to a knowing twinkle of the eye.

The Lizard tried to look into the basket. "How many you got?"

On the bottom lay not more than a dozen mushrooms in pathetic loneliness.

"How long you been here?"

"About an hour and a half," faintly put forth the civilian, repressing a quizzical smile.

"For the love o' Gawd," snorted the Lizard, "gimme that basket!" And before the dazed wanderer could say Jack Robinson he had jerked the receptacle away and was off like a deer, leaving him of the old hunting-jacket alone in the middle of the treeless Hawaiian valley.

In a depression that had previously been a pasture and was now damp with the recent rains, the Lizard nimbly collected enough of the snowy food to make a "mess" for any household.

When he returned, the old man was kicking the tufts of grass about and examining them. "That's a fine lot you've gathered," said he, as the Lizard approached. "But let's look at them"; and he began to fumble through the collection, repeating each time he let one fall: "Edible—edible—edible——"

Although the Lizard could not translate, he comprehended.

"Eat 'em, you mean? Say, grandpa, d'you 'spose I don't know a real eatin' mud-pop when I see it! Look-a-here!" With a swift dive into the basket he grabbed one of the largest umbrella-like ones, and with all the assurance of a street faker began to demonstrate. "You see, you peel the top like that. See how she slips back like tishy paper from a box o' candy. Then you look underneath at

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that there red color; never was anything like that brand o' red. You squush the stem in your fingers; ain't no toadstool squushes that tender. And then you

old Socks" (in his eagerness he grasped his audience by the arm), "they was a guy used to come to my grandad's farm every year; wore goggles, you know, the size o'

The Lizard tried to look into the basket. "How many you got?"—Page 486.

smell 'em; that's the thing that counts. None o' them pizen things smells like that. When you've gone out and picked a few million, doin' them tests all the time, why, after while they just naturally comes up to you and eats out o' your hand, the toadstools sittin' offish-like by theirselves. And then you don't need to do any o' this here peelin' and smellin' and crushin'; you just know 'em, that's all. Why, say,

field-glasses. Him and me used to go out in the mornin's 'fore other folks was up. Say, did we get 'em? Why, if I had a dollar fur every derned one o' them cussed dew posies I picked, me sho-fur 'ud be passin' you by on the lonely road givin' you the sad honk. Get me?" And here he chucked his startled auditor in the ribs. "Eat 'em? I should say you could eat 'em, with the same feelin' o' home and

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happiness you could take warm milk from the old Jersey cow. You jus' take 'em home, bile 'em and eat 'em, and don't you worry, pop."

During the harangue a puzzled expression was wrinkling the brows of the old man. Overcome by the onslaught, he meekly sighed: "I am certainly indebted to you for having gathered me so many; but won't you have some?"

"Say, grandpa, if I'd take them things down to the cook, I might as well cash in. Say, you sure never was no soldier. I'd just as leave hand him fishin'-worms to fry as them mud-pops. The butcher-knife for me! Onct they was a fellah slung him some o' these here artychokes, you know. Well, the cook he allowed as how he wasn't going to boil no pond-lilies, and with that he heaved a cleaver at the poor bloke and laid him up in the hospital for two months. No, sir, you just take the whole works home and get on the outside of 'em."

"Well, I thank you— Let's see; what's your name?"

"Taggerty—Private Taggerty, Company C, —th Infantry; and any time you want mud-pops you call on me, see? I invented 'em."

"I may take you up on your offer sooner than you think. Could you show me to-morrow where you got these?"

It was the Lizard's turn to look grave. "I most forgot. You see, I'll probally be in the mill to-morrow. I might as well tell you—I'm the guy that's been leadin' this here devilment in the District. Times is awful slow here, and there's nothin' to do but look wise, and I ain't much on this here intellectyull stuff. Out here in the middle o' the Pacific, after your work's done there ain't nothin' to do like back in the States. Well, as luck 'ud have it they caught me, and to-morrow I get mine. But say, old Socks, I got a story that'll fool 'em. They sure never can give me much. This old gink, the gineral, him they call Particular Hell, well, just take it from me when I meet him to-morrow he's got to be some Sherlock to tie up my ball o' yarn. Say, it 'ud make the angels weep. It's a sweet tale, with all the gestures like in 'East Lynne.' Hugh-ugh! he can't give me much." And the Lizard's face brightened with hope again. "Say, maybe I'll see you to-morrow, after all."

"Maybe," echoed he of the plentiful basket.

"So long!"

"Good-by, my man!"

And they parted.

"Private John Taggerty, Company C, —th Infantry."

An aide-de-camp appeared at the door of the outer office of Post Headquarters precisely at two o'clock on the following day, and with death-like solemnity made the above announcement. The Lizard, starched to the ears, leggins piped, shoes mirrored, and freckles shining with recent soap, sprang from the chair on which he had been restlessly waiting, and saluted.

"Follow me," ordered the officer, and the Lizard followed through room after room of clicking typewriters and complacent clerks. Because the stillness grew more intense as they proceeded, he felt assured he was nearing the holy of holies, where sat enthroned Particular Hell. But what cared he? Inside his neat exterior he had his story well worked out, and as he approached the catechism, the fire of fight warmed him to his purpose.

He finally found himself confidently standing in the presence of the general. That dignitary was busily engaged in writing, his head bent over the pages of his work; and he did not look up at the announcement of the visitor. Presently he lifted his eyes, and starting his scrutiny at the toes of the Lizard, and carrying it slowly past leggins, breeches, and blouse, finally rested it piercingly on the face of his stricken victim. Over the countenance of that individual had passed an awful change. All the smug self-confidence had wilted and crumpled. There behind the desk were the same shaggy brows, gray hair, and black eyes; but the old hunting-jacket was replaced by an immaculate white coat, on each shoulder of which glistened a silver star. How should the Lizard have known that the general's hobby was fungus of all sorts, that he had written articles upon that botanical subject and was in a sense an authority! The corporal had left out of his description the fact that his former colonel might have been seen prowling about the hills at

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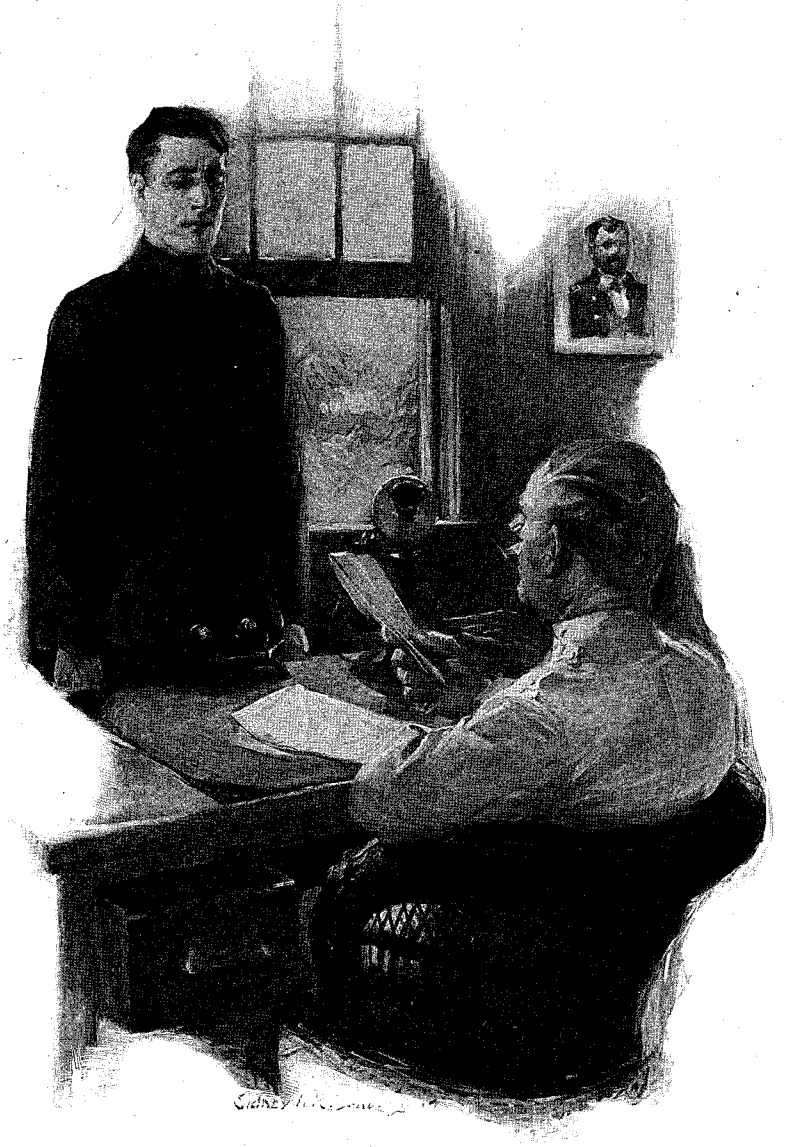
all hours and in any uniform in search of specimens.

The general, instead of launching upon the expected tirade, put his head down again and went on quietly writing.



"I have here some very grievous charges against you."—Page 490.

The Lizard was compelled, of course, to stand silently at the position of attention until addressed. He could feel the drops of perspiration running down inside his leggins and trickling along the small of his back. He thought of the calamity written on certain faces back home when the little old hamlet heard the news of his being in the guard-house, and of how he could no more hold up his head among the short-timers* and declare with a swagger that he had never been in the mill. He

* Soldiers of short service.

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heard his counsel defending him against a drowsy court that had already made up its mind. Several sparrows in the eaves outside were chirping and he envied them. He pictured himself with the other prisoners awaiting his sentence, and working all the while on the loathsome task of hauling garbage, with the corporal occasionally passing him on the road taunting him with an "I told you so."

The latter thought made him stiffen. "What's the use?" he said to himself. "I'll get through with it and begin over. Other fellows have done it, and I guess I can." The old impulse of putting his shoulder to the wheel came back to him, and he had settled his mind to the worst, when the general put his pen down on the blotter, leaned back in his chair, and looked the Lizard in the eye.

That crestfallen culprit then understood the classification, Particular Hell; for he was met with such a look of trenchant inspection that his nervous system was cleft from head to foot. The perspiration began to be a deluge. He had never fainted in his life, but the room seemed to be rocking, the windows seesawing, and the world of substance floating out from under him. In the midst of his careening senses he heard a voice intone "Taggerty," and by a vigorous effort he pulled himself upright and stood once more perpendicular to the floor.

The general was saying: "I have here some very grievous charges against you —I am inclined to think you know something of the contents of these papers, which were handed me by a lieutenant of your organization." Again he paused, toying with the documents, while a distant typewriter and a near-by clock vied with each other in loud ticks through several eternities.

"Let me see, Taggerty, if I remember correctly you have a story, a very picturesque story with a dash of local color in it, perhaps. I am very fond of good stories. It is possible you would like to relate yours now."

The Lizard tried to speak, but nothing vocal came forth.

"I wish to impress upon you, sir," the general went on, changing his manner to that of cold directness, "the seriousness of this testimony against you. You could be tried in a civilian court for disturbing the peace. From a court martial you could receive as great a sentence as, let me see" (he reached over to a revolving bookcase and, after wheeling it about in no great hurry, selected a small black book), "you could receive as much as—let me see—as much as dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and confinement at hard labor for three months."

He turned in his swivel-chair and looked out of the window. For some time he was lost in contemplation.

Suddenly he wheeled about and faced the victim. "Do you know anything about horses?"

The Lizard was nonplussed, but managed to stammer out something about having been brought up with them.

"That being the case," the general continued, "I have made up my mind. What you need is employment and plenty of it. To-morrow morning at seven o'clock you will report to me at my quarters as my personal orderly. The order detailing you on such duty will be published at once. That will do."

The Lizard reeled out of the office like one who has just been grazed by the limited express. But he reported the *next* morning, and *many* mornings. "In fact there was not one split second all day long," he shortly after confided to one of his former companions, "when the general didn't have something for me to do or read. For the first time in my life I was glad to go to bed at night."

Three years the Lizard toiled. When his taskmaster at the end of that period departed to a home station in the States, he went back to "straight duty" with his company. In his pocket he carried a brief but pointed letter of commendation. Two weeks after his return he was promoted to the grade of corporal.

The name of Lizard, under the usual treatment of soldiers, soon transformed itself into Wizard.

Those of his time yet tell how his rise was the quickest of any on record, but "Top" Sergeant Taggerty smiles vaguely whenever the subject is mentioned and says it was like a mud-pop.

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A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XXXI

THE END OF A JOURNEY

IN the city from which Susan Herkimer ran away there is a large area which is wind-swept in winter and assaulted by the blistering sun in summer; where scores of railroad tracks lie side by side, and where many men and tremendous forces are in action throughout the entire twenty-four hours of every day. That area is known as the railroad yards.

In winter trains coming into the yards from the north bear testimony to their travels in the form of heaps of snow on their roofs; and these come to stand side by side with other cars, without reminders of winter, which have threaded their way into the city from the south.

In summer the heat dances on steel and cinders, and men in jumpers and overalls all but perish under the searching eye of the sun. And always there is the movement of colored automatic signal-lights, and the noise of locomotives starting with their loads, or the waning of steam voices when the journey is done, and of bells and whistles in a fierce, endless symphony.

To this place, on a summer evening when the wind blew fairly cool, a freight-train entered, by the usual process of many backward and forward movements and countless jolts and bumps, before the allotted track was reached. And when at last the long line of cars came to a standstill, and the locomotive had puffed and jangled away to some region especially its own, the side door of one of the ochre-colored cars was pushed open, and a much-begrimed man looked out.

Then he turned toward the interior of the car and spoke: "Here's where we get off," he said. By a heroic effort he made his tone whimsical, even humorous.

A woman with her hair escaping from its fastenings and her dress dripping cinders and dust like water, appeared at his side.

After the long day of heat and confusion and weariness, throughout the larger part of which there had been no opportunity to escape from their car, Mann and Susan had reached the end of their journey.

During the late afternoon Mann had been studying a thousand aspects—of topography, of painted legends here and there, or architecture; and he knew that he and his companion were returning to the city where Susan longed to be again. They had been without food or drink during the long summer day, and the rough motion of the car had been a great trial to Susan; but now another phase of their troubles was ended.

Mann climbed stiffly down to the cindered earth and looked alertly up and down the tracks to be sure that yardmen or train-crews were nowhere about. Then he extended his arms toward Susan.

With his aid she sprang to the ground; and when he released her he greeted her cheerfully: "Welcome to our city!"

"What city?" questioned Susan. He had not told her.

"I think you ought to be satisfied with any city, after what you've gone through. Look about you and see if you can't tell where you are."

Susan looked at him eagerly. "It can't be—" she began. "Of course not. I'm sure I've come a thousand miles, at least."

"No, we haven't. Freight-trains don't move that fast. As the crow flies we've come less than a hundred miles, though of course we didn't come in a regular crow-like manner."

Susan lifted her eyes to the horizon. "Oh," she complained, "I'm all turned

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around! But that looks like the big shot-tower"—she pointed—"and that looks like the cross on St. John's, and that ought to be the Union Station. Only, they're all in the wrong direction."

"They'll seem to you in the right direction after a while," Mann assured her. "Yes, we're home."

She stood for an instant, trying to get her bearings. It seemed almost too good to be true that in one day's time she had covered a distance which had seemed almost interminable when she was running away.

"You know they'd say we have no business here in the yards," said Mann. "We might be arrested—even though we're not in the country." He smiled faintly. "Come, let's get out."

By a devious route which was not without its dangers he led her over rails and around cars until they were under an immense concrete viaduct, over which the evening procession of vehicles and street-cars and pedestrians was passing. By a workmen's path they ascended a steep bank near the end of the viaduct; and then there was an iron fence to surmount—and then they were on a public thoroughfare, surrounded by scores of hurrying people, most of whom did not notice them at all, while only a few cast in their direction mildly curious glances.

Susan's eyes were soft with gratitude when she looked up at her companion. "Isn't it a blessed thing to be where people don't pay any attention to you?" she asked.

"I suppose it depends a good deal on your mood," said Mann.

And then Susan exclaimed, "I'm thirsty!" They had taken their places in the long procession of human beings and dumb beasts and vehicles crossing the viaduct. A train came thundering by beneath them, sending a spray of fine cinders and a pall of smoke into the air.

"I know you are," said Mann. And presently he checked her progress by placing a hand on her arm. "Look!" he said.

Workmen had left a barrel of water on the viaduct, where they had evidently been engaged in making repairs.

They approached this.

"There doesn't seem to be any cup," said Susan.

"I believe you're right," agreed Mann, who had looked into the barrel. Then in a very casual tone he addressed a passing laborer who carried a tin lunch-bucket with a coffee-cup by way of top. "Could we borrow the cup a minute?" asked Mann; and he was thankful that the laborer comprehended instantly, and removed the cup and filled it, and offered it to Susan with the manner of one who serves gladly, even if the fates have decreed that he must serve humbly.

"I thank you," said Susan. She looked twice at the man. It seemed good to see his kind again.

They proceeded on their way, then, Susan implicitly looking to Mann for guidance. She seemed bewildered, helpless.

"We'll have to walk, I'm afraid," he said. "I seem to have forgotten my purse." She saw the edges of his yellow mustache lift; but she also observed with a little shock that he looked tired and dispirited.

"It's only about two miles to Pleasant Lane from here," he added, "if you can keep up that far. I suppose that's where you want to go?"

"I can," replied Susan; "and it is."

"Do you like walking here better than you did in the neighborhood of Quitman?"

"Please don't!" implored Susan. "We've been such friends. I don't want you to make me think of vexing things, now that we're getting close to the end."

They walked in silence, then: through second-rate streets lined with mean shops and saloons, and dismal houses in front of which groups of poor people sought the fresh air. Then of a sudden Susan stopped and put her hand to her head. She had the sensation, for an instant, of being the pivot around which the whole world was revolving. In another moment she smiled. "I'm all right now," she cried. "I know just where I am."

"You're turned around right," commented Mann.

"That's it."

"But I suppose I'd better go with you a little farther?" He put the question almost casually.

"Yes, perhaps a little farther," responded Susan. She did not speak cor-

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dially. It was plain to her companion that she gave her consent uneasily.

And after a time Susan looked at him with shining eyes. They had just turned a corner. "This is Pleasant Lane!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Mann. "Yes, and I suppose I ought to say good-by here."

He stopped.

Susan went on her way eagerly, her step as buoyant as that of a Highlander returning to his heather after years of travel far from home.

But before she had taken half a dozen steps she turned about, to observe that Mann was standing still, looking after her, his face flushed, his eyes sadly surprised.

She hurried back to him. A strange power was coming into her limbs, which had seemed so weary. "Oh, you mustn't notice what I do!" she cried imploringly. "I'm not myself just now. It's the excitement——"

"I know—of course!" he assured her. He was thankful for that forlorn note in her voice.

She extended her hand, and he saw that it trembled. "Good-by," she said. "I hope—" she paused. Words seemed untrustworthy, inadequate, for the moment. "I hope you'll get along well and be happy," she said finally. "And good-by." She did not express a wish ever to see him again; yet clearly she took her eyes from him reluctantly.

Mann took her hand half-heartedly, almost absent-mindedly. "Good-by," he said. Then swiftly he brought both his hands together and clasped Susan's almost roughly. "Comrade!" he exclaimed joyously; and Susan saw that he was blushing in the old familiar way, somewhat like a wistful boy who goes hopefully afield, without quite knowing where he is going.

And so they parted.

When Susan came before the house from which she had run away her heart seemed bursting with excitement. Perhaps this was the greatest adventure of all—this coming back. Yet at the last minute she paused. How could she bear to face the landlady, who would be sure to see just how unpresentable she was, down to the last detail, and who very probably would want to ask a lot of questions?

She tried to think of some way of entering the house without summoning any one. And while she hesitated she heard a voice:

"Gosh all fish-hooks, look at her!" Then—"Wait a minute and I'll come down."

She glanced up to a second-story window. Herkimer was looking down at her.

XXXII

A NEW WOMAN IN AN OLD PLACE

NEITHER spoke as they climbed the stairs: Herkimer stolidly, as if some slight, disturbing irregularity had been corrected; Susan on tiptoe, lest other roomers, hearing them, might emerge from their doors and see her in all her discomfort. She was greatly distressed by Herkimer's nonchalance, his stolidity. Surely he should have realized how eager she was to get into her room unobserved. She was thankful, at least, that he had nothing to say.

He preceded her into the room, and turned and looked at her; and somewhat slowly it dawned upon him that she was not quite the same woman that had gone out of that room only a little while ago. The fact struck him as a not wholly satisfactory one. He pondered an instant, and then he resumed his seat by the window. He meant to wait to hear what she would say—to see what she would do. Nothing in his manner could have been construed ever so slightly as a welcome. Perhaps he was somewhat disconcerted by her appearance, too. It would not have been strange if he had marvelled at her coming back in this peculiarly unceremonious fashion.

However, Susan scarcely noted the omission of a welcome. Just inside the door she stopped. Her eyes roved over the room with a kind of startled inquiry. Then, slowly, she lost something of that eagerness that had come into her mind and heart the moment she entered Pleasant Lane. Her thought was that the room had changed. Yet she perceived that nothing was really changed—not so much as a single detail.

Nevertheless, she realized surely that

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when she had gone out from this place she had taken something with her that was here no more.

Her right to be here? Scarcely that, since Herkimer had promptly let her in. Her interest in the place? How could that be, seeing that she had been so weary of it? Her adaptability to it? Ah, surely that was it! She had come back a woman of larger stature. The new Susan found this room smaller, dingier, meaner in every way than it had ever seemed before. In the old days she had seemed to belong here—at least, she had not seemed to belong anywhere else. True, she had run away; but the mere fact of her having looked upon the adventure as a running away proved that she had always regarded the place as her logical, definite abode.

Now the encroaching walls, the stale odors, the changeless, petty things—oh, surely they were not to be accepted finally as the trappings and the signs of all that should constitute her life!

It did not occur to her as a strange thing that she was not prompted to make any demonstration over Herkimer. Herkimer was a mere detail in her life, and she was trying to grasp the entire fact of life—she was trying to see it whole. The room in which her future was to be spent seemed to her a more significant thing than the man who sat over by the window regarding her wonderingly. She moved from point to point, making somewhat dazed examinations of things which had seemed familiar, but which seemed familiar no more. She felt as a woman might feel who, having placed her playthings in a drawer, as a child, came back to them as an adult individual to discover how petty was their value, how trifling their interest. She experienced, too, the same mournful sensation that such a woman might have experienced.

She listlessly pulled open a bureau-drawer and looked into it. There was her red-plaid dress! When she drew it forth a rush of memories came with it. She clasped it to her as if in search of support. Here was where she belonged, surely! She would feel at home in a little while!

She turned toward Herkimer, and the feeling of strangeness came back, magnified. It was Herkimer!—that was it! It was he who had changed, altering her own existence in every outlook.

She sat down and laid the red-plaid dress across her knees. She stroked it dumbly. It was the only pretty thing she had. Then she tried to realize that Herkimer was there and that he would be wondering over her strange behavior. As if she were moving a great weight she lifted her eyes to his.

She was almost alarmed by what followed. Loudly, raucously, he began to laugh. He threw his head back so that his powerful, hairy throat broadened and filled. Peal followed peal of laughter. He smote his leg with his hand once, again, again. He lowered his head and became silent as he looked at her from beneath lowered brows. And again he laughed until it seemed that every creature in Pleasant Lane must hear him.

"Herkimer!" she whispered. Her lips were trembling, her eyes were dim with tears. She felt utterly alone. "Herkimer! It isn't a time to laugh!"

"Why isn't it?"

"Because I—I've come home!"

"Well, that's what women generally do, when they go off in a huff!"

"But—!" She checked herself and looked at him with a little frown. She tried to find the right words—words with which to explain to him that it was not a "huff" that had induced her to run away.

But there weren't any words. That is, none that she could think of. At least, none that Herkimer would be likely to understand.

Little by little she relaxed in her chair. She seemed to have forgotten that Herkimer was there. She felt broken, quite worn out. And yet it seemed to her that the fabric out of which she was to make all the garments of her life was here in this room, where Herkimer was. She compelled herself to consider him again. She had not observed before that he had a pitcher of beer and a mug on the window-sill before him. He filled the mug with beer.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

"I don't believe I care for it," she replied.

He drank in silence, but when he had drunk he exhaled noisily, with satisfaction. He placed the mug on the sill and

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turned to her. "I'm sorry I can't celebrate your home-coming," he said, "but you've picked a bad night. I've got to go out on a little business."

She found it very difficult to look at him. "Business . . .?" she repeated vaguely. She had turned cold with dread.

"I've got to attend a union meeting. I've got in an application for membership. I probably won't have to stay out long." He filled his mug again.

She could not have told why she felt that he was not telling the truth. Even to her inexperienced eyes his appearance suggested things predatory rather than industrial.

"Have you had your supper?" she asked, perhaps with the thought of inducing him to remain in the room.

"Down in the restaurant—an hour ago."

She regarded him searchingly for a time and then she began in her mind a fight for some manner of salvation. "Herkimer," she ventured, "let's get a little house or a flat of our own, so that I could have more than one room to live in and look after." She was under a great strain as she proceeded: "So that I could sew in one room, and cook in another, and maybe rest in another. So it wouldn't always be the same. So I wouldn't get so tired of it. You'd be more contented, too. Things wouldn't be so hard for you if we had a real home. We could put a flower-box in the window, and have a canary, maybe—things like that. And room to turn around in."

"I shouldn't mind," said Herkimer, "if I get into the union and get to making better money."

"And—and Herkimer," she added, still more reluctantly, still more earnestly, "let's get married. I mean a church, and a ring, and all. A lot of people do get married. Maybe it helps them to be happy. Will you do that?"

Herkimer looked at her steadily, wonderingly. Then he lifted his mug of beer. He drank deliberately, with an obvious manifestation of satisfaction. "It's all the same to me," he said, and replaced his mug on the sill.

When he had not returned at midnight, Susan went to the window for one more inspection of the street. She meant to sit down; but before she had pulled a chair into position she drew back with a little cry of misgiving. Two policemen were standing over on the corner, before the dramshop, and it seemed to her that one of them was looking intently up into her window. Moreover, there was a kind of purposefulness in their bearing—as if they were on a definite mission.

She stood away from the window so that she could no longer see those officers, nor be seen by them. And then she discovered what seemed to her an additional cause for alarm. A man in citizen's clothing, but with an unmistakably stern and alert manner, was standing just across the street from her in the shadow of a doorway. She had seen him standing there an hour earlier and had given only a passing thought to him. But the circumstance of his having remained so long, watchful and alone. . . .

She withdrew still farther into the room. Circumstances which of old would not have disturbed her seemed now to have a fearful significance. And whereas the old Susan had been unmindful, the new Susan was wary and shrewd. She extinguished her light and went to bed. That, she was sure, was what Herkimer would wish her to do.

He did not return throughout that long night. In truth, a number of days passed, and she saw nothing of him.

To the keen discomfort of utter loneliness there was added the disturbing sense of having lost her bearings. She felt that she no longer knew Herkimer—no longer had any knowledge of his manner of life. This sort of irregularity might, she realized, be quite Herkimer's usual mode of living now. But again, something wholly unprecedented might have happened.

Then, on a Saturday night near sundown, there was a break in the monotony of her affairs. She sat by her front window, looking down on the street, and a familiar figure came by. Susan gazed, incredulous. Then—"It is!" she assured herself. She had sighted Mann down there on the sidewalk.

She was astounded by the effect the

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Drawn by George Wright.

Susan opened her door to see many dim forms under a sputtering gas-light. . . . The voices were suddenly hushed.—Page 505.

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sight of him had on her. It was as if body and spirit alike had been endowed with wings.

With an eye trained to quiet restraints he raked the façade of the grimy building just ahead of him; and suddenly his face became ruddy, and he was smiling. He had espied Susan!

"Good evening!" was Susan's greeting, when he reached a point just below her. She noted that he was not dressed at all as in the old days. There was the gleam of white linen against a predominating hue of sombre gray. "I was right," she thought. "He *is* a gentleman." The discovery seemed to bring with it an indefinable wave of mournfulness.

But now he was looking up at her with a positively radiant expression in his eyes. "Susan!" he cried eagerly.

She looked down at him timidly and as if from a great distance. She felt a difficulty in addressing him familiarly.

"Taking a little walk?" she asked politely.

"Just a little walk," he responded. He was regarding her with the humorous expression with which one greets the masquerading of a child. Some one jostled him as he stood there on the sidewalk, and he was recalled to a realization of his position. He smiled almost mischievously when he looked at her again. "Would it be against the—the rules for me to come up and talk awhile?"

The words pleased her, yet they embarrassed her. She shook her head decisively. "It wouldn't do at all," she replied. She uttered the words in a whisper, just as he had done in sending his suggestion up to her from the street. There was an elusive gleam of humor in her eyes as she replied to him, and it delighted him.

He did not press the point. After an interval of silence he remarked: "It's pretty warm, isn't it! I suspect it's fine out in the country this evening—out there where the little creek runs along by the bluffs. Remember?"

She delighted in the familiar smile. "I remember," she said. She wished to feast her eyes on him, yet she felt that she dared not.

Silence again; and then (from Mann): "Well, good night!"

"Good night," said Susan.

She sat again by that window a week later. Herkimer was still away. She was afraid to think what might have happened to him. But she found it easy to think of other matters as she sat by the window. In truth, she had to confess to herself that she was thinking about Mann. She had an idea that he might possibly pass again. She sat in her place a long time, thinking he might pass.

He did not, however.

A few days later Susan found it necessary to leave her room in order to make certain purchases. She regretted the necessity of going. She feared that Herkimer might come in during her absence, and she felt strongly that she ought to be in her place. She felt with increasing clearness that a time of new adjustments was coming. Herkimer might be in urgent need of her when he came back; and in any case there was much that she must have to say to him. He had left her practically without funds; and, moreover, she must know what he was doing, and what he planned to do. Obviously their life could not continue as it had been. There must be some sort of understanding. And in her inner consciousness the fact stood out clear—if Herkimer was leading the old life she would be confronted with new responsibilities, new necessities.

She was gone from her room only an hour, and she came back almost breathlessly, fearful that Herkimer might have returned and that he might have had fair explanations to make. She was greatly in earnest in wishing not to be unjust to him. She was still of the conviction that her only hope of salvation lay in the possibility of salvation for both herself and Herkimer.

When she returned to her room she discovered with dismay that he really had come back during that brief hour of her absence.

When she entered her door she felt instantly, in some mysterious way, that he had been there. A brief investigation revealed the fact that the coat he had worn away when she saw him last was now hanging on its hook near the head of the

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bed and that another garment had been removed. More arresting, however, was the sight of an old hat which had been placed on the table, as if to attract her attention.

This she took up into slow, purposeless hands and discovered a sheet of paper lying underneath. A scrawled message caught her attention.

I've got to get out, she read. *No time to explain now. Will see you later.*

Under the sheet of paper money had been placed—paper and silver. Quite a quantity of it.

But Susan put the note back in its place. She did not touch the money. She moved away from the table and sat down; then, almost immediately she arose and went to the door and locked it. She read Herkimer's note again; and again she sat down and looked about the room dully, as if she had nothing to think about. Yet as a matter of fact she was trying as never before to think—to comprehend—to hit upon a plan of action.

Herkimer was in trouble again. So much seemed perfectly clear. Otherwise there would have been no need of such mystery in his movements. And being in trouble meant, in all probability, a particular kind of trouble. That was to say, he had gone back to the old life. It seemed improbable that he had made any effort to quit that life or that he had any intention of doing so.

Her wish to help him had been, then, unavailing. And there came to her the consciousness that she had not only failed to help him in well-doing but that she was actually an aid to him in his crimes. It was her part to keep the house in order, to win and keep the respect of the neighborhood, so that Herkimer could pursue his dark career unwatched, unsuspected.

She hung her head heavily at this conclusion. There had been dawning in her mind for a good while the belief that if she could only help Herkimer life needn't be regarded as so terrible a thing, even if she were always to be denied the things which seemed to her particularly right and good. It seemed to her that there ought to be a good deal of satisfaction in knowing that Herkimer was dependent upon her not only for little every-day comforts but for the general direction in which his life moved.

Now she knew that this structure she had set up for her shelter was only a house of cards, and that the wind which it could not withstand had already arisen.

With no definite purpose she took up the morning paper. She had considered the advisability of leaving word for the boy not to bring it any more until Herkimer came back; but she had not done so. She had not wished Herkimer to believe that she had accepted anything as final, when he came back.

Now, by chance, she opened the sheets in such a way that her eyes fell upon the bold letters: "Help Wanted—Female."

Half-way down the column her glance paused. She marked the place with her finger and sat looking for a time into vacancy. Then again she looked at that place which she had marked with her finger.

XXXIII

SUSAN'S HOUR OF FATE

SUSAN was one of a group of seven women who called the next morning at nine o'clock at Madam Tesreau's tiny house, facing the park, in response to madam's advertisement for a needlewoman. She looked less like a professional needlewoman, perhaps, than any of the others; but it was evident that madam had her own standards by which to judge, and it was Susan who was engaged.

Madam Tesreau was more—or possibly less—than the average milliner. She was of a type which is described only by an obsolescent word—gentlewoman. She was a personage. Her boast was not that she did a great deal of work, but that she did good work and that she did it for good people. Moreover, the atmosphere which she insisted upon maintaining about her was precisely what Susan needed at this moment in her career. Upon entering madam's house you thought immediately of delicious tea, and of old, soft lace, and of real cameos—not the imitation cameos which came into vogue a few years ago. You thought of these things even if you saw none of them. In the small drawing-room there was the essence of a sedate yet kindly presence,

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even when madam was not there. There was quietude; there was an atmosphere.

When persons who had nothing but money to recommend them came to Madam Tesreau they were sure to find that she could receive no more work for the present—that her hands were quite full. No one was more exclusive than madam.

She chose Susan from among the other applicants because she desired not only an assistant but a companionable woman as well. The work she needed to intrust to an assistant was comparatively plain; and when she saw Susan she said to herself promptly: "She is the one I want."

Thus it was that Susan became a member of madam's secluded household and came by one step under the influence of a fairly brisk yet gentle personality. By good fortune for Susan it was one of madam's idiosyncrasies to hold all manner of recommendations in scorn. She considered herself quite capable of judging for herself in the matter of an assistant's character as well as her capabilities. Thus Susan was almost bewildered to find how suddenly and easily she had become an inmate of a new household, a factor in a new problem. She was very far from raising any objection when she was informed that she would be expected to spend her nights as well as her days in madam's house.

She seemed entirely outside the influence of her old life until, on a day when she was taking exercise in the park, she encountered Mrs. Baker.

"Why, Susan!" exclaimed Mrs. Baker, in a voice which seemed to Susan unnecessarily loud and distressingly blatant.

And Susan paused courteously yet with much discomfort.

"It seems the longest time since I saw you. What you doing now?"

Susan told her.

"Well, I declare! I didn't suppose you was up to that kind of work!"

Susan referred to her early work in a factory, and to the fact that she had always taken an interest in making her own garments.

Mrs. Baker scarcely listened to this explanation; her eyes proclaimed the fact that she had much to say, if she were given the chance to say it. She imparted the fact that Herkimer had not been seen in Pleasant Lane since Susan went away. She hinted that people were beginning to have suspicions of Herkimer. She expressed the wish that she might live somewhere else than in Pleasant Lane, but added that she supposed she would not find any other place very much better.

She went on her way, then, leaving Susan with a bad taste in her mouth.

When, not long afterward, Susan received a letter in care of Madam Tesreau she wondered how anybody knew where to reach her—and then she recalled her encounter with Mrs. Baker.

The letter was from her former landlady, and it had a decidedly disquieting effect. If Susan wished to have her room reserved any longer, the writer set forth, the payment of rent would have to be attended to. The money left on the table—intended, the writer assumed, as rent-money—covered only four weeks, and these four weeks were now up. Susan would please remit promptly if she wished to retain the room; otherwise she ought to come and remove her effects. The room might have been rented twice already, but as Susan had always been a good tenant. . . .

So the letter ran.

Upon reaching the end of the letter Susan felt a kind of numbness stealing over her. She had hoped she was through with the old life—yet how very close to it she was! She had supposed she was at home with Madam Tesreau; yet here was a voice calling to her from the past—and it seemed clamorous and tyrannical. And then she thought of Herkimer—Herkimer, who clearly had not been back to the room at all.

She shook herself impatiently, as if some stupid person had placed a detaining hand on her shoulder. She tried to believe that she need not regard the letter seriously at all. As for the room, let it go. The things she had left there were not hers. They were Herkimer's. And in any case she would never have any use for them. She recalled the gas-range and other articles, and her brows became furrowed. She did not wish to think about them any more.

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Yet the summing up of this matter was not quite such a simple task as it might have seemed. The room was Herkimer's home, after all—and she had been left in charge, to keep it against his return. She would be renouncing him forever if she permitted his door to be closed against him. And as yet Susan did not think of herself as having renounced Herkimer, but only as having taken a necessary and perhaps temporary step in providing for herself.

Herkimer might come back in the night, as he had often come, weary and in need—and to find that she was gone and that the room was occupied by strangers! Surely that would leave him little choice but an evil life to the end of his days. It seemed to her that she could not fail him utterly; yet how could she go back? Surely it was not to be expected that she would voluntarily resume that suffocating existence in which she had failed for want of even the smallest measure of help!

Then another alternative occurred to her. She could send money and have the room held—and go on with the new life that had opened before her. Such a course would not be unfair to Herkimer, and it would not rob her of her own opportunities. Surely that was the right solution!

However, before she had quite come to a decision a larger problem was presented to her. It was presented to her the next day in the form of another letter.

Her hands trembled when she tried to open it. The handwriting—it was Herkimer's! He had seldom had occasion to write to her, but those powerful and irregular characters were unmistakable.

She was in deep distress before she opened the one enclosed sheet. This meant Herkimer present—a vastly more imperative problem than Herkimer absent. This was Herkimer speaking to her—and his voice became the voice of fate, proclaiming her sentence, perhaps, or at least calling her attention to the need of making final and unalterable decisions.

"I'm here again," Herkimer wrote. "You better come back. You remember how you felt the other time when you lit out. Everything will be all right if you come back now. Better come back before it is too late."

Susan dropped the letter to the floor beside her. She was shaking her head slowly, almost imperceptibly. In that instant it seemed to her that blank despair came closer to her than it had ever come before.

Something of Herkimer's quality was in that letter in flashing tokens: the quality of uncouthness, of unfairness, of complete selfishness. This, then, was the man with whom her life was bound up, and he was asking her—he was warning her—to come back.

All that her nature was or held cried out to her the reminder that she was bound to him. The mere fact that the bonds had been fashioned by themselves rather than by others did not make those bonds less durable. Did it not rather make them the more durable? She had taken him as her husband. By that act and by a thousand others she had given her word to be true to him. And no woman had any right to break her word. To concede that any one had a right to break his word would mean that life must become one long period of disorderliness.

No, she was bound to Herkimer—but oh, the bitterness of that bond!

A multitude of arguments filled her mind; and all were alike in their denunciation of the man who was calling her to come back. Yet, rising above this chorus of persuasion, there came a voice that took the other side. It was unwise to place too much stress upon the tone of written words—particularly in the case of a man not skilled in writing. Herkimer's letter might not fairly represent Herkimer. He might have bungled. In that letter it was his hand rather than his heart that was on trial. And surely it was the woman's duty to comprehend what the heart felt rather than merely to know what the hand did. Men's hands had to be rough sometimes; and often they were clumsy; but might they not belie the heart over and over again?

"Come back before it is too late," he had written. That might have been just a threat. Yet it *would* be too late some day. It might be too late to-morrow. What she decided now must stand, for or against her, to the end of time. If she could only think clearly! If only there were some one to help her!

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The onyx clock on the mantel struck five and Madam Tesreau opened the door which shut out the sewing-room from one of the living-rooms.

"I wouldn't sit here after work-hours," declared madam briskly. "You have done enough work for one day, I am sure. It is lovely over in the park. A walk is what will do you good."

Susan had hurriedly hidden her letter at sound of madam's approach. Now, as she left the room, she folded it carefully and tucked it into her bosom. In a few minutes she was crossing the avenue and making her way toward the nearest entrance to the park.

A great number of sycamore leaves had fallen since the park laborers had passed, earlier in the day. Susan's feet made a noise like a mighty sighing as she walked through these.

The grass was still sombrely green, particularly where the maple-trees, which retained their foliage longer than the sycamores, cast their motionless shade. It was singularly still. Far beyond the larger trees—the elms and the pines and the cypresses—a golden haze seemed to be springing from the earth to greet the declining sun.

Phantom-like figures of men and women and children were moving over and beyond little promontories in the distance. Quite far away the buildings of the zoo were visible in one place where the autumn had torn away a screen of fading leaves. There was the murmur of a fountain somewhere, and there was solitude.

In a sylvan spot which seemed always to have been deserted, which seemed to promise never again to know the touch of feet or the uttering of a word, Susan sought a seat. Her back was toward the nearest driveway, so that she need not see, even at a distance, whether intruders were entering the park at this hour when men and women and children seemed to be feeling the power of the call homeward.

She wanted to think—to fight the big, last battle. She did not want to be influenced by presences kinder or less kind than those she might expect to encounter all the rest of her days. She wanted to weigh life, as she had found it on the whole, and decide whether she wanted to go forward into it along the open highways, or return to the one familiar path she had made her own.

At least, all this is what she vaguely said to herself. Yet an insistent voice within kept asserting that she would go back to Herkimer in the end; that she had only come to this place of quiet to say good-by to freedom, to the upward path upon which she longed to place her feet.

For, after all, the evidence against Herkimer was not complete. For all that she knew to the contrary, he had been living a life of honest stress since his return to the city. Past sins might have dogged his footsteps, to make his path more difficult to pursue. But this would only have made the new effort more commendable. The money he had left for her in their room—it might have been the fruit of honest toil and sweat; and he might have risked much in bringing it to her, rather than permit her to go unprovided for.

And deeper than these arguments, the force of which she could not deny, was the conviction that if the worst were true—if Herkimer were really straying into the paths of crime—it was now that he needed a comrade and a friend more urgently than ever before.

She fancied she must be dreaming when, after a time, she turned, in response to a footfall on the grass, and beheld Mann. She could only regard him incredulously, but with a light as of sunrise slowly dawning in her eyes.

"It is!" he cried exultantly. Then he stood regarding her with a kind of delighted dubiousness. She was clad in her red-plaid dress; and in this region of dying leaves she suggested a note of sweet belief, struck persistently and harmoniously in a symphony of despair. Nothing was plainer to him than that she had grown lovelier in mind as well as body.

After he had regarded her steadily, as if he were effecting readjustments, he put his hand on the back of her seat, a little distance from her, and leaned forward, smiling as of old.

"You!" whispered Susan. "How . . . why . . . ?"

"I don't know," he responded, "unless the thought that you needed me reached me away over on the road beyond the lagoons, where I was passing."

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She cast a sidewise glance at him, the old shyness mastering her. A delicate pink suffused her face. "I think I did need you," she said. "If you could only advise me!"

He moved around until he stood before her. "I can," was his grave response.

"For my own good?—surely for my own good?"

"Surely for your own good—or not at all."

He took his seat beside her; and as he waited for her to speak he observed with an indefinable rapture that she was passing her fingers to and fro on the seat beside her in childish embarrassment.

"I know what's wrong!" he cried. He tried to seem quite gay. "It's the seat! We never had any seat out there where we walked with Mother Nature. Come!"

He had her hand in his instantly and was leading her deeper into a shadowy glen, among tall cypress-trees.

"Where are we going?" she faltered.

"We're going where we shall find the perfect truth." When he saw that her lifted face was like that of one who goes to make a sacrifice, he added more lightly: "Did you ever see the grass so beautiful?" He released her hand and stood apart from her, facing her. Then he sat down on the grass. "It's nice here," he said. "Come, you shall sit here too."

She was dismayed to find how the sound of his voice and the touch of his hand had thrilled her. She could not bear to look at him for a little time. She sank to her knees and remained in that position. A branch stirred somewhere and the sunlight touched her face, making it softly radiant. Mann looked at her stealthily. He feared to startle her by thoughts which he believed must be clearly written on his face. He wondered what it was that had been born in her soul that had given her expression this wistfulness, this high desire.

XXXIV

"A RUNAWAY WOMAN"

After a while she withdrew her eyes from the remote expanse of sunlight on the grass.

"I wish it was ever right to run away," she said at last.

"You did run away once," he reminded her. "Do you mean like that?"

"I don't think I was really running away then. Nothing ever came of it. I never got anywhere."

He was not sure he understood just what was in her mind—that he followed her vague fancies. He looked at her face; and seeing that something like a vision was passing before her eyes he waited for her to go on.

"I think the most cruel thing that can happen to you is to think you are running away, and to find out at last that you haven't been at all. When any poor creature is to be punished it must be that . . . What is it that follows you, and fixes things? I've heard you talk of it."

He reflected with lowered brows; and then he smiled comprehendingly. "You mean fate?" he asked.

Her expression lightened. "That's it. I think that when fate means to be cruel, it drives you out and away, and whispers to you that you are going to find a new life. But it knows you've got such a great distance to go that you'll never find the way. You'll be like people who get lost in the woods or in the desert, who move in a circle and come back at last just where they started. I think if your heart ever breaks it must be after you've come back to the starting-point so many times that you know it isn't worth while to begin again."

He plucked thoughtfully at long blades of grass. "But you know," he suggested, "there are people who believe in another power besides fate?"

"What?" she asked.

"Can't you think?"

"You mean God?"

"That's our name for it."

"But don't the people who believe in God believe that he is good to you?"

"Yes—in the end. I believe the theory is that he sometimes punishes you for your own good; or at least that he brings bitter experiences to you so that you may understand better."

"Oh!" she cried softly; and looking at her Mann perceived that her eyes were touched with a strange, serene light.

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"That's better than believing in fate," she said.

"At least, it must be better to believe that everything is just a lesson, if we're willing to understand it."

She regarded him anxiously. "Is everything just lessons to you?"

He shook his head slowly. "I'm not quite sure. You see, you can't be sure it's a lesson until afterward, when you find out that you've been helped by it."

"Your running away—was that a lesson?"

"Oh, a fine lesson!" he declared promptly.

"But what did you get from it?"

He reached out and laid his hand lightly on hers. "Didn't I get you?" he asked; "that is, your comradeship, and the long, happy hours with you?"

He watched her bosom rise and fall; he noted the soft light that deepened in her eyes. Then she withdrew her hand and lifted herself a little higher, so that she could look away down the avenues of the wood.

"I still don't know whether it would be right for me to run away," she said at length.

"From what?"

"Oh—from a bargain; from the thing you started out to do; from the life you helped make for yourself."

"Why, of course it would be—if you found you'd been wrong, or if you saw that you had made a mistake."

"But if there was some one else—if you had made your mistake with another. It wouldn't be right then just to think of what would be best or happiest for you. You'd have to be fair to—to the other, no matter how hard it might be. Isn't that true?"

He understood then. His brows contracted. He called upon Conscience to wait upon him, upon Inspiration to lead him. It seemed impossible to think of words, to shape an argument, that would make an unerring appeal to this strange, honest woman. Then quite unmistakably Conscience and Inspiration stood beside him, and he put from him the labored phrases that were nearly shaped.

"Susan," he said, and again he reached out and touched her hand softly; "there's just one word to think about when troubles like that come to you. It's simply this: do you know what love is?"

She looked at him almost fearfully.

"Why do you ask me that?" she asked.

"If a woman loved a man truly, if she hadn't any doubt at all that she loved him—why, then, I think she ought never to run away. I think love would make her wise and strong. I think she would be able to do anything—if she really loved him. I think she would wreck her life forever if for any reason she ran away. But if she didn't truly love him—why, that would make every difference in the world. She would owe it to herself then to run away. She would owe it to him. She ought to give herself the chance to find love elsewhere; she ought to give him that chance. Love might come to both of them, if they sought it. Salvation might come to them. Their being together might be no better than the lot of the animals over in the zoo, that are safe from hunger and cold and cunning—but which will die at length after having escaped every danger that nature meant them to meet, and without having lived their own lives a single day."

When he ended he saw that her lips were parted as if with an exquisite pain; that her eyes were dewy with a kind of splendid misery.

"Susan!" he exclaimed, "put an end to it! You've fought long enough. Come with me, to be with me always."

She started and paled. "Oh, I couldn't!" she exclaimed. "I wasn't thinking of running away—like that. I shouldn't have the right to do that. It wouldn't be right for me; it wouldn't be fair—to you!"

"To me?" There was amazement in his tone. "To me?" he repeated.

"Don't you see?—if I was ever married to Herkimer I'm married to him now. I couldn't marry again. If I wasn't I'm a shameless creature not fit to marry any one."

"You were married to him by your own decision. You can free yourself by the same power."

She lifted her hands to her cheeks and regarded the tangled grass at her knees. "And there are other kinds of unfitness. There's your learning to come between

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us some day. We couldn't change that, you know."

He frowned. "Learning is nothing more than a manner you have, or a coat you wear. And nobody has very much. Look, Susan—learning is like that trick you've seen in the theatre, when the juggler takes shiny balls and makes them go round and round in a circle. The juggler is awfully in earnest while he's playing his trick. But when his act is finished and the shiny balls are put back into their box, don't you suppose he's just like other men? He thinks about the genuine things then. He longs for a chair by a hearth, and little, broken songs, and a light in the window, and a warm heart that he can lay his head against. If we're worth considering, we don't want to go on juggling—after we've finished the little act the public expects of us."

She smiled wanly; and Mann knew that his words had not prevailed.

"Why, see here!" he continued eagerly. "Where do the prettiest flowers come from? From hot-houses? Not a bit of it! They come from homely gardens, and from hedges. It's enough that they are flowers, without asking how they grew. A lovely soul like yours, Susan . . . I couldn't think anything was important compared with it, any more than I could ask where the earth came from before I consented to live on it. There, that's how I feel about you."

She was shaking her head slowly. It seemed that she had difficulty in looking at him.

"Susan!" he cried, coming back to the simpler words, the more urgent thought, "do you know what love is?"

Her voice rose to a flute-like note of triumph. "Oh, yes!" she cried. "It's something that hurts you—but in such a grand way! It's as if you were a cripple, and the doctor came and hurt you to make you beautiful and strong. Yes, I know what love is! It hurts you—but oh, I think it makes you whole!"

"Susan!" he cried, his hands outstretched to her. But she drew a little apart from him. One hand rested on the grass in such a way that the firm line of her breasts was sharply drawn, and her face was pitched upward toward the sky and the green leaves. She was breathing deeply; there was a song without words, without sound, upon her lips and in her eyes. Then with swift resolution she brought her glance from distant glories and looked at him.

"I don't think I can make it quite plain," she said, "but I think it's because I know what love is that I couldn't run away. I think it must have been my knowing that there was love in the world that always stopped me from running away. You know, I wasn't really running away—when we were on the road together. I can see that now. When I was sleeping out where the trees grew, and in the little, lonely houses, and in the quiet towns—all that time I was just coming back to Herkimer. I didn't know it, but I was. I wasn't running away at all. I was living the same thoughts; I was holding fast to all I ever believed, to all I had ever been taught. There wasn't any door for me to come out of, except the one where I'd gone in. There wasn't any future. There was always, in the end, just Pleasant Lane and the old days and nights. I didn't even know how to begin to escape."

"Ah, but you *were* running away," declared Mann. "You've been running away always. You've been running away from what one fellow called 'a low-vaulted past.' You've been building 'statelier mansions for your soul.' You've been escaping the narrow horizons; and you're going to keep on always. I'm going with you, too. I'm going with you in spirit until we reach a place where our bodies can journey on together."

Tears dimmed her eyes. When she could speak again she said: "I like to think of that—our spirits going on together! We couldn't go any other way. Knowing what love is tells me that the spirits couldn't go on together if the bodies brought shame to them that loved. Being what I am, I couldn't bear to marry you. I think it would spoil the most beautiful thing I have ever known. The only way I'd be fit to marry any good man would be to stick to the bargain I made—with Herkimer. That doesn't seem plain, does it?—but I know you'll understand what I mean. I'm going back to him and try to help him, not be-

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cause my heart calls me back but because it calls me to you!"

Mann regarded her almost as if she had set sail upon strange waters. "But, Susan!" he cried. "Does happiness lie that way?"

She replied musingly: "It doesn't lie in any other way!"

His final argument was like a cry of warning: "But, Susan, is there a fighting chance for you? Is he, after all, a good man?"

She replied to the second question: "Why, you see, if he was a good man and I didn't love him, I think it would be easy to leave him. It's his being a bad man, it's his being in need of me, that makes my going back to him necessary. To run away from him in his trouble would seem —oh, like leaving a sick companion alone in an attic room and promising to come back with help, and then forgetting him while he waited and waited, with the night coming on. It's plain enough to me now. I'm going back because it's the only thing for me to do."

He leaned forward with solemn resolution. When she would have moved he cried commandingly: "Wait!" He placed his hands firmly on her shoulders. "Not because I love you," he said, "but because of your goodness." And he leaned close and kissed her on the lips.

She closed her eyes to receive that kiss; and when he released her she knew that all fear of him had forever passed. There was a new light in her eyes as she arose, as if from a grave at which she had given way to grief, only to rise with thoughts of other things.

"And if ever you want me—if ever you need me—if ever you feel that you are free—Susan, you must promise to send for me."

"I promise," she said.

They walked together to the entrance to the park. Under a tall cypress-tree Mann delayed her and pointed upward.

Upon the topmost branch, seemingly, the new moon stood on end: as if nature, the benevolent juggler, were performing a pretty feat for the human beings who passed down the grassy avenues. A bird, all alone, piped mournfully.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" said Susan.

At the gate he would have detained her. "You're wearing such a pretty dress," he said, regarding her with beaming eyes.

She held her arm out, and looked down, as a child might have done. "I like it, too," she replied with heightened color. She added, a little falteringly: "I made it myself."

"No!" he cried, almost joyously.

"Yes, I did, too!" She seemed happier than he had ever seen her before.

Susan was in her old room at eight o'clock. But Herkimer was not there.

He never came to that room again.

Late at night there was an unwonted sound of women's voices on the stairs—the voices of many women. There were excited cries.

Susan opened her door to see many dim forms under a sputtering gas-light. They were women's forms, but the faces seemed to be those of vultures. Shining eyes regarded the woman who had opened the door. The voices were suddenly hushed. All but the landlady's, which began falteringly:

"It was Herkimer——"

"What is it?" demanded Susan. Her voice was like a little flame in the wind.

"He was running away from a policeman; and they shot him; and he fell dead in the street."

Susan looked mutely at the faces of the vultures. With a little turn of her head she regarded the landlady. "I thank you for telling me," she said. Her voice was almost inaudible. Then she closed the door.

She closed the door and faced her room —her room and his. But she was scarcely in that room now. The world seemed to be reshaping itself. The forces that had bound and bruised her had surrendered her up. A new door had been opened wide. At last the time had come for her to run away.

THE END.

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"I AM very happy to meet you all," said the lecturer on food conservation, as he faced the gathering of ladies, "but I will frankly confess that I would rather have an audience of cooks."

A Problem or Two

His preference sounds plausible, but one wonders whether he realized the special difficulties which would have confronted him—which have, from the first, confronted a vast number of women who are trying faithfully to adjust their households to the requirements of the war. Of all the nations at war, we are the only one whose servants are, as a rule, foreigners—either the original immigrants or their children. By the time they become Americans they are apt to cease to be servants. We don't on that account dream of calling them disloyal; we don't accuse them of a lack of love for America, and least of all do we fail in appreciation of the saving remnant who loyally and intelligently co-operate with us. As for the others, we have pushed and pulled them along to the best of our ability—a task which has formed no small addition to the war work of American women.

When one thinks of it, the condition is inevitable. In our midst there are, unavoidably, many people who are really without a country. For there must be, as regards the immigrant and his children, a period when, although the love of their old country is weakened, their love of the new one has not become an instinct. They have come here to better themselves; in the greater number of cases to better their physical condition. These are not the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. The mass come to receive and not to give, and these people do not part easily from their flesh-pots. Nor have they, for the most part, advanced sufficiently in their education to see that the future security of those flesh-pots depends on present self-denial. Whatever the dining-room might elect to do, just as long as wheat flour was to be had, the kitchen ate white bread. Many a mistress has despairingly declared that the saving which she could effect on her own table has been as nothing compared with the amount consumed by the dogged greed of her servants. And, as every one knows, it is not only with domestic servants that this holds true. With the great rise in wages laborers in general have become given over to extravagance and luxury. The laborer of to-day is quite apt to go to his work in his own motor-car—and no Ford for him! For instance, at the meeting of the striking boiler-makers of the shipyards on San Francisco Bay—a strike which held up some fourteen thousand war-workers—the hall of assembly was surrounded by banks of motor-cars, the personal property of the strikers, a considerable number of these cars being of the sedan-chair pattern, which is certainly a particularly luxurious type.

We think that, little by little, conditions in our houses are improving. We have not pushed and pulled altogether in vain. Also there has been a certain amount of compulsion. If there is no wheat, not even the servants can eat it. They are obliged, instead, to learn how to make good war-bread. But then, too—and this is our encouragement—they are being educated. They are learning that food conservation is not an economical fad to save the mistress's pocket, and they are learning it faster since their own men are being sent abroad with our armies. In other ways they are willing to help: the maids have never been averse to knitting socks. The soldiers' cold feet they could understand better than the need of food conservation. Yet when the best has been done we cannot expect our laboring classes to be at one with us, as all classes are at one in France. People may change their nationality, but patriotism, the instinct to sacrifice oneself for one's country, doesn't grow in a day or in a generation. Acute observers tell us that when an old religion has been uprooted no new one is likely to exercise the same power. Is it not the same with love of country? Can the second love command the soul?

Meantime, with the slackening of the flow of immigration we have a shortage of labor;

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and one has a chance to be reminded that it is not only the foreign-born laborer who is greedy. What are we to think of the employer who, while patriotically giving his services to his government, yet demands for himself personally an inordinate amount of service? There was, for instance, the man who was looking for a house where he intended to live alone, except for week-end visits from his wife and a friend or two. He needed only four master's rooms, but must have quarters for eleven indoor servants. And so on down the scale. The ways of the capital had been all too simple. Where, in a small house, two or three servants had sufficed, the intending tenant could not do with less than five or six.

Of course we all know that the man who is working for the war with every power of mind and body on the stretch must not be distracted by the petty needs of daily life. He must have his batman. But must he have so many batmen? When both men and women are so urgently needed in other fields, cannot he be induced to release a little labor? Let us all look to our patriotism.

LIFE in a small city would indeed be drear without a Stock Company. Moving pictures may abound, but after all there is nothing quite like "legitimate drama"; lacking John Barrymore and Maude Adams, we take recourse to "Stock" and are not disappointed.

A Stock Company is so human. Who among us is not thrilled to learn that the leading man is twenty-four and unmarried, the sole support of a widowed mother and much perplexed over his questionnaire? Who is not deeply interested in the information that the villain—"a nice boy who has to play such *horrid* parts"—purchases a certain brand of nut chocolate at Perry's every Saturday night? On the whole, the leading lady has our complete sanction; her hair is "perfect," her gowns, to be sure, are a trifle long, but "you can't have everything, and what a good-looking evening wrap she did wear in the last act!" The second woman does not win immediate favor because of various mannerisms, but when we hear that her nervousness is the result of ill health we are all compunction. The news that "the poor child's" mother is with her eases our minds a bit, although we have our doubts concerning the mother's knowledge of calories! So it goes, through the whole company—with heated discussions as to whether the character man does or does *not* wear a wig in private life.

The Joys of "Stock."

One is prone to appreciate industry in others, hence a Stock Company is thrice popular. "Think of it!" we boast. "They are learning week after next's play, rehearsing next week's, and playing this week's every afternoon and evening!"

Realizing the pressure put upon them, we make allowances when, of a Monday afternoon, the leading man forgets his lines. In fact, we take pride in the dexterous way that the heroine comes to his rescue. Still, although it cannot be said that our loyalty quails at Monday matinées, Saturday nights are more popular, for then we are care-free, unburdened by the feeling that "they" may have to be prompted! Applause upon the entrance of each member of the cast is quite a matter of course, and should any one of them fail to bow in response, though he interrupt murder, conspiracy, and passion to do so, the performance would be savorless.

A Stock Company's repertoire is unlimited; unlimited also is our enthusiasm for seeing these our friends in varied rôles. There is melodrama—for instance, "In Old Kentucky." No half-hearted production, this, but a truly regal thing of fires, bombings, horse-races, and heaven knows how many drawings of revolvers; is there anything more nerve-racking than to wait for a pistol-shot? The leading lady, with her hair down her back and an impressive Southern drawl, shows herself to be a creature of spirit; rescuing horses—the like of which were never seen before or since—leaping gullies, reforming the hero, are nothing to her! It may not be amiss to state that, throwing aside all maidenly scruples, she dons the habit of a jockey, riding the hero's steed to victory and a million dollars amid our cheers! The second woman is sophistication itself—with a lorgnette. But the villain! A case, perhaps, of out-Heroding Herod; a being enshrouded in black whiskers and gutturals, skilled in the firing of stables, the lighting of fuses! We draw not an easy breath until he is properly despatched to prison. Such a wretch and nut

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chocolate at Perry's can have nothing in common.

After our melodramatic week the management, fearing for our nerves, gives us something rural. It may be "'Way Down East"; it may be "The Old Homestead"; but it is certain to be soothing, with a quota of loving mothers, prodigal sons, and not too subtle humor. "Sky Farm," for example, fully restores our faith in humanity, since the villain, forsaking his career of crime and disaster, takes the part of a minister, a highly authentic minister, with a loving family. How we glory in his godliness, his benignity, the esteem of his parishioners! "The poor soul must enjoy being nice!"

Dramatic peace is not lasting, however. Soon comes the problem play, dividing the city against itself. "Common Clay" is the occasion for numerous classes, with heads and subheads. There are those who want to go but feel that they shouldn't, those who don't want to go but feel that they should, those who want to go and can't, those who don't want to go and can—*ad infinitum*. Finally, two species emerge, they who do go and they who don't. They who go are, according to interpretation, enlightened or misguided; they who don't, also according to interpretation, Victorian or fastidious. The enlightened ones report an unusual piece of emotional acting by the leading woman and virtue eventually triumphant; the fastidious ones are "thankful not to have wasted two hours on *that* sort of thing!"

Next appears Musical Comedy. But why, you ask, Musical Comedy? Can "Stock" people sing? No, most emphatically, no! But that's no barrier; on the contrary, it's an asset. There is no truer comedy than "The Man Who Owns Broadway"—or is it "Owned"?—as played by "Stock." In the first place, the leading man, in the title rôle, is the most musical and therefore the least amusing—rumor having it that he has been or is about to be with Julia Sanderson. Cavorting professionally from one side of the stage to the other, he sings with disappointing *savoir faire*. The leading lady, having no voice at all, intones her songs in the manner of high church, and the villain, opening his mouth in preparation, displays one solitary tooth surrounded by space! It is, perchance, the lone tooth and the ensuing discords that appeal to us; when, as a grand finale, he attempts a few clogs, we are simply speechless. Without doubt the villain is the *pièce de résistance!*

Nor must we neglect that necessity of musical comedies, the chorus, particularly when the chorus is composed of "local beauties." "Why, there's Susy Wilde. I haven't seen her since kindergarten days!" we exclaim, gazing spellbound at the array of canopied coiffures and arms that refuse to "stay put." Or—"Look at Imogen Knight! She was in my sewing-class this very morning. I made her do over all her buttonholes!" The volume of sound which proceeds from the chorus reminds one strongly of the feminine cheering section at a high-school football game—though less intense. The climax is reached, however, when, chorus and all, the company crosses the footlights and marches up the centre aisle, singing persuasively and waving pocket-handkerchiefs. Then is the glamour of the stage, that indefinable something which has to do with anything theatrical, verily in our midst—especially if we have aisle seats!

The box-office receipts testify to the success of Musical Comedy—but the manager is gloomy. "A perfectly good villain spoiled in the making!" he mourns. "The man has got it into his head that he is *funny*, that he is cut out for comedy parts!"

And the Stock Company, like any thorough training-school, is merely the prelude to better things. It is a grave yet pleasant responsibility to know that our plaudits may be the inspiration of an Arliss, a Terry in embryo. Nothing gives us deeper satisfaction than, upon the mention of some Broadway star, to say carelessly, with a proprietary air: "Oh, yes! We saw a great deal of her last winter in 'Stock'!"

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THE HUDSON RIVER SCHOOL OF PAINTERS

THE term Hudson River School has come to include the landscape-painters of America working under the influences and conditions prior to the advent of the Barbizon pictures in this country and the continuation of this earlier influence until very recent years. Like the term Barbizon Painters, the school includes men of varying attainments and talent and pictures of widely different subject-matter and technical presentation. However, the name is not only a convenient appellation, but unites men more or less contemporaneous and following similar ideals.

We must remember that landscape-painting is, comparatively speaking, a very young art. Until the later years of the eighteenth century the wild, remote, and romantic places of nature were decidedly to be avoided; but with the dawn of the new era, the decline of courts and the awakened consciousness of the people, the natural as distinguished from the conventional became associated with the good, the true, and the free. Landscape assumed a new significance. With the introduction of railroads and the protection of travellers the country was made more accessible, and instead of being associated with peril and hardship became a refuge for recreation and romantic adventure. In literature this newly awakened spirit is expressed in the landscape descriptions of Walter Scott, in the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley, is echoed in the philosophy and fiction of Rousseau and in the life and romance of Goethe. It is this spirit which the painters of the epoch endeavored to portray, and it unites such otherwise disparate painters as Turner and Constable, Church and Kensett.

At a glance it is apparent that the painters of the Hudson River School preferred great perspective and expanse, expressed with extended horizon, vast mountain ranges, or lonely, rock-bound seacoasts; a panorama unfolded to the view with all of the conventional accessories at their command. The spirit of chance and adventure is portrayed in the perils of the sea, the shipwreck or the approaching storm, the unsurmountable mountain peak, the turbulent stream and the intricate recesses of ravine and uncut elemental and endless woods. Or one casts a sentimental glance to the past, and its glorious records are revived in pictures of temple and castle or the romantic ruins of great works that stand as symbols of the silent past.

If in choosing American subjects as material with which to express and embody his ideals the American painter added local color and topographical intimacy, it is nevertheless his ideal which associates him with his foreign contemporaries and his time. If, however, the subject-matter offered endless material and the beauties of our scenery infinite suggestions, the form of presentation was more or less fixed. The pictorial invention did not respond intuitively to the poetical fancy. It is easier to change thought than it is to change form; it is simpler to create an idea than to embody it. In the realm of letters the novel became a new and elastic form, but the traditional pictorial convention was not only difficult to change but could only be changed by thinking in pictorial terms; that is to say, in design and color. It is in this relation that we must realize the Hudson River painters to be more imbued with poetry and romance in illustrating a literary ideal than as being creative designers or moulders of new forms. Thus we see a conventional form more or less common, not only to our local painters, but to their continental contemporaries. If we consider Turner in this group as expressing similar sentiments, it is only because he uses color and design in new and creative ways as expressive of new ideas that he rises so supremely superior to them.

To the landscape-painters of this epoch the picture should be something more than a transcript from nature. It must be based on nature and faithfully represent naturalistic forms, but the artist wished to combine different local characteristics in a pleasing composition, and thus from the random and disorder of nature create an harmonious order. In composing landscape the objects

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in the first plane determine the design. In nature the first plane is always the most disconcerting, because the forms in being nearer are not only larger and more prominent, but occur merely by chance; whereas in the distant plane the forms are smaller and more simplified and conform to the larger topographical harmony. The objects in the first plane, therefore, require careful and deliberate arrangement so they may act as a foil to bring out and enhance the distance. This linear design was elaborately developed by Claude and formed a fitting and effective setting for panoramic landscape. It was this pattern which, being echoed in England and Düsseldorf, influenced our painters in portraying American landscape. This explains to a great extent why the distance in their pictures is more effective than the foreground and more true to the local character of the scene.

This rearrangement of a particular view necessitated the painting of the picture in the studio. In consequence we notice a very different technical procedure than that followed by our landscape-painters at present. The study was made directly from nature. This was not a unified impression of a particular place, but was a study of a part, such as the trunk of a tree, of foliage, foreground, or cloud form. Form was given more careful consideration than color; light, in the sense of value relations, was used rather conventionally. These facts were collected in the painter's note-book and rendered with pencil, or more elaborate oil studies were made giving the local color. Later these details were used arbitrarily in the elaborate foregrounds and form of their finished pictures. A sketch was made for the composition, and this was enlarged upon the canvas in transparent monotone of brown hue. The canvas was entirely non-absorbent. This enabled the painter to work thinly and precisely. Over this monotone the more local color was applied. Each part was painted for itself, and when the canvas was completely covered the picture was finished. There was no over-painting or worrying of the paint to produce so-called tone or quality. The forms were never suggested; they were made clear and complete. Texture or loaded pigment was not employed to give volume, carrying-power, or to cleverly suggest details. There were no personal peculiarities or mannerisms in the technic of the Hudson River men. They followed in general the method of the Dutchmen, a method which was practised so successfully by the English painters of the first half of the nineteenth century, and exemplified in the sound workmanship of James Stark, Patrick Naysmyth, and the early works of Turner and Constable. It accounts for the splendid preservation of their pictures.

Our early landscape-painters were not, however, as well trained or technically proficient as the colonial portrait-painters. This was partly due to the fact that there was little demand for landscape and also because this branch of painting was considered to be of less importance. Thus landscape-painting had a very humble and crude beginning; but we see in the work of Thomas Doughty a growing interest in local scenery, and although his technic is tight and timid and his color rather monotonous, his pictures show a personal and genuine appreciation of nature. Asher B. Durand, being trained as an engraver, was a much better draftsman. He did not commence to paint until the middle period of his career, but his work shows a faithful study of natural forms and considerable proficiency in rendering them. Seen in the surroundings of the interiors of that time, his pictures are not only appropriate and effective, but radiate a quiet charm and refinement. In this more subdued light his picture of "The Beeches" would be imposing in pattern, and the details, which are somewhat over-insistent, resolve themselves in the more general tone.

Thomas Cole is regarded as the founder of the Hudson River School, but his work has not quite the same intimacy or local appeal as that of many of his contemporaries. The scenes which he chose for representation resembled the subjects of foreign masters and responded to our provincial ideals. The historical association so dear to the continental painters of this period was wanting in America, and it was probably this added motive which incited Cole to travel abroad. We see introduced in his pictures ruins reminiscent of Rome, castellated crags, and romantic memories. This landscape, in turn, ceased to satisfy his imaginative yearning and was again idealized to build up pictures of the dream world, until nature comes to be eliminated and

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the painter is more concerned with purely abstract thoughts than pictorial representation, as in the series of the "Course of Empire."

The love of grandeur and expanse was continued in the work of Frederick Edwin Church. He studied for a time with Thomas Cole, but his subjects are not associated with our neighboring and local country. He deliberately sought the imposing panoramic views of nature and travelled extensively in South America, Mexico, Jamaica, and Europe. His completed pictures are not numerous, but he left between two and three thousand studies. These form a naturalist's view of nature and comprise the most elaborate drawings of facts and phenomena. Here we find studies which he used in his well-known pictures: drawings for the intricate and elaborate foreground of the famous "Heart of the Andes," architectural studies for the Parthenon, and a series of carefully rendered sketches for "The Niagara." Church had a keen and sensitive eye and a hand which rendered a contour with unerring accuracy. He was one of the most highly trained topographical draftsmen in the history of landscape art. It is deeply to be regretted that in the last twenty years of his life illness prevented him from continuing his work, and the hand was unable to obey the dictate of the mind. In his later pictures, notably "The Ægean Sea," he was arriving at a larger synthesis and subordinating the naturalistic data to a unified and impressive idea.

John F. Kensett continued the tradition of his elder contemporary, Durand, and was one of the most essentially popular painters in America during the middle part of the century. He studied for several years at Düsseldorf and added to his early training a very proficient and professional technic. This enabled him to represent with great truth and accuracy the contours of distance and the structure of foreground, but at the same time it tempted him to overburden his pictures with details quite irrelevant to their artistic unity. His subjects were found along the picturesque Hudson, Lake George, and in the Catskill country, and approximated the view-point and treatment of his Düsseldorf teachers. The composition is long, the angle of vision wide and extended. He was very fond of autumnal coloring, and called attention to its particular beauties in our Eastern States.

Born and trained in Germany, Albert Bierstadt continued in America the Düsseldorf manner. In 1858 he joined a government expedition under General Lander, and found in the newly discovered West subjects adapted in sentiment and theme to the Düsseldorf conception. His work has not quite the same simple sincerity of his contemporaries nor has it the same topographical significance. He had a convenient method of making his forms realistically convincing without giving a careful or accurate rendering of his subject. The picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art of the Yosemite Valley, to one who is familiar with the situation, is an unconvincing generalization without being a significant conception. He was not as careful and conscientious an observer as F. E. Church. His great work of "The Rocky Mountains," although lacking to our later eyes in a certain pictorial unity and singleness of intention, is, however, an imposing conception carried out with much ability and technical resource. One of the most popular pictures at the time of its production, it still remains popular.

The work of Thomas Moran must also be mentioned. He was one of the pioneers of the West, and his name will always be associated with the visual discovery of that visionary land about the enchanted way of the Colorado. He joined the memorable Powell expedition in 1871, and the drawings and water-colors made at this period show a remarkable sense of observation and a superb rendering of organic line. A great lover of the sublime and impressive expanse of the West, its scintillating color and intricate architectural-like tracery, he has given us not only representations of naturalistic phenomena, but pictures of great beauty.

The early work of Martin, Wyant, and Inness is not only to be associated with this school, but their pictures painted at this time include some of its most representative examples. Martin, although without the same technical facility as his fellows, is more faithful to the local situation. His early pictures are never scenic generalizations; they represent particular places. Wyant, although limited in his range of color, was technically more proficient and had an instinctive sense of values which made him one of the first to appreciate and assimilate

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the later teaching of the Barbizon men. His picture of the Mohawk valley, dated 1866, is one of the most representative landscapes painted in America at that time. It represents an impressive expanse and, notwithstanding the naturalistic servility to details, maintains an artistic unity which is the more apparent when seen in company with the pictures of Wyant's contemporaries. Inness did not respond to the picayune and petty aspect of the Düsseldorf influence, but followed the more virile tradition of the English masters. He was always interested in color and tone, and even in his early canvases we see a certain solidity, richness, and volume which by comparison make many of the pictures of this school seem thin and effete. This early naturalistic training gave to the later generalizations of Inness a conviction only attained by one conversant with form.

If the distinction between naturalism and realism be allowed, we may say that the painters of this period were naturalists in so much as all of the objects represented were elaborately rendered in their most minute details and more or less in local color; but if we think of the word realism as being associated with the impression which a particular place makes upon the eye of the spectator, then we will see their pictures to be more or less formal and conventional compositions to which the facts of nature are made to conform. This distinction makes us more readily comprehend the fundamental ideal which the painters of the Hudson River School held not only in common but in common with their time. The intense love of nature for itself, which characterizes much of the teaching of the nineteenth century, is manifested in the most faithful adherence to naturalistic forms, whereas the more sentimental and romantic tendency which follows the literary ideal at once obliges the painter to seek subjects with which these ideas might be properly associated and to arrange his composition so that the more prosaic facts of nature will not affect the delicate and somewhat effete sensibility of the spectator. This conduces to a certain conventionality of composition, which is directly opposed to the more realistic vision of the later schools, but at the same time conforms to the decorative and domestic atmosphere of the mid-Victorian time. The naturalistic tendency made these painters the pioneers of our American landscape school, while their conformity to European formulas unites artistic America to European traditions. To see the pictures of the Hudson River school to the best advantage we should view them in the decorative surroundings of the period in which they were produced. The height of technic was to conceal the means in the end. The masters who were held as models at this time were Raphael and Claude, but there was a lack of recognition, however, of the essential relation between the method of Raphael and his style, for if we turn from his easel pictures, which are executed with miniature-like care, to the wall decorations in fresco, we at once see in the latter a greater simplicity and freedom, the which was not alone due to the larger surface covered but was necessitated by the medium employed. It is only too easy to believe that "finish" is a sign of perfection. Our painters were too readily impressed and influenced by this superficial perfection. But is it not precisely for the same reason that we of a later time have failed to duly appreciate Raphael, Claude, and our own Hudson River painters? Method changed and with it the surface manifestation. The study of Velasquez and Hals led to more direct painting; the cooler scheme of color introduced opaque body pigment; the new method led to greater rapidity of execution. The result we see in added textures, suggested forms, and personal peculiarities of technic. Raphael and Claude became old-fashioned and our early painters neglected. We were looking at the surface.

If the painters of the Hudson River School indulged too much in finish, and added details irrelevant to the deeper significance of the composition and its organic unity, we must not too hastily conclude that their work had no deeper significance. If to-day we are following different ideals and bow to other gods, it is well occasionally to look back and by comparison to test our standards. In doing so we will find in the Hudson River men a sincerity of purpose and a conscientious and laborious quest of their ideal.

ELIOT CLARK.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE DEFEAT OF GERMANY

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

LITTLE doubt has been left, in the mind either of financial markets or of the people at large, that what we have been witnessing in the past few weeks has been the beginning of the military collapse of Germany. Prediction as to the time and circumstances of the final débacle possibly grows more cautious, the nearer we seem to get to the event itself. Assurances by the French premier and by our own Chief of Staff that the war can be fought to a finish in 1919 bring a considerable measure of popular conviction; indeed, some sagacious and experienced observers of events are inclined to draw the inference that, if this is the prediction in conservative high places, then there is reason to believe that the event itself may occur before the date assigned. But the general public (whose recollection of the past four years is made up largely of unfulfilled predictions) appears thus far to rest on the belief that the end is beginning to come into sight.

The Beginning of the End

This reaction from the despondency of the period from March 21 to the middle of July has been so sudden and so complete, that it might be imagined to have outrun the actual progress of the war. It is, after all, only six months ago that the Kaiser was telegraphing from the western front that "every one out here knows and trusts that we shall win everything," while Hindenburg was declaring to the government at Berlin that "the army will not relax until, with God's help, it has won for the homeland the good victory which it needs." The predictions seemed as well grounded then as General March's predictions seem to be to-day. But it is now far better recognized that the period of the German offensive was the 1864 of this war; recalling as it now clearly does the spread of belief in the North, that year, that the Confederacy could never be defeated and that the war could never end in a military victory.

There has almost invariably been just such a moment in the last stages of every great war. In 1864 it came three or four months before Sherman had marched to the sea and Sheridan had occupied the Shenandoah, and barely nine months before Lee surrendered. The course of events has in many respects been strikingly similar on this occasion. Whether the parallel will be carried out to the last, we have yet to see. The German Foreign Secretary's confession to the German newspaper correspondents, that "the cause is in great danger," is at least a reminder, even in its language, of what was soberly said in the autumn of 1864 at Richmond.

OUR own financial markets have responded only slowly and hesitantly to the breakdown of the German offensive, and to the spectacular victories achieved with unremitting force and success by the French and English armies. In this respect, however, the New York Stock Exchange did not set the example to the other Allied markets. During the three weeks after Foch turned on the Crown Prince's army at the Marne in the middle of July, not only did British war loans rise 5/8 point on the London Stock Exchange and the old consols 2 points, and not only were British railway shares advanced 1 to 3 per cent, but advances ranging from 1½ to 3 points occurred in such securities as Belgian Government 3 per cents, Greek 4s, French 5s, Italian 3½s, Egyptian 4s, Chinese 5s, and even Swedish 3½s. The advance continued throughout August; it was perhaps the nearest approach to an old-time "Stock Exchange boom" that had been witnessed in London since the war began.

Slow Response of Our Market to Victory

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It occurred, moreover, in face of the government's discountenancing of speculation; and this meant that the rise in prices was a result of investment buying and of genuine return of confidence regarding both military and financial outlook. What was perhaps even more significant was the rapid rise of foreign exchange on neutral markets in favor of London and the simultaneous movement of the same exchanges against Berlin. At no time during the war have all foreign financial markets passed judgment thus strongly on the prospect of an end to the war in favor of the Allies.

That the American stock-market did not equally participate is sometimes ascribed to the fact that the great rise on the New York Stock Exchange which occurred last April and May, when financial London was at a low ebb of discouragement, really foreshadowed what has happened since then at the battle front. That rise at New York, it is assumed, was based on the discovery that America's active participation in the fighting was at last insured, and that such assurance far outweighed Ludendorff's victories in the early fighting of the year. In other words, the American markets, unlike the English markets, had in Wall Street's phraseology "discounted" the events of August in advance. Having done so, there was the less occasion for an enthusiastic response when the military news had changed. The explanation is reasonable; but it is also reasonable to assume that all American financial markets were bound to hesitate and keep close to shore when the time was so close for a governmental requisition on the money markets, far surpassing in magnitude any that had gone before, in this or any other country.

The New Liberty Loan

AS long ago as June 19 the Treasury gave out the announcement that, as matters appeared at the time, the next war loan would be for "at least $6,000,000,000"; that the rate would be 4¼ per cent, as in the loan of last May, and that the "loan campaign" would be set for October. Since the amount thus named was double the largest sum applied for by the government in any previous American war loan, it may be pointed out again how the Treasury had arrived at it. The Secretary of the Treasury explained this in a letter to the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. If, so thought the Secretary, "the present rate of increase in expenditure should continue for six months, the Treasury will actually have to disburse, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, approximately $24,000,000,000."

From this fact, he reached the conclusion that public expenditure in May this year had been $1,508,100,000, as against about $100,000,000 in May of 1917—an increase of $1,400,000,000 for the twelvemonth, or a little over $100,000,000 increase monthly. Calculating that total expenditure for the fiscal year ending last June would be $12,500,000,000 to $13,000,000,000 (it actually turned out to be $12,696,600,000), it was easy to reckon that a continuous increase of $100,000,000 per month during the first six months of the new fiscal year, with no monthly increase thereafter, would bring the total expenditure for the twelve months ending with June, 1919, to $24,600,000,000.

That amount would be almost exactly double the actual expenditure of the fiscal year ending with last June. To raise the sum required, proceeds of loans and taxes combined would also have to be doubled. If, as the Secretary considered advisable, the ratio raised from each source for the past fiscal year's expenditure were to be maintained—two-thirds from war loans and one-third from taxes—then both loans and tax revenue for the coming fiscal year ought to be doubled. It was probably with a view to borrowings twice as large as in the last fiscal year that the Secretary proposed, for the first war loan of the present fiscal year, an amount twice as great as was stipulated last October.

Mr. McAdoo's calculation was interesting; though it must be said that it was not based on the kind of "budget estimates" which a thoroughgoing exchequer usually prepares. There is no mathematical "law" of increasing war expenditure; certainly none which insures increase at a constant rate. For instance, while the average monthly increase in the full year ending with last May was $100,000,000, the average in-

(Continued on page 54, *following*)

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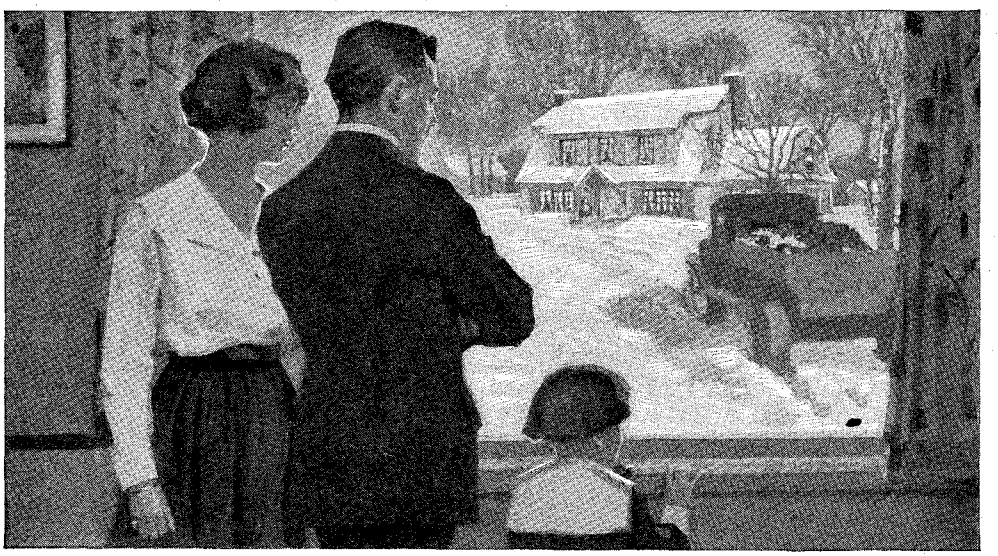

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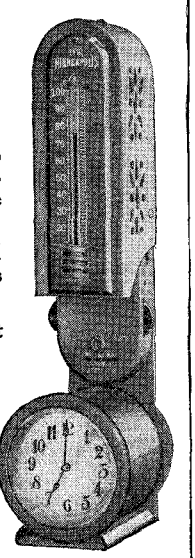

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Financial Situation, continued from page 514

crease for the first six months of 1918 was only $68,000,000. Disbursements in June were practically the same as in May, though in May they ran more than $200,000,000 beyond April, and in July were $100,000,000 above June.

In other words, the Treasury's estimate may possibly turn out either too high or too low, especially since no one can positively say that the increase will not continue throughout the whole of the present fiscal year. But since some basis of estimate was indispensable, and since Congress has stubbornly neglected to arrange for any proper and scientific "budget" (such as the Chancellor of the British Exchequer lays before Parliament at the beginning of a fiscal year), this calculation will doubtless give as good a working basis as another.

What Will Be the Effect of the Loan?

GRANTING that the huge loan now about to be offered will be taken by the people, what will be its effect on the financial situation? It would be the largest amount ever raised in a single operation during this present war. Up to the present time the largest American subscription has been the $4,617,500,000 elicited by our second war loan in October, 1917, for which only $3,000,000,000 had been asked. In that case only half of the "oversubscription" was

Financial Situation, continued on page 56

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accepted, so that the actual money payment footed up $3,808,766,000. To the third loan, last May, the paid subscriptions were $4,170,019,650, which was high record to date for the United States. This left as the actual maximum subscription of any nation in this war the £988,706,000, or say $4,943,500,000, obtained by the British 4 and 5 per cent war loan offering of February, 1917.

It is true that the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, when announcing last month that subscriptions to the National War Bonds had crossed the mark of £1,000,000,000, claimed that this surpassed all other achievements of the war. But the National War Bonds had been sold continuously day by day over the counter at sixty-six banks in the British Islands, during the period from October, 1917, to August 15, 1918. Within that same period of ten and a half months, the United States had received subscriptions aggregating $7,978,000,000 in the two brief "loan campaigns" of last October and last May, while even Germany's seventh and eighth war loans, placed in the same interval, produced respectively 12,625,000,000 and 15,001,425,000 marks, or, roughly, a total subscription of $6,900,000,000 during the period.

Conditions in the markets which followed the placing of England's $4,900,000,000 loan in 1917 —which were not unfavorable—are no guide to what our markets may expect, because our own new loan comes hardly six months after another huge borrowing, whereas the English war loan of 1917 was separated by a year and a half from the next preceding issue and has been followed only by the voluntary day-to-day subscriptions to the National War Bonds. For our own markets, we have only the information provided by the financial sequel to the four billion war loan subscription of last May and the slightly larger payments on the loan of a year ago.

Our war loan of last May certainly caused a minimum of disturbance. It came on the market immediately after an advance of 10 to 20 per cent in prices on the New York Stock Exchange; an advance which continued after the placing of the loan. Yet subsequent declines in prices was no greater than might have accompanied the culmination of such a rise, even without a war loan; and as late as August, the general run of stocks were selling only a few points below the highest prices of May. Furthermore, this had occurred in the face of an advance, during the two months after the war loan subscription, of 3 to 7 per cent in the price of the British and French Government bonds, and in the bonds of the French cities placed in the New York market before this country went to war.

Between May and midsummer, the position of the New York banks remained practically unchanged; the aggregate of their outstanding loans was nearly the same, three months after the subscription, as it was when the lists were closed. This fact had an interesting bearing on the question, how many subscriptions to the war loan had been financed with borrowed money. The Federal Reserve Board publishes every week the statement of total bank loans in all the larger cities, secured by collateral of United States bonds. The total on May 17 was $501,500,000; in the second week of August it was $470,000,000. Between the middle of May and the middle of August, loans by Federal Reserve Banks to other institutions, secured by government obligations, increased $226,000,000; but that was chiefly a result, not of the war loan of May but of the government's short-term borrowings in anticipation of the October war loan.

In short, the financial situation as a whole has shown scarcely any evidence of strain from the four-thousand-million-dollar subscription to the war loan in last May. Have we the right to look for equal immunity after the new impending loan is floated? To answer such a question, it must first be asked, how such huge sums were obtained and paid on that occasion without creating serious financial disturbance. To begin with, our third war loan was taken by no less than 17,000,000 separate subscriptions, as against 9,400,000 in the second loan and 4,000,000 in the first. How extraordinary the high figure is may be judged from the fact that the largest number of subscribers to any single English war loan has been 5,000,000 (in the loan of 1917), and to any German war loan 7,063,000, in the loan of March last year.

IF we ask what occasioned so remarkable an increase in our own last war loan, over previous subscriptions, we shall discover one unmistakable cause in the vastly more enthusiastic response of the country as a whole. In the first war loan of 1917, the New York district applied for $1,186,000,000, or 37 per cent of the total applications; in the third war loan its applications of $1,114,000,000 made up only 26 per cent. Not only, however, were subscriptions from other Eastern districts heavily increased, but the five Western and Southern districts which include the agricultural section of the country, not its great cities, and whose aggregate application for the first loan was $378,000,000, contributed $821,000,000 to the third.

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Financial Situation, continued on page 58

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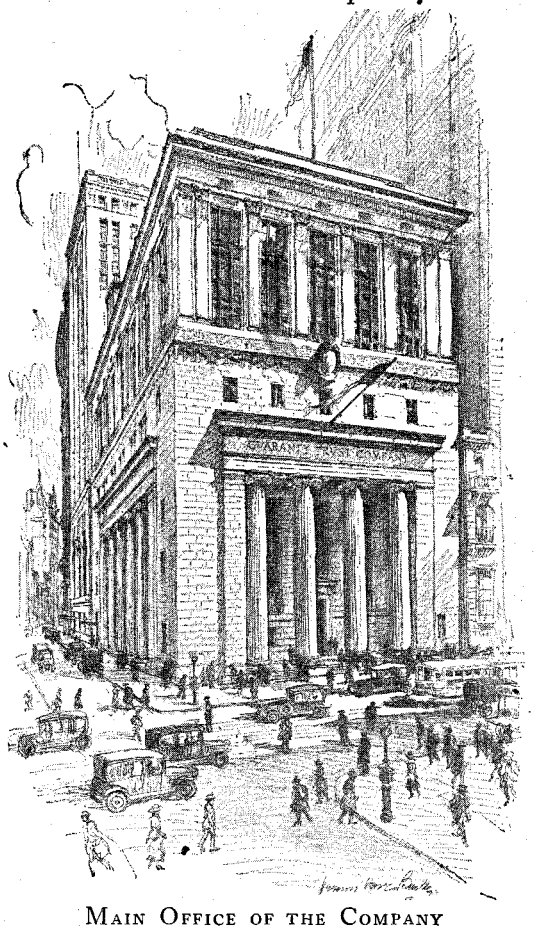

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Financial Situation, continued from page 56

sonal investment in bonds; prospect of a wheat crop which in May, 1918, looked like the surpassing of all records—these were the explanations commonly assigned for that result. But every one knew that there was another and a different cause. The United States was at war, even in June and October of 1917; but it was not until after the second of those months that the great interior communities reached full realization of the fact.

The Whole Country Awoke

During the next six months, the selective draft was in complete operation; hundreds of thousands of boys from Western and Southern families had been called to the colors. Those that had already taken their place in the ranks in Europe had sent home their own stories, which gave vivid meaning to the picture of the advance of the German invaders, once more ravaging northern France. The war had become as real a thing as the fight for the Union became after Bull Run and Fort Donelson, when the farmers in the West made their astonishing response to Jay Cooke's United States loan campaign. But if this was so in May, it ought not to be difficult to conjecture what will be the response of the country as a whole to a "liberty loan drive" in October, 1918—with a million and a half American soldiers on the other side, with the story still fresh in everybody's mind of the American troops at Cantigny, at the Marne, and in the pursuit of the Crown Prince's beaten army, and with the daily news despatches describing the daily victories which are in a very real sense ours. The people of the Eastern States began to learn, during last spring's "loan drive," of the new spirit in which the Westerner was entering the campaign. Nowhere in the country was there so vigorous a canvass of available sources of contribution, nowhere so energetic pressure on every citizen to contribute according to what the campaign committee knew to be his individual resources, and certainly nowhere such an unlocking of previously unsuspected reserves of money or credit.

It will be contrary to all reasonable expectation if the episode is not repeated next month, on a very much larger scale. But the consideration of importance, in regard to the effect of these "billion-dollar-loan subscriptions" on the financial markets, is that these huge aggregate contributions come from stores of money which had formerly been spent in other ways, or else had represented merely idle accumulations. Fifty dollars apiece, on the average, as the spare capital of the country's citizens, is not a very startling sum; but an average of fifty dollars to a population of one hundred millions would cover a five-billion-dollar loan.

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ALMOST at the moment of the successful counter-offensive of the Allies on the Marne and on the Somme, the market for Russian securities began to move in a very striking manner. In this country, three of those securities are dealt in. As readers of these pages know, the Russian Government placed here, in the spring and autumn of 1916, two short-term loans, payable, principal and interest, in gold at New York City. One of them carried 6½ per cent interest and was to mature in July, 1919; the other paid 5½ per cent and would run until December, 1921. Each loan was for $50,000,000, and each was offered at 94¾. Of the first, the whole issue was taken by American investors; of the second, less than one-half.

The Remarkable Course of Russian Bonds

In addition to these, the American market interested itself to a small extent in a 5½ ten-year internal loan, raised by the Russian Government in February, 1916. Those bonds were offered in Russia at 95. Interest and principal were payable only in Russian currency—which meant, in the depreciated paper of war-time. New York exchange on Petrograd standing then around 31 cents to the ruble, whereas 51 cents is parity, a considerable block of the bonds was sold by brokers here around $300 for every 1000-ruble bond. The chief inducement in that case for investors (who would have to deduct the heavy exchange cost from their interest) was the hope that, when war should cease, Russian exchange would advance and with it the American value of the bonds, both principal and interest.

The Bolshevik revolution, and the subsequent repudiation by Lenine of the Russian foreign debt, necessarily caused a great decline in all three securities. Last March and April, the 6½ per cents changed hands on the Wall Street "curb market" at 38, as against a previous high price (in the autumn of 1916) of 102¼. The "gold 5½s" fell to 32, as against 94¾, and the "internal 5½s" went to 71, after having touched 325 in the summer of 1916. But with the signs this past summer of approaching collapse in the Bolshevik régime and of wide-spread resistance of Russia's people to the Germans, prices for all of these bonds turned upward. In the week of July when the Foch counter-offensive in the west began, the external 5½ per cents touched 60, a rise of 28 points within three months. In August, when the Allied troops disembarked at Vladivostok, the external 6½s went to 64, a rise of 27. Before August was over the internal Russian bonds sold on the curb at 127, an advance of 56 points from the low price of the year.

Now, trading in such securities on the Broad Street sidewalk in New York is subject to erratic speculation and does not always give the best basis for conclusions. Yet nobody will have forgotten how correctly the real trend of events was measured by the decline and subsequent recovery in standard investment shares, on the far more irregular "street market" which prevailed

Financial Situation, continued on page 60

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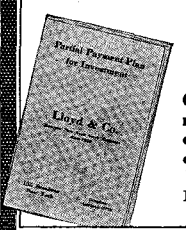

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Financial Situation, continued from page 59

while the Stock Exchange was closed, in the autumn of 1914. Nor, indeed, was the New York "curb trading" of the present summer the only witness to the market's changing view of Russian Government bonds and of the Russian situation. On the London Stock Exchange, twelve separate funded loans of that government have for years been regularly dealt in, of which the most active during war-time has been the 5-per-cent loan of 1906, due to mature in fifty years. That bond, which sold at par in July of 1914, which had fallen to 79 at the downfall of the Czar in March of 1917, to 65 during the Bolshevik counter-revolution of October, and to 42 early this present year, had risen in August to 61. Along with it, the other Russian loans advanced correspondingly.

It would be altogether premature to assume that this meant expectation, among observant financiers, of new recognition by a new Russian Government of its foreign obligations. I have heretofore pointed out that such a result must largely depend on the question, whether or not the seceding Russian provinces are to unite again. If that were to happen, during the war or afterward, the problem of resuming payments on the funded debt would be simplified; for very few students of Russian affairs doubt that, under proper management, the immense natural resources of the country—resources of raw material and food production which will be in the highest request during the period of reconstruction—would amply suffice to provide a public revenue adequate to meet not only the domestic needs of the Russian Government but interest on its funded debt. So long, however, as four or five independent states exist as remnants of the old Russian Empire, under whose auspices the existing loans were floated, there would remain not only the task of disposing of the inflated paper currency, and of bringing four or five separate governments into agreement on a highly disputed question, but the extremely perplexing problem of allotting to each its due share in the total obligations.

In so far, then, as concerns resumption of payment on the bonds, the rise in Russian securities does not clear things up. At most, this summer's 50 or 60 per cent recovery would merely mean that the chance for such ultimate resumption is that much better than it was last April. But rise or fall in bonds of a government is apt to possess a wider significance than that. Such movements, in all financial history, have measured the prospect for the political and economic fortunes of the state.

In this instance, the movement of the market reflected quite unmistakably the financial community's belief that Russia is about to emerge from her nightmare of crazy Bolshevik domination and brutal German control. If French Government bonds had been dealt in on outside markets in the closing years of the eighteenth century, it is easy to imagine them moving exactly as

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Russian bonds have moved this year—falling to an almost nominal price in 1793, when the three bloody Terrorists seemed to be absolutely in control of France, recovering slowly when one of the dictators was assassinated and the rest proceeded to cut one another's throats in 1794, and rising rapidly thereafter, in anticipation even of the feeble experiments in respectable government which preceded the arrival of Napoleon.

THE recovery in Russian bonds was only one forecast of the approaching close to a very extraordinary episode, not in the history of Russia alone, but in the history of Germany. The world has seen monumental political blunders, in the past, which arose from one government's complete misconception of the character of another people. The attempted coercion of the American colonies by George III, the first Napoleon's placing of his brother on the throne of Spain, the establishment of an Austrian archduke as Emperor of Mexico in 1863—each of which brought disaster to the European government responsible for the undertaking—are famous instances in point. Germany herself had contributed freely to the list of historic blunders in the earlier stages of this war.

The basing of her whole military programme on the assumption of a decadent France, a cowardly Belgium, and a supine Great Britain, belongs already to past history. Those exploits in human reasoning were worthily followed by the dream of "terrorizing" England with air-bombs and submarines, by the confident belief that no insult would provoke the United States to fight, and by the German Government's acceptance of Hindenburg's guarantee that "the military situation as a whole permits us to accept all the consequences an unrestricted U-boat war may bring about." There had, in fact, been such display of diplomatic ineptitude at Berlin, from the beginning of 1914 to the end of 1917, that the Foreign Office was a standing joke, even in German music-halls. But it may reasonably be doubted whether any of these earlier episodes of incurable misjudgment is worthy to be compared with the German exploits in Russia, since the treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed, on the 3d of March, 1918.

Germany's Huge Mistake

It was at least conceivable, conditions in Russia being what they were—her people's war-weariness, their lack of supplies and materials, their anxiety to resume production and find new markets for their products—that Germany might have established such relations with her as would have cultivated permanent good-will. Von Kuehlmann himself declared to the conference "the purpose of this memorable meeting" to "re-establish a state of peace and friendship." Count Czernin assured the Russians that "no forcible annexation of territories" was contemplated, that "protection of the rights of minorities" and "the constitutional rights of peoples to self-determina-

Financial Situation, continued on page 62

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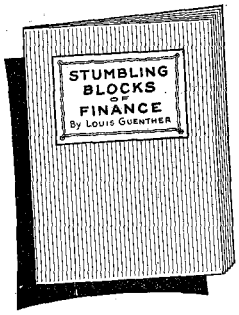

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Financial Situation, continued from page 61

tion" were to be guaranteed, and that both sides "might renounce not only indemnification for war costs, but also indemnification for war damages."

What followed has already taken its place as a characteristic chapter in German history. Irritated at the friendly terms proposed by the diplomats, the military delegates at Brest-Litovsk thrust the civil delegates roughly aside, forcing on the Bolshevik delegates, under threat of immediate armed invasion, the disruption of Russian territory and the occupation of the provinces by German soldiers. This done, the German generals engaged in a campaign to plunder southern Russia of its wheat. Encountering resistance, the German troops drove the Ukraine Parliament out of its council-room, and at Petrograd, in face of the treaty's renunciation of "indemnification for war costs," Lenine was compelled to announce that a six-billion-marks indemnity had been assessed by Germany for "war damages."

In all this procedure, Germany used the Bolshevik Government as its close ally, thereby achieving two results—of increasing Russian hatred against that futile and stupid régime at Petrograd, and of identifying Germany with its fortunes. The sequel was what any one knowing Russia ought to have expected. In the first week of July the Russians killed Von Mirbach, German ambassador at Moscow; in the last week of the month Von Eichhorn, commander of the German army of occupation, whose treatment of the Ukraine people had differed only in degree, and not in kind, from Von Bissing's rule in Belgium, was assassinated.

Intervention in Russia

ALONG with this, and indeed as a natural consequence, came the Cossack uprising in Siberia, their reinforcement by the 40,000 Czecho-Slovaks, prisoners of the Austrian campaign who had chosen to stay in Russia to fight both Austria and Germany, and the seizing by these forces of the Siberian railway and the Volga River positions. Announcement, early in August, that American and Japanese troops would co-operate, and that Allied troops, invited by the provisional Russian Government of that district, had occupied the munition-storage centre of the White Sea port of Archangel, followed the logic of events.

"The outcome of their despicable little game," Maximilian Harden remarked, in commenting on the authors of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, "a game played now with a promise of free democracy and now with a threat of brute force, is that, without the slightest need, enemies are arrayed against us everywhere, from Kola to the lower Danube." This is a German verdict. Readers of history, outside of Germany, may very well have imagined that in the present course of events they were witnessing a close twentieth-century parallel to Wellington's landing in Portugal, in sequence to Napoleon's monumental blunder of Spanish occupation and as a prelude to his military downfall.

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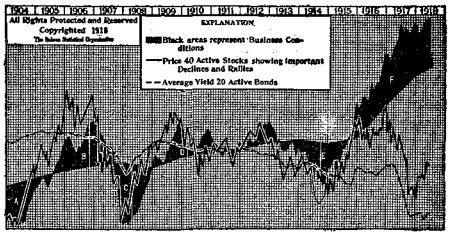
THE change in the situation, East and West, has occurred with such bewildering rapidity during the past few months that it has not been possible to measure the probabilities of the near future. Cables from London during August reported wagers on the London Stock Exchange that the Germans would be cleared out of France by October 1. It has, in fact, been difficult for any one to adjust his view of the general situation to what appeared to be the crumbling away of German fighting power.

A Probable Peace Offensive

In the longer prospect, especially with the Russian situation what it is, the possibility began to be considered of a real "iron ring" closing in on the imperial group of conspirators at Berlin. As to the nature of the *Einkreisung*, or even as to the military probability of such an end to the war as that which terminated Napoleon's career with the capture and occupation of Paris by the allies, very few people are making confident predictions. That Germany would make another desperate attempt at peace by negotiation has been rather generally taken as a foregone conclusion. But the financial markets have not been in the least affected by the prospect of such overtures—probably because, unlike its attitude in 1915 and 1916, the Stock Exchange has not the least idea that anything will come of it.

Every one of Germany's previous "peace offensives" has been timed to German military successes. But there are other reasons why the markets as well as the foreign offices of the Allies are unlikely to take seriously any new proposals of the sort. Germany has added heavily to the moral reckoning against her, since her last peace proposal was made. If America was relied upon to say a good word for the overtures from Berlin, Germany's method of preparing the way was to send over submarines to our coast and keep them busy, not in threatening military transports (which might be a dangerous experiment), but in destroying fishing-boats, sinking barges, blowing up lightships, and torpedoing without warning an occasional neutral ship, though no pretence had been made even of proclaiming a "war zone."

If the neutral powers were relied upon to help out the plan of German peace, we have the case of much-enduring Spain, whose government has been notably reluctant even to send notes of protest to Berlin, brought finally to a point where she has notified the German Government that she is seizing all the interned German steamers in retaliation for sinking of Spanish ships by German submarines. But the conclusive reason, why the rest of the world is not likely to listen to a German "peace proposal" based on anything but complete surrender, lies in still another action of her government since the last proposal. It must be pointed out again that in 1916 the Allies had learned how Germany makes war, and that was why they rejected her overtures of that period. But it was left for 1918 and the treaty with Russia to provide visible demonstration of how the present German Government makes peace and how it abides by its own terms.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WHAT EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LIBERTY BONDS

BY CHALLISS GORE

(At the time it was necessary to put this article on the press, certain details of the Fourth Liberty Loan had not been announced. While we were thus prevented from discussing the Fourth issue as fully as the first three, the information and suggestions which follow should prove helpful to the investor in the Fourth Loan as well as to the holder of bonds of the first three issues.)

FAMILIARITY with the principal details of the various issues of Liberty Bonds will assist the individual in the proper management of his investment. In issuing the First, Second, and Third Liberty Loans the government has created six different issues of bonds. Each issue differs from the others in some important particulars. The offering of the Fourth Loan brings with it new details for the investor's consideration. This article summarizing the principal details of the different issues is prepared to aid the thoughtful and patriotic investor.

THE PRIVILEGE OF CONVERSION

Under certain stipulated conditions the Liberty Bond investor has the privilege of converting, that is, exchanging, bonds of one issue for bonds of a later issue bearing a higher interest rate. Whether or not it is advisable for the investor to avail himself of this privilege may be determined by considering comparative interest rates, tax-exemption features, maturity, redemption options, etc. The principal characteristics of the First, Second, and Third Liberty Loans are presented in the following summary:

FIRST LIBERTY LOAN 3½%

TAXATION FEATURE. Exempt from all taxes (except estate or inheritance taxes).
DATE OF ISSUE. June 15, 1917.
MATURITY DATE. June 15, 1947.
REDEMPTION. Redeemable at government's option on or after June 15, 1932.
INTEREST DATES. June 15 and December 15.
CONVERSION PRIVILEGE. Convertible into any higher-rate bond issued during the war (except short-term 5-year loans) within six months from date of the issue of such higher-rate bond.

SECOND LIBERTY LOAN 4%

FIRST SERIES CONVERTED 4s. *Used for converting 3½s.*

TAXATION FEATURE. Exempt from State and local taxes and from normal income tax, *but* subject to supertax and excess-profits tax on all incomes and earnings (except incomes from holdings of $5,000 bonds) above the normal exemption. Undistributed net incomes of corporations invested in U. S. bonds issued after September 1, 1917, are not subject to the 10% tax imposed by the income-tax law.
DATE OF ISSUE. November 15, 1917.
MATURITY DATE. June 15, 1947.
REDEMPTION. Redeemable at government's option on or after June 15, 1932.
INTEREST DATES. June 15 and December 15.
CONVERSION PRIVILEGE. Convertible into the "1st Series" Converted 4¼s if application is made before November 9, 1918.

SECOND SERIES 4s. *Sold direct to public.*

TAXATION FEATURE. Exempt from State and local taxes and from normal income tax, *but* subject to supertax and excess-profits tax on all incomes and earnings (except incomes from holdings of $5,000 bonds) above the normal exemption. Undistributed net incomes of corporations invested in U. S. bonds issued after September 1, 1917, are not subject to the 10% tax imposed by the income-tax law.
DATE OF ISSUE. November 15, 1917.
MATURITY DATE. November 15, 1942.
REDEMPTION. Redeemable at government's option on or after November 15, 1927.
INTEREST DATES. May 15 and November 15.
CONVERSION PRIVILEGE. Convertible into the "2d Series" Converted 4¼s if application is made before November 9, 1918.

THIRD LIBERTY LOAN 4¼%

FIRST SERIES CONVERTED 4¼s. *Used for converting 3½s.*

TAXATION FEATURE. Exempt from State and local taxes and from normal income tax, but subject to supertax and excess-profits tax, etc., to the same extent as the 4% issues. Bonds owned continuously for at least six months prior to one's death are acceptable at par in payment of any estate or inheritance taxes imposed by the United States under any present or future law.
DATE OF ISSUE. May 9, 1918.
MATURITY DATE. June 15, 1947.
REDEMPTION. Redeemable at government's option on or after June 15, 1932.
INTEREST DATES. June 15 and December 15.
CONVERSION PRIVILEGE. Not convertible into any future issue.

SECOND SERIES CONVERTED 4¼s. *Used for converting 4s.*

TAXATION FEATURE. Exempt from State and local taxes and from normal income tax, but subject to supertax and excess-profits tax, etc., to the same extent as the 4% issues. Bonds owned continuously for at least six months prior to one's death are acceptable at par in payment of any estate or inheritance taxes imposed by the United States under any present or future law.
DATE OF ISSUE. May 9, 1918.
MATURITY DATE. November 15, 1947.
REDEMPTION. Redeemable at government's option on or after November 15, 1927.
INTEREST DATES. May 15 and November 15.
CONVERSION PRIVILEGE. Not convertible into any future issue.

THIRD SERIES 4¼s. *Sold direct to the public.*

TAXATION FEATURE. Exempt from State and local taxes and from normal income tax, but subject to supertax and excess-profits tax, etc., to the same extent as the 4% issues. Bonds owned continuously for at least six months prior to one's death are acceptable at par in payment of any estate or inheritance taxes imposed by the United States under any present or future law.
DATE OF ISSUE. May 9, 1918.
MATURITY DATE. September 15, 1928.
REDEMPTION. Not redeemable until maturity.
INTEREST DATES. September 15 and March 15.
CONVERSION PRIVILEGE. Not convertible into any future issue.

THE SUBJECT OF REGISTRATION

Liberty Bonds are in two forms—coupon bonds and registered bonds. Unless registered bonds are especially requested, coupon bonds are delivered to the investor, who has the privilege of exchanging them for registered bonds. It costs nothing to make this exchange. Either your local bank or the Federal Reserve Bank in your district will furnish you with the necessary blank, which you will have to fill out and, accompanied by your coupon bond, send by registered mail to the Treasury Department at Washington. There a record is made of the transaction and a registered bond is sent to you.

The chief purpose of registering a bond is for protection against loss. Ownership of a registered bond can pass only with your indorsement. Coupon bonds are payable to bearer and pass by delivery, without indorsement.

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The U. S. Treasury can issue duplicates of lost or stolen registered bonds. This cannot be done with coupon bonds.

Because your indorsement on a registered bond is required, it is not as acceptable as collateral for a loan, and its sale involves more formalities.

The interest on a registered bond is sent in the form of a check by the Treasury Department. In order to collect your interest on a coupon bond, clip your coupon and present it for payment at your bank, at the Federal Reserve Bank of your district, or at any post-office.

Safe-Keeping

While all bonds and other forms of securities should be kept in a safe place, this is particularly true in the case of coupon bonds. Most banks and trust companies provide safe places in their institutions for the care of Liberty Bonds. Some savings-banks accept Liberty Bonds as deposits, entering a credit in the depositor's book.

Each bond is numbered. It is well for the investor to keep a memorandum of the number of his Liberty Bond.

Unwise Selling

In most instances it is unwise as well as unpatriotic for the investor to sell his Liberty Bonds. Probably the chief reason for selling a Liberty Bond is to provide funds for an emergency. An emergency can usually be met by borrowing at the bank, using the bond as collateral. Borrowing on a Liberty Bond should be done only through an established and reputable bank or investment banker.

The liberal offering of Liberty Bonds in the open market depresses their market price and causes the investor to sell his bond at an unnecessary loss. It is misguided patriotism to sell one Liberty Bond to secure funds to subscribe to a new issue. It is extremely poor judgment to exchange bonds for stocks or bonds of unknown character or to use Liberty Bonds in payment of merchandise. The broker or the merchant cannot offer you the equal in value of your Liberty Bond.

If the selling of a Liberty Bond cannot be avoided, its sale should be negotiated through a banker or broker of known integrity who has facilities for handling the transaction at a very small cost.

. . . . . .

Some people think they can invest in Liberty Bonds only when a new loan is being issued. As a matter of fact, the investor may purchase through any reputable banker or broker Liberty Bonds in the open market whenever he has funds available.

Maybe you invested in Liberty Bonds for patriotic reasons; maybe you did so because they are the best investment in the world. Whichever your original motive, the same motive should impel you to manage your investment thoughtfully.

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THE STORY OF THE FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

By Kingman Nott Robins

DISCUSSION of the farm mortgage as an investment in these columns has reference always to the standardized farm mortgages negotiated and sold by farm-mortgage banking-houses. Mortgages which are the result of direct negotiation between lender and borrower, or through the agency of lawyers, brokers, or others, who do not put behind every mortgage the skill, reputation, and financial responsibility of the best farm-mortgage banking-houses, are not of this standard character.

The investor who buys farm mortgages from a reputable banker gets not only security and a good interest return, but he also gets service rendering him free from the details necessary to the proper care of mortgage investments.

The development of the business of making and selling these standardized farm mortgages has largely been in the last twenty years, although there are representative houses which were founded in the '60's and '70's. The business has grown up in a quiet way, based on relations of personal acquaintance and confidence between the investor and the farm-mortgage banking-house, until it has reached proportions comparing with the business in railway bonds, corporation bonds, and municipal bonds, but without impressing itself in any commensurate measure on the general public.

The insurance companies have ever since the '70's been steadily increasing their investments in standardized farm mortgages until their total investment in them aggregates nearly $1,000,000,000, or about one-fourth the total mortgage indebtedness of the United States.

The popularity of the farm mortgage has greatly increased in the last few years, with the inevitable result that the business before the war was in some danger of exploitation in the hands of certain inexperienced and sometimes unscrupulous persons, attracted by the ready market for such securities.

A growing self-realization and feeling of solidarity on the part of the strong and experienced houses engaged in the business led to the organization, on May 7, 1914, of The Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association of America, for purposes expressed in the Preamble of the Constitution, as follows:

"In the belief that the formation of an association of individuals and corporations dealing in farm-mortgage loans will in general promote their welfare and extend their influence, and, specifically, accomplish this desirable object by (1) encouraging intelligent legislation affecting the business; (2) acquiring and disseminating correct information regarding the business; (3) aiding public discrimination between such securities and dealers therein as should command confidence and

Continued on page 68

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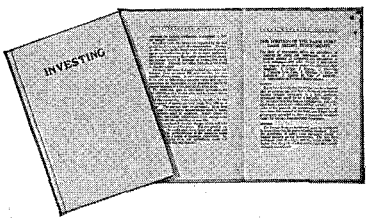

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Continued from page 66

those who should not; (4) securing uniformity of practice where uniformity is desirable; (5) affording opportunity for those engaged in the business to secure the benefits of personal acquaintance and interchange of ideas, both by individual contact and public discussion, and in various other ways, not herein enumerated, we submit below a form of Constitution and By-Laws for such an organization."

The association now includes in its membership over 200 leading farm-mortgage banking-houses. The requirements for eligibility to membership define farm-mortgage banking as the negotiation of farm-mortgage loans by standard methods, and with the negotiator's own funds. This means that the true farm-mortgage banker does not casually or occasionally negotiate a loan, but is organized and equipped to negotiate farm loans as his regular business, that he has standardized his methods to that end, and brings his loans to completion with his own money. He then offers these loans for sale accompanied by the service and protection that are standard with such houses.

To be eligible for membership, the house applying must have a capital invested in the business of at least $25,000, this low figure being fixed to include a number of small State banks in the West which do a small but thoroughly safe business. The houses of national scope have much larger capital, as a rule. A more important qualification is that the applicant's personal character and business trustworthiness must be vouched for by at least two member houses, investigated by the secretary of the association and passed on by the Board of Governors.

In these qulifications for membership lie the association's first great service to the investor. He knows that every member house has been investigated and found to be a legitimate farm-mortgage banking-house in good standing. Membership in the association should not take the place of a careful investigation by the investor of the banker through which he expects to make mortgage investments, but it at least presupposes a satisfactory outcome of such an investigation, and thus gives the investor, in the list of members, a good working basis for establishing connections with the best houses in their respective fields.

The association not only serves the investor in scrutinizing applicants for membership carefully, but also in doing what it can to keep its membership free of members who are subject to criticism for either dishonest or unsafe practices. No association is without members who are the subject of unfavorable *opinion*, but the Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association has never failed to take immediate cognizance of any question of *fact* and to expel any member against whom charges of unworthy conduct are proved.

Next to the establishment of the ethics of the business on a high plane, the greatest service to the investor of the association is its systematic endeavor to secure legislation favorable to the interests of farm-mortgage investors. In the matter of State legislation, the association is aided by the co-operation of State associations

Continued on page 70

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Our farm mortgage investments are all created by one and the same process.

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Gold-Stabeck Mortgages and Bonds

Have withstood the test of a quarter century of good crops, fair crops, poor crops, financial panics, and wars. **At no time were they worth less than par.**

If non-fluctuating, absolutely safe and secure investments appeal to you, we suggest an opportunity be given us to prove why our farm mortgages and land bonds are always worth par.

Interest and principal always paid promptly on due dates.

Write for latest list of bonds and mortgages, and ask for latest copy of **Investograph,** our monthly investment digest. Ask for No. S 108.

GOLD-STABECK COMPANY
INVESTMENT BANKERS
MINNEAPOLIS

The Question of

Investment Territory

An important consideration in farm mortgage investment is the character of the territory in which the farm is located. Unless the locality enjoys regular and abundant rainfall, ample transportation facilities and other elements of successful agriculture a farm loan would not be an extremely safe investment.

We make loans in proven territory. We offer you only first mortgages on farms in localities where conditions assure profitable agriculture.

Write for our list of selected 6% Loans

LIBERTY TRUST COMPANY
FORREST C COCHRAN - Pres
CAPITAL - - - $ 250,000
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Continued from page 68

in many of the States, which were formed largely through the efforts of the national body. These joint efforts have been increasingly effective, and the result is illustrated by the success of the Missouri Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association in securing the passage of 10 out of 22 amendments and new measures recommended by the association. Thus the investors' interests in nearly every incorporated loan field are being guarded and advanced by the association in this most important department.

The association's chief concern in the matter of Federal legislation has centred in the Federal Farm Loan Act, which, as at present drawn and administered, has not been effective in bringing into the system the great body of experienced farm-mortgage bankers. The association is on record as "favoring rural-credit legislation so far as it may, without violation of the constitutional and other vital principles of our form of government, and without disregard of economic law, be effected to the common advantage of the borrowers and the lenders of the country." Since the attitude of the association toward the Federal Farm Loan Act, as at present drawn and administered, has been misinterpreted in some quarters, it should be said that the criticisms of the association have been directed solely against those features of the legislation which the mature experience of the best minds in the association and some of the best legal minds in the country believe to be contrary to both economic and constitutional law, and therefore subversive of the public welfare. It remains to be seen whether or not success will attend the association's efforts to broaden the scope of the act so as to make it helpful in introducing into the entire field of farm-mortgage banking better standards, greater economics, and wiser State legislation in the interest of both lender and borrower.

In addition to these important fields of activity, the association has concerned itself with promoting publicity of the true facts regarding the rural-credit situation in the United States. The promotion of sound public opinion on the subject of rural credits is of great importance to the investor in farm loans, as it is the best protection against the damaging action of demagogues and theorists.

The secretary of the association, who can be addressed at the headquarters, 417 Merchants Loan and Trust Building, Chicago, Illinois, will gladly refer any one who makes inquiry to the best available printed matter on the subject. Investors are also most welcome at the sessions of the annual conventions of the association, where many topics of interest to the investor are discussed by competent authorities. The printed proceedings of these conventions contain much material of value to any thoughtful investor, and can be obtained of the secretary of the association.

The investor will appreciate the important relation between himself and the Farm Mortgage Bankers' Association and by his attitude of sympathetic appreciation contribute to the success of the association in serving his interests.

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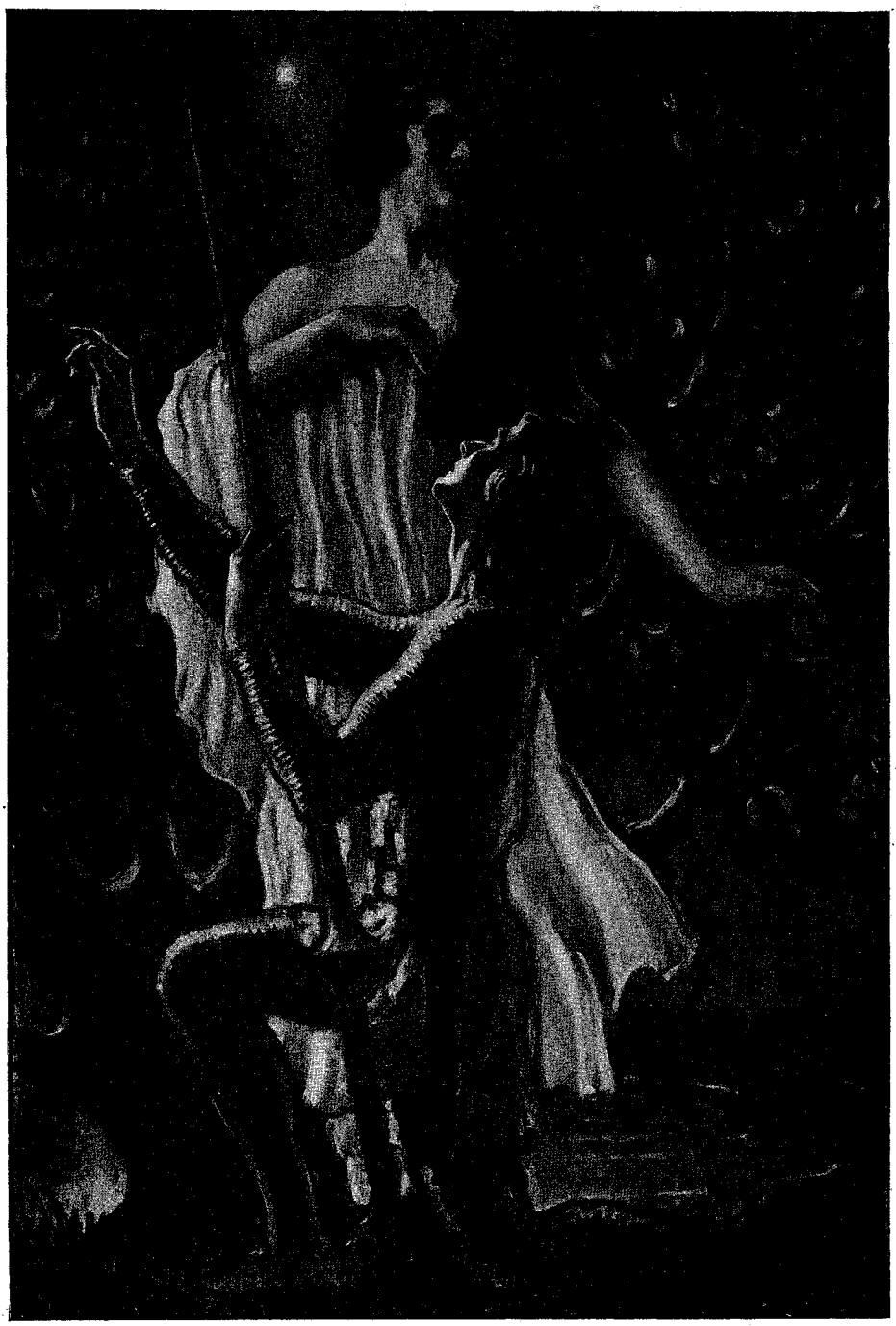

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Ah, like a wood anemone
Thy face, thy curving throat
Shone faintly through the enfolding gloom
That hung about me."

—"Tristram in the Wood," page 553.

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